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THE NEW YORKER

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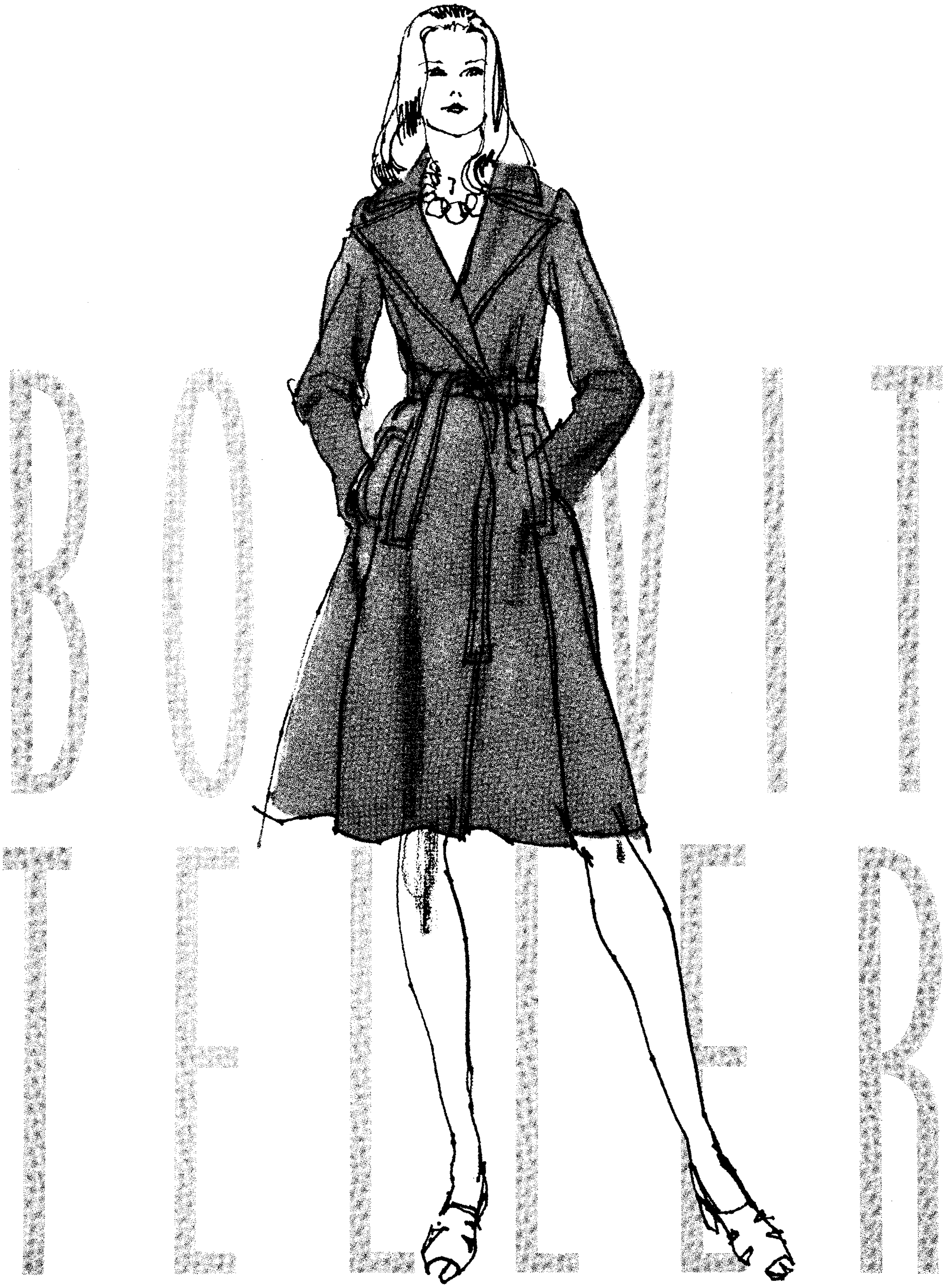

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aesop's Fables—A rock opera with a score by William Russo and a text by Jon Swan, and done by the Performing Ensemble of the Chicago Free Theatre. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7 and 10; Saturdays at 7, 10, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell in a musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Returns for a limited engagement on Friday, Sept. 15. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 13-14. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—A musical, old-fashioned in form and content, in which Melvin Van Peebles sketches the horseplay of a Saturday-night party in Harlem. Full of rousing songs. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums: microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there is a superior performance by William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Moves uptown, after a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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week's vacation, for a Broadway opening on Thursday, Sept. 14; previews Wednesday, Sept. 13. Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,150 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Art Carney and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **STICKS AND BONES:** David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

ANTONIO GADES SPANISH DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 17.)

BERYOZKA RUSSIAN DANCE COMPANY—A company of a hundred dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Sept. 20, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 30. Preview Tuesday, Sept. 19. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinée Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2.)

"SWAN LAKE" ON FILM—The Leningrad Kirov Ballet Company in a performance of the four-act Tchaikovsky ballet, filmed in color, with the Leningrad Philharmonic. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

NATIONAL MEXICAN FESTIVAL AND RODEO—Marches, drills, and riding events set to the music of a mariachi band. Tony Aguilar, Flor Silvestre, and their eleven-year-old son, Toñito, head the troupe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2 and 6.)

WONDERFUL WORLD OF HORSES—More than thirty Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Arabians, Andalusians, Palominos, American saddlebreds, American Albinos, Morgans, quarter horses, and Appaloosas. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. *Friday, Sept. 22, at 7:30; Saturday,* Sept. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 24, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing of places around* town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine and twelve-thirty every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Randy Burns, a former New Haven folkie, will share the stage with another singer, Sam Neely, through Monday, Sept. 18. The Isley Brothers—who years after "Twist and Shout" are into Carole King songs—will open Wednesday, Sept. 20. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 14-17, pianist Bobby Timmons will lead a trio. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Through Saturday, Sept. 16, Hall Overton will be on piano, assisted by a bassist. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player do the job. Nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Eddie Heywood is back, with his melodic right hand and his rockaby left, and will be at the Steinway doing a solo through Saturday, Sept. 16, and then trading sets with singer-guitarist Anita Sheer, starting Monday, Sept. 18. On Sundays, Dick Hyman takes to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a rather mixed bag of entertainers. Through Saturday, Sept. 16, singer-pianist Kate McGarrigle and singer Joanne Beretta will perform. Guitarist David Spinozza arrives Tuesday, Sept. 19. Sounds from nine.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 14-17, Blue Smoke and Two will be around. Monday, Sept. 18, four bands will entertain. On Wednesdays, a twenty-nine-piece band named Brownie's Revenge takes the stand.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The time, the place, the musicians have all come together in this little spot and—holy moley!—it's a winner. Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. Weekdays, from five-thirty until eight, singer-pianist Tad Bruce does some discreetly swinging stuff. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but important for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma will play twin instruments through Saturday, Sept. 16. Trading sets with them is an admirable classical guitarist named Bill Matthews. Music Tuesday through Saturday from nine-thirty to two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The *J.P.J.* Quartet, notable for Budd Johnson's saxophone work, begins a gig Tuesday, Sept. 19, in this lower West Side jazz haven. Italian dishes. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Bobby Whitlock, a veteran singer-songwriter-guitarist, will remain with a band through Saturday, Sept. 16, sharing the bill with a group called Orphan. Loudon Wainwright III, a true original, will turn up with his high-pitched voice and character-revealing songs on Wednesday, Sept. 20. Shows at *nine-thirty* and eleven-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters, after which (from midnight to two) people may dance to records. Drinks and snacks.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats, especially on Mondays, from nine to midnight, when actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen leads a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, between eight and two, *Barbara Carroll treats* the guests to her full-blown jazz-piano technique. A bassist assists her. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

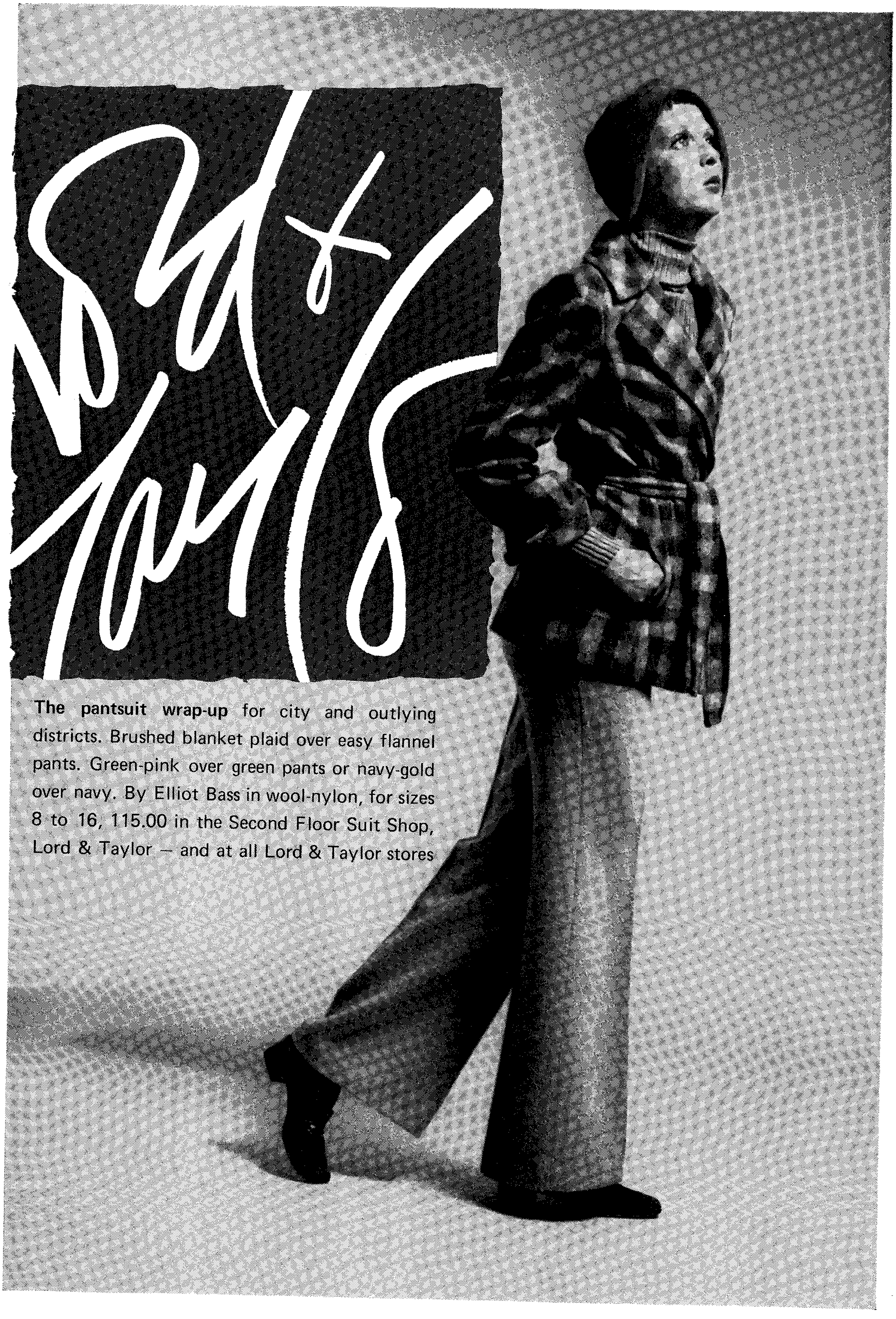
MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from *the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere pre*dominates. Mel Dancy plays piano and sings in a jazz-oriented way Monday through Thursday from eight to one and Friday and Saturday from nine to two. Skip Crumby-Bey is his bassist. Dining.

RED GARTER, *15 W. 4th St., which is east of* Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

TONY'S PLACE, *241 E. 86th St. (348-2233)*—Another sign of the uptown shift of the jazz scene, this new place consists of a bar and a back room with space for dancing. Cornettist Ruby Braff is in charge of a quartet that knows its sharps and flats (*Hank Jones, piano; George Mraz, bass; Dottie Dodgion,* drums). Music Wednesdays through Sundays from ten until two-forty-five. Snacks.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bill Evans, whose piano approach is multi-faceted, will be leading a trio through Sunday, Sept. 17. An accomplished keyboard man named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine, and goes on to play between sets. Mondays, new talent is auditioned. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th



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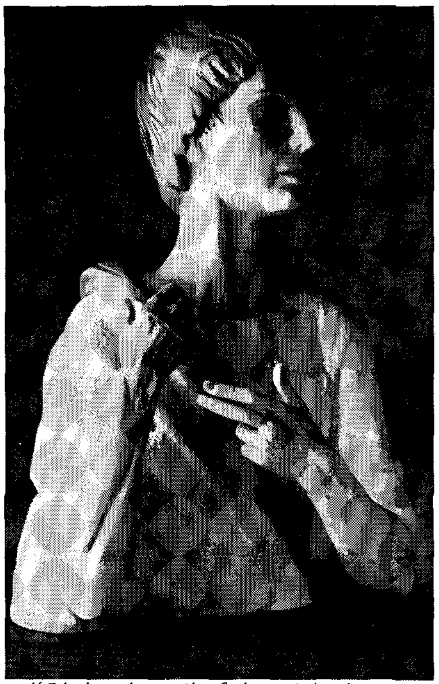

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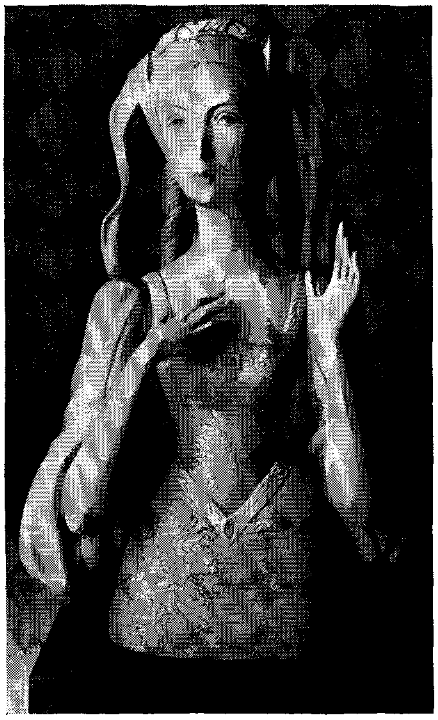

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (989-9011)—Reeds are at the center of things as Pharoah Sanders heads a sextet through Sunday, Sept. 17, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk (who has invented some reed instruments of his own) comes in with a quintet on Tuesday, Sept. 19. Mondays are reserved for the big, power-drive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Joanne Brackeen and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from seven to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Sept. 17, trumpeter Max Kaminsky will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night a bunch called the Vix does pop songs. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 13-15, David Brenner will stand in for Mr. D. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret: Various enthusiasms, displayed by a frequently changing roster of eager young singers and instrumentalists. Nine to one are the hours. Cocktails and snacks.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The **royal box** goes back into business on Tuesday, Sept. 19, with a musical revue called "Catch a Rising Star." Tuesdays through Saturdays at dinner and supper.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A rage to live, a rage to love, keep bobbing up in the arias let loose by Olga Guillot, the glorious electrical storm that breaks during dinner and supper. Los Muchachos de San Juan, a troupe of eight singers and dancers, are also on hand. On Thursday, Sept. 21, Carmita Jiminez will start singing in place of Miss Guillot. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—As of Thursday, Sept. 14, the enchanted woodland known as **la forêt** will be in season again, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) will be floating about to the tunes of Mark Monte's orchestra during dinner and to some English, French, and American discs during supper. Only Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the **café,** Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, will be around through Monday, Sept. 18, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome will prevail Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 19-23.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **persian room** will come to life again on Friday, Sept. 15, with a new format for the season. Fledgling singers and musicians (the Jimmy Damon show is the première act) will be presented Mondays through Thursdays at eight-forty-five and eleven-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. The Mugwumps will provide the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Buffalo Bills, the "Music Man's" barbershop quartet, are appearing in the **green tulip** from six until ten. Discothèque dancing after ten. No music Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Mountain Standard Time prevails in this part of Tibet, along with the incandescent Carmen McRae, a prime and impassioned singer. She's for dinner and supper. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by Mel Tormé, whose affection for the songs he sings is exceeded only by his fondness for making the melodic lines turn skillful handsprings. The dance bands are Burt Farber's orchestra and Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **st. regis room,** after nine, Mabel Mercer is chanting her words to the wise, supported by the perfectionist piano of Buddy Barnes. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—These nights at dinner and supper, the **empire room** affords the songs of Joey Heatherton. Dancing all evening to the Charles Turecamo orchestra and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **duncan's,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Tuesdays through Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Another pianist fills in on Mondays. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday.... **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity.... **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists; and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A practically continuous standing ovation—sometimes by the customers as well as the crew—to Italian opera that is well basted with *fettuccine* and Orvieto. Closed Mondays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him.... **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. There is piano by Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.... **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. No music Saturdays and Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from five to one Tuesdays through Fridays, and from six to two on Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one.... **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. Every night but Sunday and Monday, from five to one, Baldwin Bergersen knowingly plies the piano.... **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The worshipful International Company of Lieder Lovers dines and sups to the effortless soirées of Greta Keller, who may be to Vienna what Mabel Mercer is to New York. No music Sundays and Mondays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays.... **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament; i.e., a Lester Lanin duo plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the stint.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902)—Twenty-five small oils by this nineteenth-century American landscapist in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Whitney; through Nov. 25. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

Flory Fa-long Chowe—Abstract marble and bronze sculptures with suggestions of a figure; through Oct. 6. (Laverne, 979 Third Ave., at 59th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Fernando de Szyszlo—Paintings in deep glowing colors by a pioneer of abstract art in Peru, who is influenced by pre-Columbian design; through Oct. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Arthur Getz—*The New Yorker* covers and other paintings; through Wednesday, Sept. 20. (Pratt Institute, DeKalb Ave. and Hall St., Brooklyn. Closed Saturdays.)

Keith Hollingworth—Sculptures constructed of wood, wheels, feathers, cloth, Plexiglas, and other mediums; starting Saturday, Sept. 16. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Leichman—Oil paintings of fantastic subjects; through Sept. 30. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maggie McCurdy / Luis Lopez-Loza—Three-dimensional fabric forms turned into grotesque figures. / Abstract canvases with suggestions of figurations by a Mexican. First one-man shows. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Through Sept. 30. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Jo Schwalbach—Sports subjects, in assemblages of various materials, some humorous; starting Tuesday, Sept. 19. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tal Streeter—Kites executed in Japan over the past two years; starting Tuesday, Sept. 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Rosemary Wright / Janet Alling—Abstract sculptures in cardboard, wire, and clay. / Realistic enlargements of plants and flowers. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through Wednesday, Sept. 20.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: A sampling of paintings and sculptures done on the West Coast by about forty artists; starting Tuesday, Sept. 19.... **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Works in many mediums by ten artists in a new gallery devoted to exhibiting art by women; starting Saturday, Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Ben Bishop, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Shirlee Greenberg, Martin Hurtig, Golda Lewis, and other gallery artists; through Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.)... **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Furniture by eight artists, many of them well known, such as Judd, Rauschenberg, Chamberlain, and di Suvero; through Wednesday, Sept. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: American folk art from the collection of Edith Halpert, consisting of paintings, drawings, *Frakturs*, embroidered pictures, paint-

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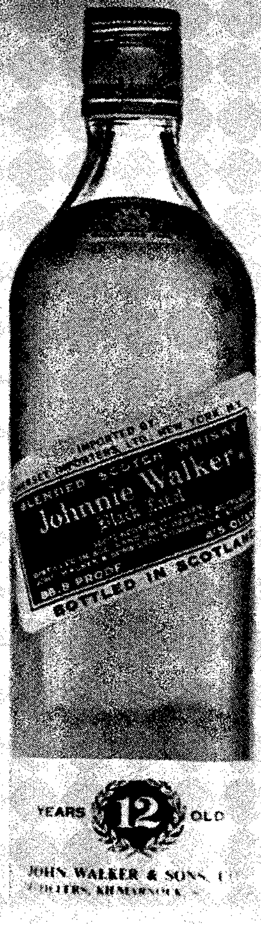
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ings on velvet, weathervanes, figureheads, toys, and shop signs; starting Tuesday, Sept. 19. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, many done during the summer, by gallery artists, among whom are Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Stephen Etnier, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Robert Vickrey; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists, including Nevelson, Jensen, and Trova; through Friday, Sept. 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings by eight members of this artists' housing project; starting Saturday, Sept. 16. (Fridays, 6 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 7.). . . **WEST SIDE GALLERY**, 250 W. 72nd St.: Collages by Seymour Franks, miniatures in oil by George Dworzan, and semi-abstract pastels by Joseph Wolins; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2:30 to 7:30.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Hague, Agostini, De Niro, Stankiewicz, Lanyon, Urry, and others; through Oct. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Forty works by Whistler—paintings, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; starting Tuesday, Sept. 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures done since 1945 by Léger, de Kooning, Pollock, Lichtenstein, and many others; through Oct. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings of the American West by Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902), a leading nineteenth-century American landscapist; through Nov. 5. A complementary show is at the Lewison Gallery, 30 E. 60th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings by prominent nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, among them William Sidney Mount, Thomas Moran, Eastman Johnson, Thomas Eakins, Noguchi, Nevelson, David Smith, and Slivka; through Nov. 5. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Semi-abstract landscapes by I-chao Chu, a mainland Chinese now resident in New York; starting Friday, Sept. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Over a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch genre drawings selected from major public and private Dutch collections; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Three hundred examples of advertising art produced during the last year and selected for the fifty-first annual exhibition sponsored by the Art Director's Club; through Sept. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fifty-three collages by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist since the forties; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Prints from the Museum's workshop; through Sunday, Sept. 17. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through April 21—Tuesday evening, Sept. 19: A new production of Bizet's "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; conducted by Leonard Bernstein. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmorr; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 21: "Roméo et Juliette," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Paul Plishka, and Raymond Michalski; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Gail Robinson, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 23: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmorr; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Elizabeth Vaughan, Rosalind Elias, Ruggero Raimondi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Marisa Galvany, Richard Fredricks, and Kenneth Riegel; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Deborah Kieffer, John Stewart, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 15, at 7: A new production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with Maralin Niska, Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Hale; Bruno Maderna. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2: "Mefistofele," with Nancy Shade, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Salvador Novoa; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8: "La Traviata," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, John Stewart, and William Ledbetter; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 1: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Marisa Galvany, Richard Fredricks, and Kenneth Riegel; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 7: "Don Giovanni," with Maralin Niska, Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Hale; Bruno Maderna. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Marisa Galvany, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 7: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, John Stewart, Spiro Malas, and Richard Fredricks; Bruno Maderna. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Helene Guilet, José Carreras, and Seymour Schwartzman; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Carlos Montane, William Chapman, and Bernard Fitch; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, John Stewart, Spiro Malas, and Richard Fredricks; Bruno Maderna. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS

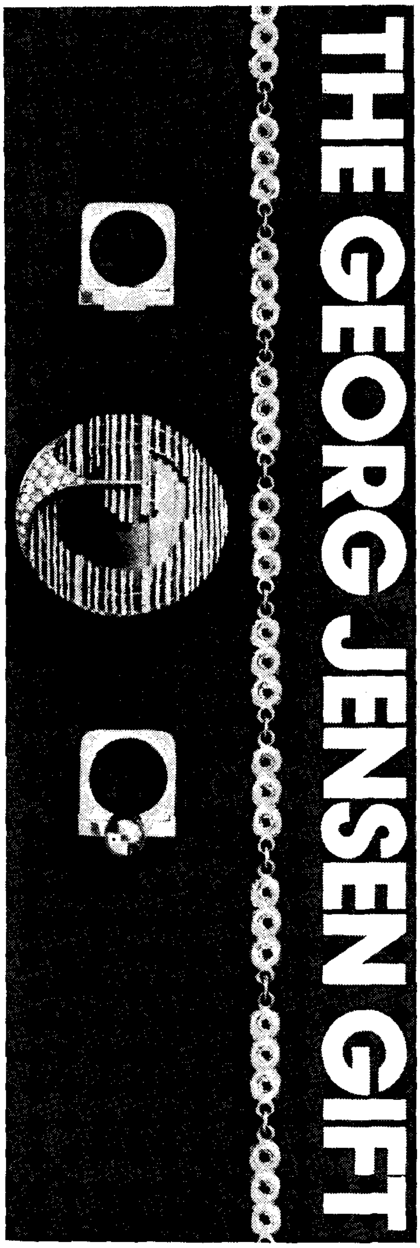
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 12—Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8:30, a non-subscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello); and Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 22, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 7:30 (all with Leon Fleisher, piano).

RECITALS

SITSON MA—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 7:30.)

GARRICK OHLSSON—Piano, in a Chopin-Scriabin program. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

MICHAEL MAY—Harpsichord and piano. (Alice



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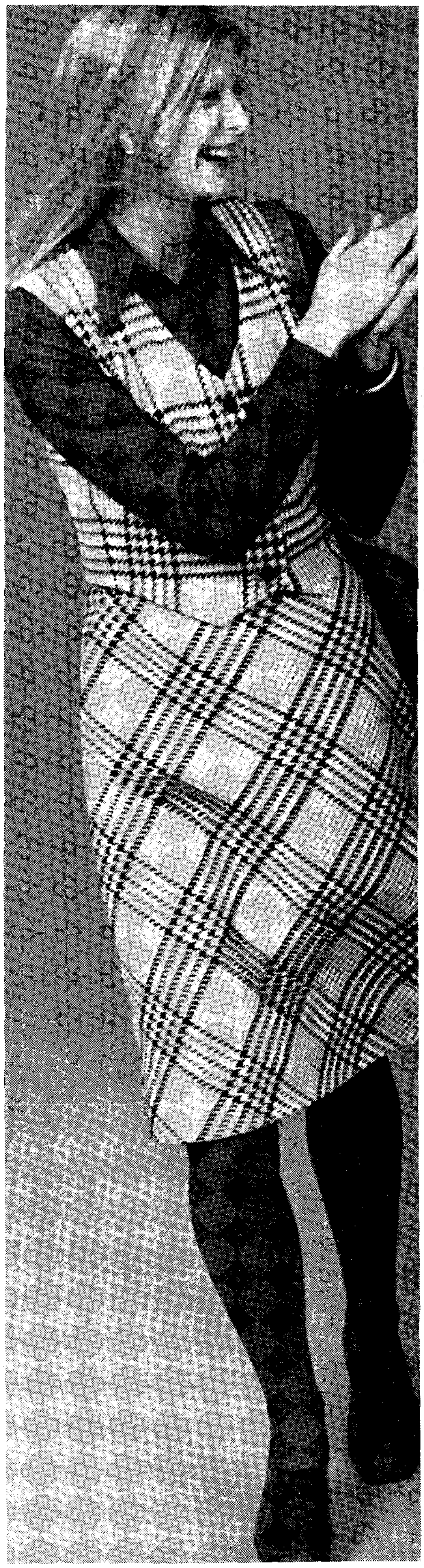

Jersey shirt in camel, red, wine or yellow, $27.
Mulberry plaid button vest of a wool, nylon and cotton blend, $19. Matching A-line skirt, $34. All in sizes 6-16.
Designed by Melba Hobson.

TANNERWAY
530 Seventh Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tully Hall. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30.)

Note—The Guarneri Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Oct. 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Sept. 18, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Roberta Flack and Quincy Jones and His Orchestra—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, at 8 and 11:30, and Sunday, Sept. 24, at 8.

Cleo Laine with the John Dankworth Quartet—Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Sept. 22, at 8.

Peter Nero and His Orchestra—Two all-Gershwin concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Sept. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 24, at 2:30.)

Frank Zappa—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Sept. 22, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 15, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16-17, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Monday through Thursday, Sept. 18-21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2:15.

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. Muhammad Ali, heavyweights, 12 rounds; and Roberto Duran vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 16: Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Rutgers, at Worcester, at 1. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 23: Army vs. Nebraska, at West Point, at 1:50. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. Peter's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 16.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 14. The Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 13; the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 16; *the Lawrence Realization*, Monday, Sept. 18; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and noon, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 12:15.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 16. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 16.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

ET ALIA

United Nations—The twenty-seventh session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 19. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 2: American paintings, including works by Thomas Moran, Gilbert Stuart, and Arthur F. Tait; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 14, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 15-16, at 2: Prints, English and Chinese Export porcelain, silver, and American furniture and decorations; from several collectors, among them Mrs. Seward Webb Pulitzer and the late Countess Laszlo Szechenyi. . . . ¶ Fri-

"TANNERWAY."

Wool melton topper in black, brown or wine, $98. Ultressa shirt with long sleeves and detachable bow, in white, black, gold, ivory or red, $25. Mulberry plaid slacks of a wool, nylon and cotton blend, $36. All in sizes 6-16.
Designed by Melba Hobson.

TANNERWAY
530 Seventh Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018

day and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from the Rosen Foundation of Caramoor at Katonah, N.Y., and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 16.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 13 at 2: "Love Never Dies" (1921), directed by King Vidor, with Madge Bellamy and Lloyd Hughes. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 5:30: "Street Angel" (1928), directed by Frank Borzage, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Zagreb '72 in New York," selections from the 1972 International Festival of Animation. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2: "His Hour" (1924), directed by King Vidor, with John Gilbert; Czech titles only. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 5:30 and Sept. 16 at noon: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 3: "Wine of Youth" (1924), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 5:30: "Three Wise Fools" (1923), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman; French titles only. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 12:30 and 3: "Zagreb '72 in New York." . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 5:30: "Love Never Dies" (1921). . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2: "The Crowd" (1928), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman and James Murray. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 5:30: "Wine of Youth" (1924). . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2: "The Struggle" (1931), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Hal Skelly. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 5:30: "His Hour" (1924). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 2: "The Big Parade" (1925), directed by King Vidor, with John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 5:30: "The Struggle" (1931). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 5:30: "The Big Parade" (1925). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 8: "Proud Flesh" (1925), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—The last three programs in a series of films directed by John Huston: Sept. 13: "Key Largo" (1948), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall. . . . Sept. 14-15: "Across the Pacific" (1942), Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sidney Greenstreet. . . . Sept. 16-17: "Beat the Devil" (1954), with Humphrey Bogart and Jennifer Jones. . . . ¶ Sept. 20-21: "The Tin Star" (1957), directed by Anthony Mann, with Henry Fonda and Anthony Perkins. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Markopoulos, Menken, Murnau, Melies, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, Renoir, Rossellini, Snow, Vigo, Riefenstahl, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10. No Mondays, and no 10 o'clock show on Sept. 21.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Dance Festival—The last four in a series of free performances—Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 8: Joffrey Ballet II New Youth Ensemble, Loretta Abbott and Al Perryman, Bonnie Mathis and Dennis Wayne, and Twyla Tharp Company. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, at 8: American Concert Ballet Company, Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company, and soloists of the Harkness Ballet Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8: Charles Weidman Dance Company, Dennis Wayne and Bonnie Mathis, Theatre Dance Collection, Patricia McBride and Jean Pierre Bonnefous, George Faison Universal Dance Experience, and Peter Gennaro Dancers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 8: Rain date. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Walking Tours—"Brooklyn Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, Sept. 17. Meets on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 17.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 19: "The Godfather."
From Sept. 20: "Fat City" and "J. W. Coop."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 16: "Flying Down to Rio" and "The Barkleys of Broadway."
Sept. 17-19: "One Night of Love" and "When You're in Love."
From Sept. 20: "Cabin in the Sky" and "Paris Blues."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Sept. 19: "Slaughterhouse-Five," "Little Murders," and "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming."
From Sept. 20: "What's Up, Doc?," "The Night They Raided Minsky's," and "Take the Money and Run."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 19: "The Graduate" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Sept. 20: "The Candidate."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Sept. 13: "200 Motels" and "King of Hearts."
Sept. 14: "The Chase" and "Mickey One."
Sept. 15: "The Birds" and "Marnie."
Sept. 16: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and "Catch-22."
Sept. 17: "Blow-Up" and "Zabriskie Point."
Sept. 18: "Laughter in the Dark" and "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner."
Sept. 19: "The Passion of Anna" and "Shame."
Sept. 20: "The Knack" and "How I Won the War."
Sept. 21: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "David and Lisa."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 20: "Elvira Madigan" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
Sept. 21: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "That Man from Rio."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Candidate."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 19: "Melinda."
From Sept. 20: "Dulcima."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Greaser's Palace."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Sept. 13: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and "The Damned."
Sept. 14-18: "If . . ." and "The Conformist."
From Sept. 19: "Blow-Up" and "Derby."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Godfather."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Slaughter."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bluebeard."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ruling Class."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Marjoe."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 21 (tentative): "The New Centurions."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 21 (tentative): "Fat City."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Sept. 13: "In Cold Blood" and "Repulsion."
Sept. 14: "Charlie Bubbles" and "Freud."
Sept. 15: "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" and "In the Heat of the Night."
Sept. 16: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Red Desert."
Sept. 17: "Cool Hand Luke" and "Petulia."
Sept. 18: "America America" and "Father."
Sept. 19: "Electra" and "Heavens Above!"
Sept. 20: "The Americanization of Emily" and "Any Number Can Win."
Sept. 21: "Sundays and Cybèle" and "The L-Shaped Room."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"And Now for Something Completely Different."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 19: "Frenzy" and "Play Misty for Me."
From Sept. 20: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 19: "Play It Again, Sam."
From Sept. 20 (tentative): "The Man."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Blacula."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 19: "Melinda."
From Sept. 20: "Dulcima."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 19 (tentative): "A Clockwork Orange."
From Sept. 20: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The New Centurions."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Superfly."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 19: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."
From Sept. 20: "Hickey and Boggs."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Slaughter."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Bluebeard."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 19: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
From Sept. 20: "The Candidate."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 19: "Without Apparent Motive" and "Pretty Poison."
From Sept. 20: "What's Up, Doc?" and "Take the Money and Run."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 19: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "The Clowns."
From Sept. 20: "The Man."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 14: "Potemkin" and "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II."
Sept. 15-16: "8½" and "L'Avventura."
Sept. 17-18: "Persona" and "Wild Strawberries."
Sept. 19-20: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
From Sept. 21: "Grand Illusion" and "Viridiana."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 19: "The Godfather."
From Sept. 20: "Come Back Charleston Blue" and "Skin Game."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 19: "Napoleon and Samantha" and "Pinocchio."
From Sept. 20: "The Candidate."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Sept. 20: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers."
From Sept. 21: "Cancel My Reservations."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 14: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 15: "Blackboard Jungle," "Jailhouse Rock," "The Wild One," and "Rock, Rock, Rock."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 19: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
From Sept. 20: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Great Dictator."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Salamandre."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 19: "The Godfather."
From Sept. 20: "Children of Paradise."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 19: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Sept. 20: "The Candidate."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 19: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "The Groundstar Conspiracy."
From Sept. 20: "The Graduate" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Sept. 19: "Portnoy's Complaint" and "The Omega Man."
From Sept. 20: "The War Between Men and Women" and "The Revengers."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Play It Again, Sam."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 13: "The Gang's All Here."
Sept. 14-20: "The Decameron" and "Fellini Satyricon."
From Sept. 21: "Lolita" and "Zabriskie Point."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 19: "Fuzz" and "Cold Turkey."
From Sept. 20: "The House That Dripped Blood" and "Night of the Living Dead."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 13: "The World of Apu" and "Devi."
Sept. 14: "To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed" and "Seduced and Abandoned."
Sept. 15: "Weekend" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
Sept. 16: "Of Human Bondage" and "The Blue Angel."
Sept. 17: "Tales of Hoffmann" and "The Lovers of Teruel."
Sept. 18: "The Confession" and "To Die in Madrid."
Sept. 19: "Hamlet" and "Macbeth."
Sept. 20: "This Man Must Die" and "My Life to Live."
Sept. 21: "Tunes of Glory" and "12 Angry Men."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 19: "The Other."
From Sept. 20: "Swinging Stewardesses."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Sept. 19 (tentative): "A Clockwork Orange."
From Sept. 20: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 19: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "The Groundstar Conspiracy."
From Sept. 20: "Fat City" and "J. W. Coop."

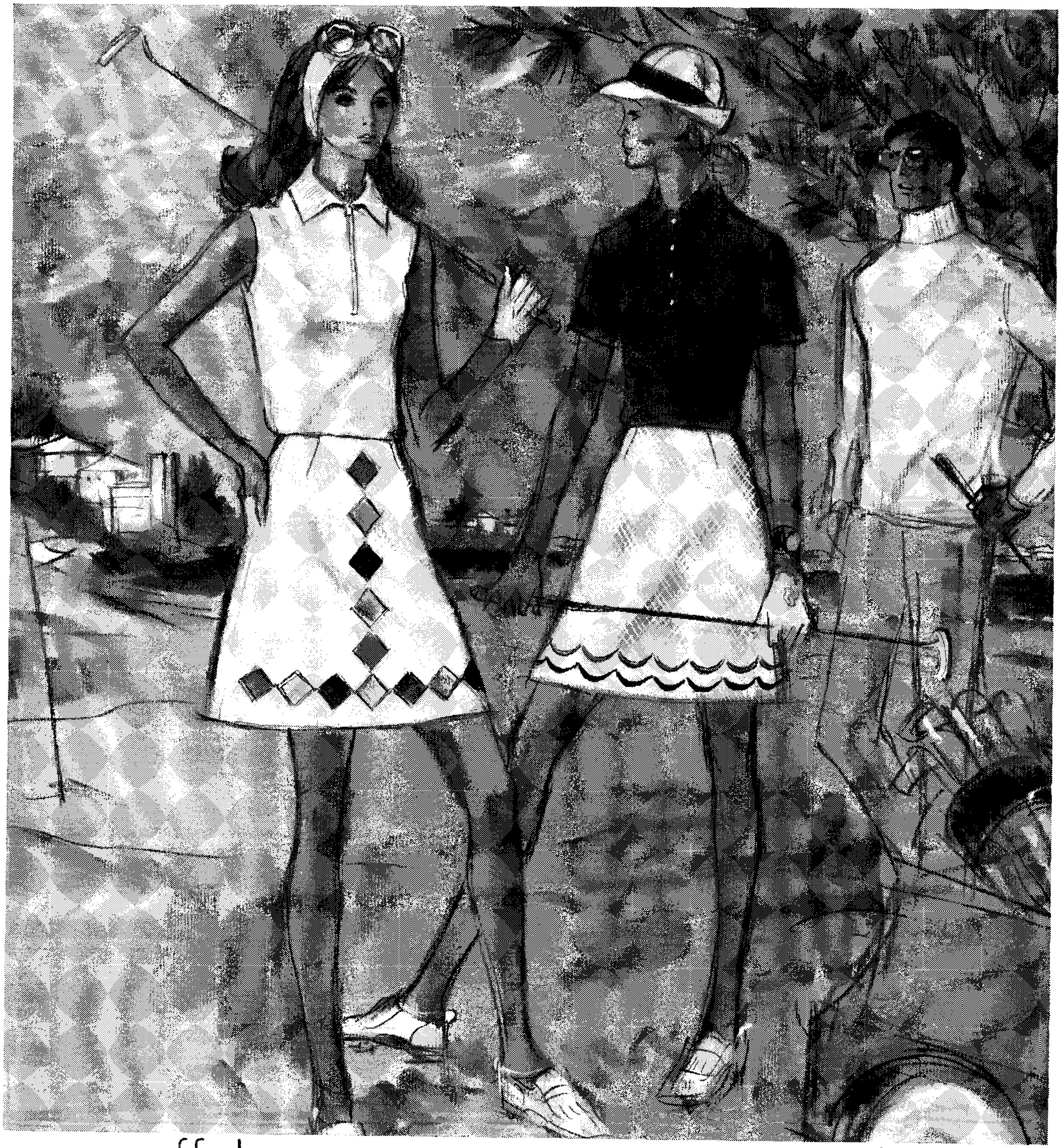
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy to get to the fabled land of opportunity. Flawed by miscasting, and almost destroyed by the desperate ambitiousness of the project, this unconvincing, poorly scripted movie is intermittently interesting for some of the performers (Linda Marsh, particularly, and Paul Mann) and some of the images caught by the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler. (Beekman; Sept. 18.)

The Americanization of Emily (1964)—With James Garner, Melvyn Douglas, James Coburn, Joyce Grenfell, and Julie Andrews, who could play a virago in a whorehouse and make her look like a kitchen apron straight out of the washing machine. Paddy Chayevsky wrote the screenplay, a botched comedy about the, er, futility of war; the botching is considerably aided by the director, Arthur Hiller. (Beekman; Sept. 20.)

And Now for Something Completely Different—For the last two or three years, the silent minority of England has been awash in love for a B.B.C.-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus," which has collected as many silent adherents as the "Goon Show" did when it was on radio. There are six actor-writers, and two girls for decoration; their



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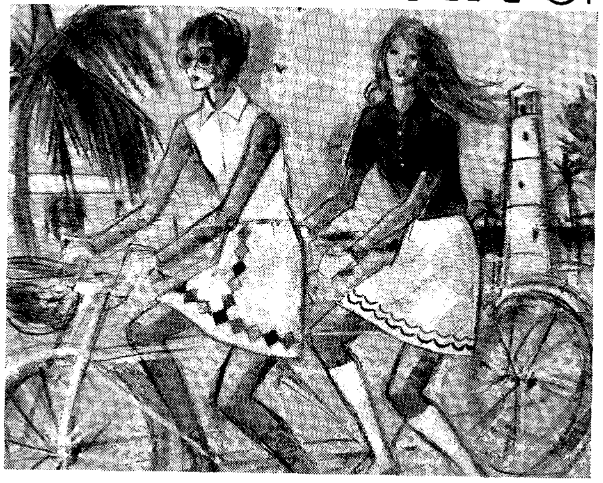

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peculiar preoccupations, which here include physical-training practice against assault by fresh fruit, a staunch stand against a dangerous onset of marauding grannies, and the breakdown of a restaurant manager over a customer who complains mildly about "a bit of a dirty fork," are directed and compiled (or piled together, perhaps) by Ian Macnaughton. Suitable for the nutty of all ages. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Any Number Can Win (1963)—Directed by Henri Verneuil, with Jean Gabin as a grand master in crime and Alain Delon as his good-looking aide-de-camp. A casino in Cannes is to be robbed of a cool billion francs. Plainly, the job cannot be done; plainly, it will be, for an air-conditioning duct leads over the casino roof to the top of the elevator shaft, and . . . Recommended to everyone who doesn't spend his time at a Verneuil film wishing the man were Hitchcock. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 20.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Elgin; Sept. 15-16.)

The Barkleys of Broadway (1949)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again, with Ginger aspiring to be Bernhardt, and Oscar Levant playing Tchaikovsky and Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance." Tunes include George Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay at their buoyant usual best. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 16.)

The Birds (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects took over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he failed to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (Kips Bay; Sept. 15.)

Blackboard Jungle (1955)—Directed by Richard Brooks, based on a novel by Evan Hunter, and with a mostly sensible and sage screenplay by the director. About a wild bunch of city school kids who chivy authority with rape, mayhem, and gutter witticisms. The hero blithely believes that teaching is a creative activity and tries to inculcate a love of Eng. Lit. in class. His good will is much strained, but he is of a rare breed. Glenn Ford and Anne Francis, with some welcome horse sense from Louis Calhern. The usual cop-out of films about delinquency occurs in the plot, which says that the answer is to weed out the savable from the beyond hope; the glibness of the story incites easy cynicism in an audience. (Ziegfeld; starting Sept. 15.)

Blacula—With William Marshall and Denise Nicholas, directed by William Crain. (Juliet 2.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Kips Bay; Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting Sept. 19.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Thalia; Sept. 16.)

Bluebeard—Richard Burton as Bluebeard; Joey Heatherton as his wife. She finds his mother's mummy rotting to bits in a spare-room rocking chair. Many other deaths ensue (six former wives—including Nathalie Delon and Raquel Welch—found in a refrigerator, along with a prostitute who didn't even get a wedding ring out of things). Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Trash, fairly funny. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 20.)

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Cancel My Reservations—With Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint, and Ralph Bellamy, directed by Paul Bogart. (Music Hall; starting Sept. 21.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Sutton. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Waverly, Guild, and Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 20.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Kips Bay; Sept. 16.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a rich, young, incredibly famous English writer who feels blank and bored. The movie is calculated to produce the same sensations in the audience, and it does, it all too drearily does. (Beekman; Sept. 14.)

The Chase (1966)—Overripe melodrama about the South, directed by Arthur Penn—he regrets the film as a far-from-personal piece of work—and written nominally by Lillian Hellman, who has elsewhere disowned it. Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Janice Rule, Robert Redford, Robert Duvall. What was intended as a modest picture about some aimless people on an aimless Saturday night got purple and Thought Big. Produced by Sam Spiegel. (Kips Bay; Sept. 14.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paramount; starting Sept. 20.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ U. A. East and Riviera; through Sept. 19, tentative.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Greenwich; through Sept. 19.)

Cold Turkey (1971)—Satirical farce about a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Tom Poston, Bob and Ray, and Bob Newhart. Directed by Norman Lear. (Symphony; through Sept. 19.)

Come Back Charleston Blue—Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques again playing the Harlem police detectives Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, in this sequel to "Cotton Comes to Harlem." Directed by Mark Warren. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Sept. 20.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Plaza; Sept. 14-18.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Beekman; Sept. 17.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Plaza; Sept. 13.)

David and Lisa (1962)—Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin play the mentally sick teen-agers who help each other. Directed by Frank Perry. (Kips Bay; Sept. 21.)

The Decameron—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (New Yorker; Sept. 14-20.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film, written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman, about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch, including many variants of literal and metaphorical castration fears. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color by Vilmos Zsigmond, who did "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." This is a foursquare movie, but a good enough yarn if you can forgive the holes in the plot and the surprising absence of poetic ellipsis. (Loews Tower East.)

Derby (1971)—Slow-pulsed documentary about a young Midwesterner who dreams of making the Roller Derby a way of life. O.K., but pretty sentimental about a puny form of athleticism. (Plaza; starting Sept. 19.)

Devi (1962)—Sharmila Tagore is the young girl who is led to believe she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali in Satyajit Ray's subtle, ironic film about Indian superstitions, which was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. Ray's feeling for the beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century land-owning class makes this one of the few honest films ever made about decadence. In Bengali. (Thalia; Sept. 13.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife (1970)—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Kips Bay; Sept. 21.)

Dulcima—With Carol White and John Mills, directed by Frank Nesbitt. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Sept. 20.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Elgin; Sept. 15-16.)

Electra (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily, the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Beekman; Sept. 19.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 20.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired send-up of Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. There is a sketch called "What Happens During Ejaculation?" that takes place in a sort of Dr. Strangelove war room, and a love tale of great delicacy about a Jackson Heights doctor who falls in love with an Armenian shepherd patient's sheep. (34th St. East, Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from

Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who thinks he is aging; he is just about to hit thirty. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. The Stacy Keach character is at a crux: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Columbia II; through Sept. 21, tentative. . . . ¶ Art and Olympia; starting Sept. 20.)

FATHER (1966)—An affecting account, sad and funny, of a fatherless boy making his difficult, dreamy way toward manhood. Ably directed by István Szabó, who also wrote the screenplay. In Hungarian. (Beekman; Sept. 18.)

FELLINI SATYRICON (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (New Yorker; Sept. 14-20.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitates in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 16.)

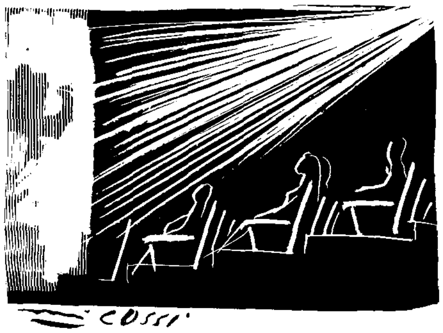
FRENZY—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Sept. 19.)

FREUD (1962)—How a certain young doctor in Vienna in the eighteen-eighties came to explore the unconscious mind, and what he found there. But the director, John Huston, has made the map of the unconscious a little too easy to read, and Montgomery Clift sounds more like Coolidge than Freud. (Beekman; Sept. 14.)

FUZZ—Don't fog your head with this. (Symphony; through Sept. 16.)

THE GANG'S ALL HERE (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda in an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (New Yorker; Sept. 13.)

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Greenwich; through Sept. 19.)



THE GODFATHER—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Baronet. . . . ¶ Art, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Paramount; through Sept. 19.)

THE GRADUATE (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Gramercy; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 20.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin; starting Sept. 21.)

GREASER'S PALACE—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Fine Arts.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

THE GROUNDSTAR CONSPIRACY—Spy melodrama that opens with a big explosion set off by the theft of secret stuff from a space project in the Pacific Northwest. The thief loses his memory and, after extensive doctoring, still can't remember who hired him. The action is packed, as they say, and incredible. George Peppard plays a steel-faced security officer for the project. (Embassy 72nd St. and Olympia; through Sept. 19.)

HAMLET (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Thalia; Sept. 19.)

HEAVENS ABOVE! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this mild but often funny satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and starring Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, Ian Carmichael, and half a dozen other favorites. (Beekman; Sept. 19.)

HICKEY AND BOGGS—With Bill Cosby and Robert Culp in the title roles, directed by Culp. (86th St. East; starting Sept. 20.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Elgin; Sept. 19-20.)

THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD (1971)—Five shorts directed by Peter Duffel. The title says all. (Symphony; starting Sept. 20.)

HOW I WON THE WAR (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to "Catch-22." With Michael Crawford and John Lennon. (Kips Bay; Sept. 20.)

IF . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Plaza; Sept. 14-18.)

IN COLD BLOOD (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted by Richard Brooks from the Capote original. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Beekman; Sept. 13.)

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Beekman; Sept. 15.)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Murray Hill; Sept. 21.)

IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PARTS I AND II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Elgin; through Sept. 14.)

JAILHOUSE ROCK (1957)—Elvis Presley, convicted of manslaughter and shorn by a jailhouse haircut, sings and plays the guitar to entertain the prison inmates. At one point, he strips to the waist and is flogged by the guards, though not for his singing. Richard Thorpe directed this package, shrewdly designed to give satisfaction to the new raunchy rock generation. The story ends happily, and the movie made millions. (Ziegfeld; starting Sept. 15.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—Federico Fellini's unconvincing look at a mousy wife's fantasy life. (Her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals.) A peculiarly ungallant film, and a poor one. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Beekman; Sept. 16.)

J. W. COOP—Cliff Robertson's rather good and unpretentious movie about a rodeo rider, which has a dopey tragic-athlete ending in the Pagliacci vein but also some finely detailed character observation on the way, and an interesting Romanticism of spirit about sport that will presumably pass from our aesthetics in a century or two. (Art and Olympia; starting Sept. 20.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Kips Bay; Sept. 13.)

THE KNACK (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Kips Bay; Sept. 20.)

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Music Hall; through Sept. 20.)

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK (1969)—Nicol Williamson, the great young English actor, plays the blinded rich man of Nabokov's novel, plagued by an evilly prankish couple (Anna Karina and Jean-Claude Drouot). Directed by Tony Richardson. A witty, fluid, harrowing film, with a moving hero. (Kips Bay; Sept. 18.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 19.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 21.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—Tony Richardson's movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe's story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Kips Bay; Sept. 18.)

The Lovers of Teruel (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" (Especially silly, because Miss Tcherina isn't much of a dancer but has a sensational body.) The director, Raymond Rouleau, is in love with colored lights. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 17.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Beekman; Sept. 21.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Thalia; Sept. 19.)

The Man—James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking black who gets unexpectedly jumped up into the White House when the President and his high-ranking entourage are killed by a crumbling building in Europe and the Vice-President decides to keep to his wheelchair. The James Earl Jones character flounders helplessly as a caretaker President who needs to be needed and who can't get on with these hardhearted politicians. Directed by Joseph Sargent from the Irving Wallace book; story and screenplay, both dire, by Rod Serling. (Greenwich; starting Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; starting Sept. 20, tentative.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and preserve-us humor. (Cinema II.)

Marnie (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. (Kips Bay; Sept. 15.)

Melinda—A black celebrity (Calvin Lockhart) fends off a pretty rough time at the hands of a suave white crime-syndicate chief. The prettiest person, played by Vonetta McGee, gets slashed to pieces early in the picture, which is a nasty bit of work. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Sept. 19.)

Mickey One (1965)—An over-freighted allegory by Arthur Penn, fancily put together and fancily photographed. If "art cinema" means anything, it means something portentous—something that hints at more intellect within the portals than there actually is. "Mickey One" is Arthur Penn's piece of art cinema, though anyone who cares a lot for Penn's work will still find rewarding signals in it of his true talent. The film was mostly over-criticized in its time. Warren Beatty plays a night-club comedian looking for a better way to cope. (Kips Bay; Sept. 14.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Playboy; through Sept. 19.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shop-girl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others *seem mannered and foolish. Memorable*, though erratic. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

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Napoleon and Samantha—From the Disney Studios, with Michael Douglas and Will Geer. Directed by Bernard McEveety. (Guild; through Sept. 19.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. This ghastly joke of a law-and-order film might well have been an Agnew production. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Columbia 1; through Sept. 21, tentative.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending that he doesn't have talent. (Symphony; starting Sept. 20.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big, warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 20.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Thalia; Sept. 16.)

The Omega Man (1971)—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive, we wouldn't advise it. (Beacon; through Sept. 19.)

One Night of Love (1934)—With Grace Moore, serving grand opera by the teaspoonful with her little finger crooked. She goes to all the great cities of Europe for the sake of music, backdrops, and so on, and eventually lands here at the Metropolitan, where her Italian music teacher bursts into tears in the prompter's box because he loffs her. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 17-19.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a lot more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Riverside; through Sept. 19.)

Paris Blues (1961)—Two handsome couples—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward and Sidney Poitier and Diahann Carroll—are happy and sad over finding themselves in love in Paris, as others have done before them. Beautifully photographed, and full of good, loud music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 20.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Kips Bay; Sept. 19.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Elgin; Sept. 19-20.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Elgin; Sept. 17-18.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as *swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain* at all. Deeply alive to modern kinds of distress. (Beekman; Sept. 17.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Guild; through Sept. 19.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Festival and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Juliet 1 and Waverly; through Sept. 19.)

Play Misty for Me—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Sept. 19.)

Portnoy's Complaint—Philip Roth's novel was a spiral of exaggeration and a work of clownish splendor: Ernest Lehman's film (he wrote and directed it) is an oddly dirty-minded and soulful-looking disaster. In the novel, the one-joke device seemed as generous as anything recent in the literature of buffoons; in the film, it seems terribly stingy. Dick Benjamin looks wan as Alexander Portnoy, asked to lift up the whole *lumpen* film on his shoulders as if he were Atlas himself. Karen Black, as his girl, looks gorgeous. Uncomic stuff. (Beacon; through Sept. 19.)

Potemkin (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical sound track. (Elgin; through Sept. 14.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 19.)

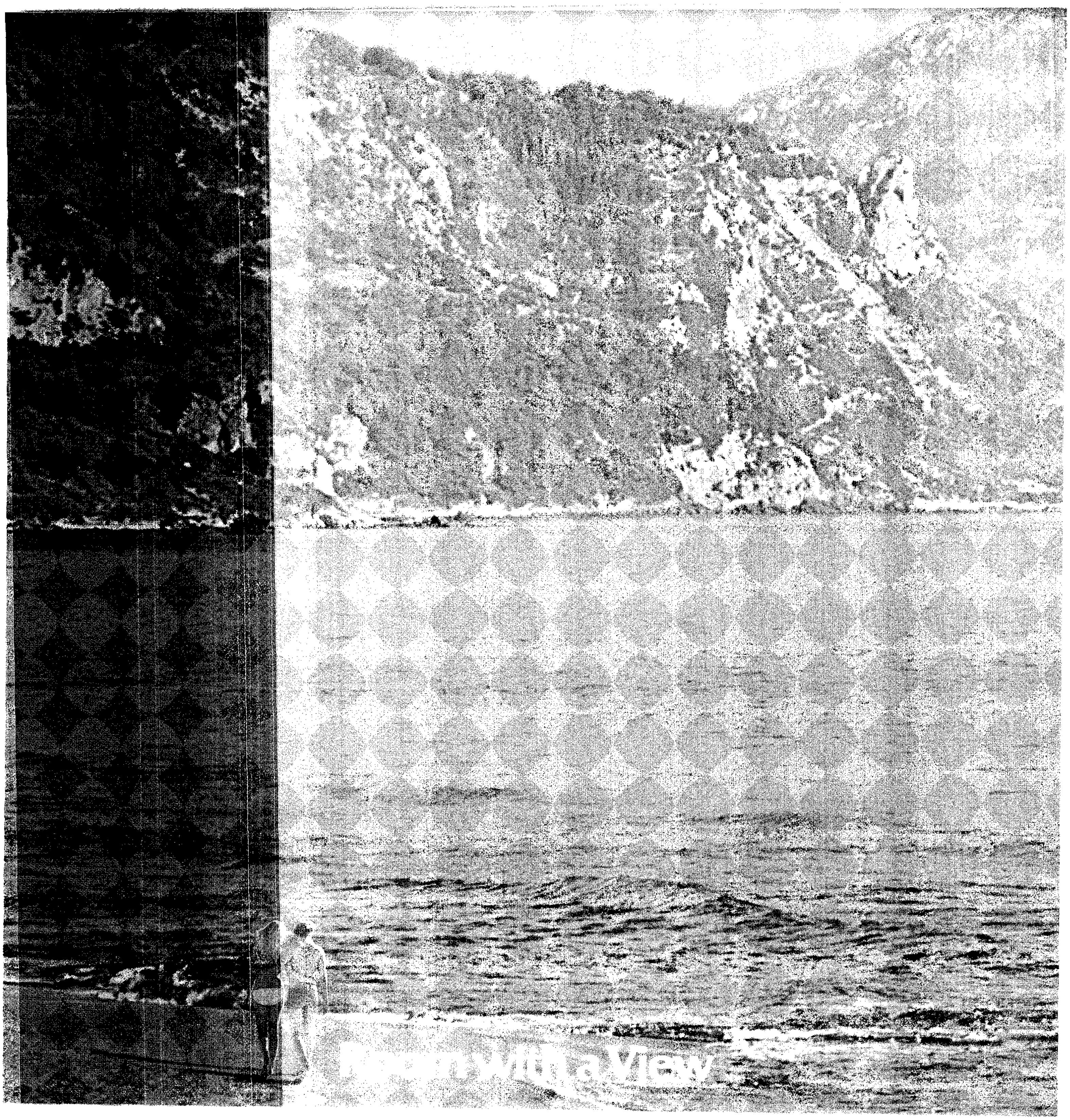
Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Beekman; Sept. 16.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Beekman; Sept. 13.)

The Revengers—Directed by Daniel Mann. A muddle-headed Western, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Susan Hayward as a frontier nurse. Unremarkable and humorless. (Beacon; starting Sept. 20.)

Rock, Rock, Rock (1956)—With Alan Freed, Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers, and Chuck Berry. (Ziegfeld; starting Sept. 15.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' prize-winning English play about the



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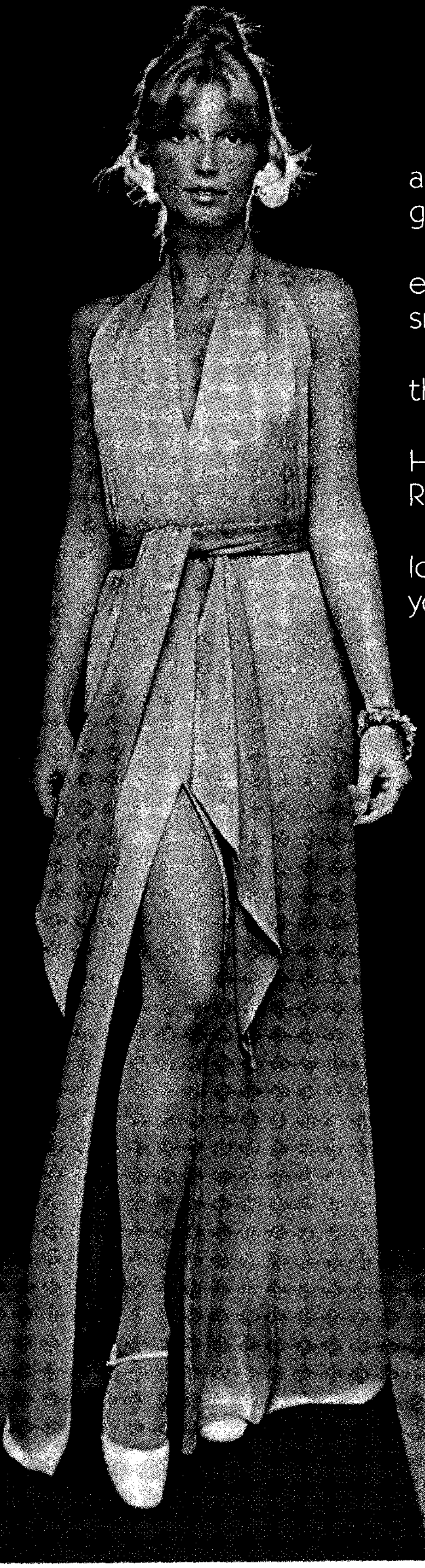

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle; they underpay him typically and trade on his trust. Harry Andrews plays the Earl of Gurney, a judge who accidently hangs himself from a beam wearing a military jacket and a ballet tutu; Alastair Sim is his cousin Bertie, a bishop of charming probity about singular things; Coral Browne is very good and bitchy as the wife of the Earl's half-dotty half brother (William Mervyn). Peter O'Toole, a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family, gives an interesting romantic performance. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes an ideological point about a paranoid schizophrenic being indistinguishable, when cured, from a raving bigot of a Tory. (Cinema I.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in Northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Beekman; Sept. 15.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity, and is not to be missed. (Paris.)

Seduced and Abandoned (1964)—Directed by Pietro Germi, maker of the gloriously funny "Divorce—Italian Style" (which probably owed a good deal to the furiously masculine but furtively henpecked Sicilian melancholy of the character played by Marcello Mastroianni). This later picture doesn't quite take flight, because the director was trying to repeat himself, but the dignified slapstick about Sicilian sex mores is still pretty funny. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 14.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Kips Bay; Sept. 19.)

Skin Game (1971)—Lighthearted and charming story of con artists in the Old South. Very enjoyable. With Lou Gossett, James Garner, and Susan Clark, directed by Paul Bogart. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Sept. 20.)

Slaughter—Lousy sex-and-bashing melodrama about a black Green Beret captain seeking revenge for his father's murder by a Cleveland gang. The plot is a ball of knitting wool toyed with by a kitten. Jim Brown plays the character called Slaughter, and slaughter he does. Rip Torn, good actor, looks demonic, and Stella Stevens looks dishy. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; through Sept. 19.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Waverly; through Sept. 19.)

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Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 21.)

Superfly—With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 20.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Thalia; Sept. 17.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Murray Hill; Sept. 21.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war ballet. (86th St. East; through Sept. 19.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a wistful Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Thalia; Sept. 14.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

Tunes of Glory (1960)—Interesting performances by Alec Guinness and John Mills, as two colonels in a peacetime Scottish regiment who are out to destroy each other, compensate for some muddy exposition and mediocre film techniques. Ronald Neame directed, from James Kennaway's script. With Suzannah York and Dennis Price. (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Sidney Lumet directed the performances beautifully. Henry Fonda is the single juror who gradually wins over the majority to his just view. In the present context, the film expresses an agonizingly optimistic idea of the possible winning powers of the outnumbered and out-of-step. Cast includes Lee J. Cobb and Jack Warden. (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Kips Bay; Sept. 13.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 20.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Elgin; starting Sept. 21.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Beacon; starting Sept. 20.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 15.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (St. Marks Cinema and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 20.)

When You're in Love (1937)—Grace Moore and Cary Grant, directed by Robert Riskin. Everyone must at some time in his life have seen a Grace Moore picture, and there is no particular reason to see this one, except that in it Miss Moore sings a bit of unusually lowdown music called "Minnie the Moocher." Well, lowdown only for Grace Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 17-19.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best: Burton's best is extraordinary. (Plaza; Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Kips Bay; Sept. 16.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his soft-eyed youth, when his talent magnetized audiences—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Ziegfeld; starting Sept. 15.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; Sept. 17-18.)

Without Apparent Motive—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 19.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (Thalia; Sept. 13.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—One of the best of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he's served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (86th St. East; through Sept. 19.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Kips Bay; Sept 17. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Nov. 21.)

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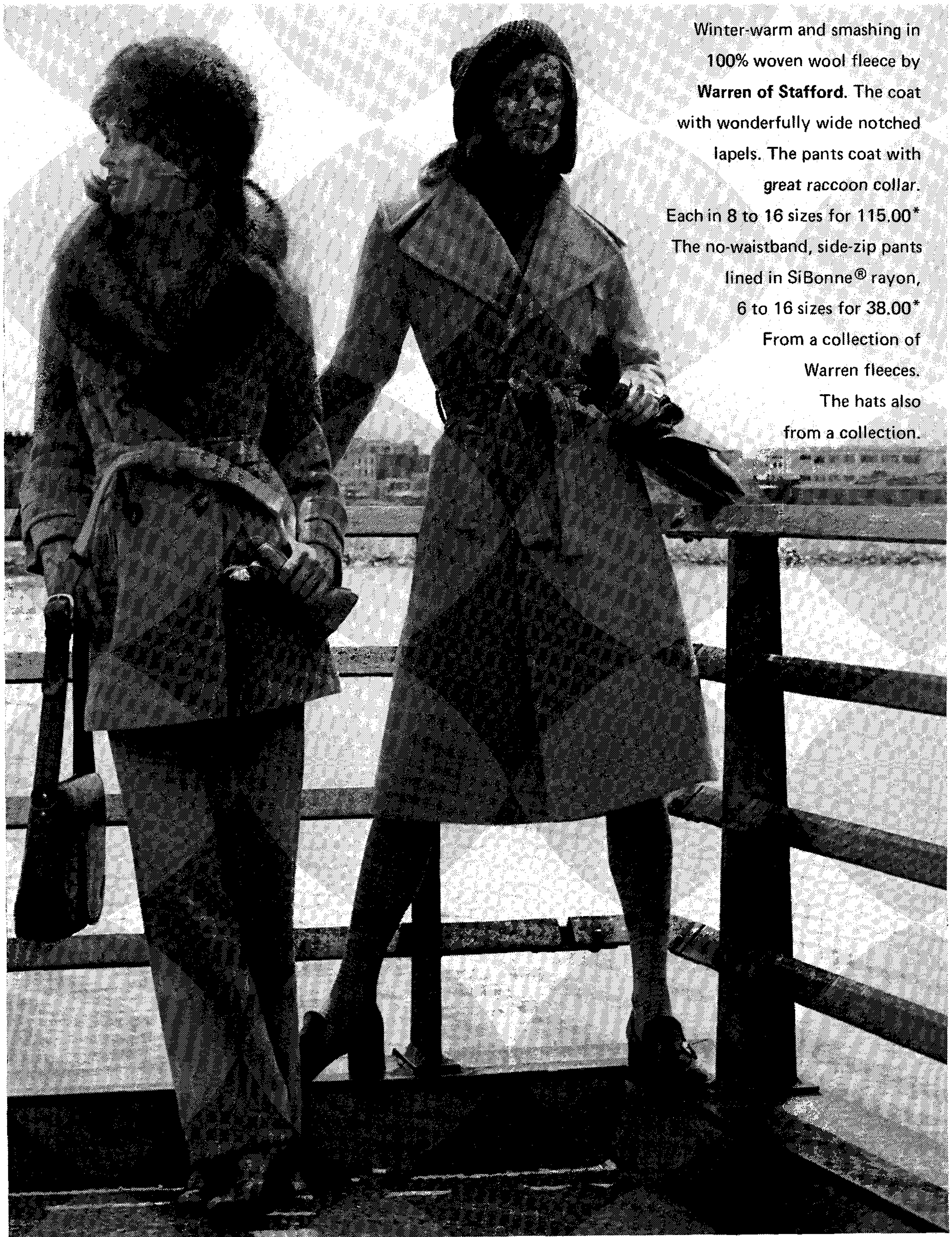

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Presidential campaign has generated a lot of talk about how vital it is for the United States to be the most powerful nation in the world. Richard Nixon has accused George McGovern of advocating policies that would reduce this country to "the second-strongest power in the world," and Senator McGovern has denied the charge and insisted that, like the President, he will do everything he can to keep America No. 1. It is natural for the leaders and the potential leaders of a country to want it to be the greatest power in the world, because then they are the leaders and the potential leaders of the greatest power in the world—a fact that they can remind themselves of when they are shaving in the morning and not feeling so great. But what about everybody else? Being a citizen of a first-rate nation has some drawbacks. It costs a fair amount of money to sustain such a rank—mostly to pay for large military forces to be used in case a second-rate, or even a troublesome little third- or fourth-rate, nation tries to steal a bit of power belonging to a neighbor who happens to be a friend and supporter of the big fellow. And in that event young citizens may find themselves fighting in some small, faraway land that they had never heard of until they were summoned to go and be killed in it. Anyway, the cost of this kind of power must, of course, be borne by the citizens who have it and who can, after paying over an exceedingly large share of their earnings to their government, remind themselves that they live in the most powerful nation on earth, and that they have the opportunity to travel abroad and be sneered at everywhere (except where friendly dictators are in control). They can also remind themselves of all the things that this money would buy at home, and of the revolutionary calamities that have destroyed other first-rate nations that ignored the needs of their people at home in order to impress people elsewhere, and of what has happened in the end to all other first-rate powers throughout history. Such reflection might lead citizens to conclude that it would be comforting to be a second-rate power, which was the formal diplomatic classification sometimes accorded this nation in the halcyon days before the First World War. Then they could call the soldiers home, fire three-fourths of the generals and admirals, junk all the armaments except enough to destroy any enemy once instead of a hundred times over, hand the "most powerful" crown to anyone interested in strutting about the world stage, and offer the downtrodden of the earth a share in the sweet life of plenty and peace.

Consumption

BREAKFAST AT BLOOMINGDALE'S: Wednesday morning of last week, Bloomingdale's kicked off its centennial celebrations by opening a new escalator and serving breakfast to the press. Reporters and store executives gathered in front of the new escalator—which faces the Third Avenue entrance—and listened to Lawrence Lachman, the chairman of the store, as he remarked that Bloomingdale's is "rather unique." "Unlike most downtown stores in the United States, which are deteriorating and retrenching, we have had such an increase in traffic that this new escalator has become necessary," he said. He did not say that Lord & Taylor had installed new escalators a while back, because he was talking about Bloomingdale's. Together with Marvin Traub, the store president, Mr. Lachman then took the first ride up to the second floor. The rest of us followed, and went on to the Executive Conference Room, where coffee and rolls were served and everyone sat down to listen to Mr. Lachman and his colleagues talk about their store's "new face." Mr. Traub said that the centennial symbol will be the Roman god Janus, because Janus has two faces—one looking to the past and the other to the future. Slides were then shown of Janus, and of some new boxes that Bloomingdale's will give to its customers. The boxes feature "bloomingcolors" chosen by Massimo Vignelli, who has also designed a new "bloomingtype." The bloomingcolors are green, pink, blue, yellow, orange, red, gray, black, and brown.

The various speakers told of changes planned for the store, and of some events upcoming in a "hundred days of celebration." Since these events have not yet taken place, we can't report them. We can report, however, two things that happened to us on different Saturdays in Bloomingdale's. Once, a young lady we didn't know nearly bowled us over as we were trying to buy a piece of crockery; she seemed to think that we should pay for *her* purchase—a tureen—which she had dropped. The other time, an elderly woman clerk said to us and to a young female stranger standing next to us, "Oh, I thought you two were together." There was a twinkle in the clerk's eye, and now we think that Bloomingdale's should have chosen *her* face for its centennial symbol.

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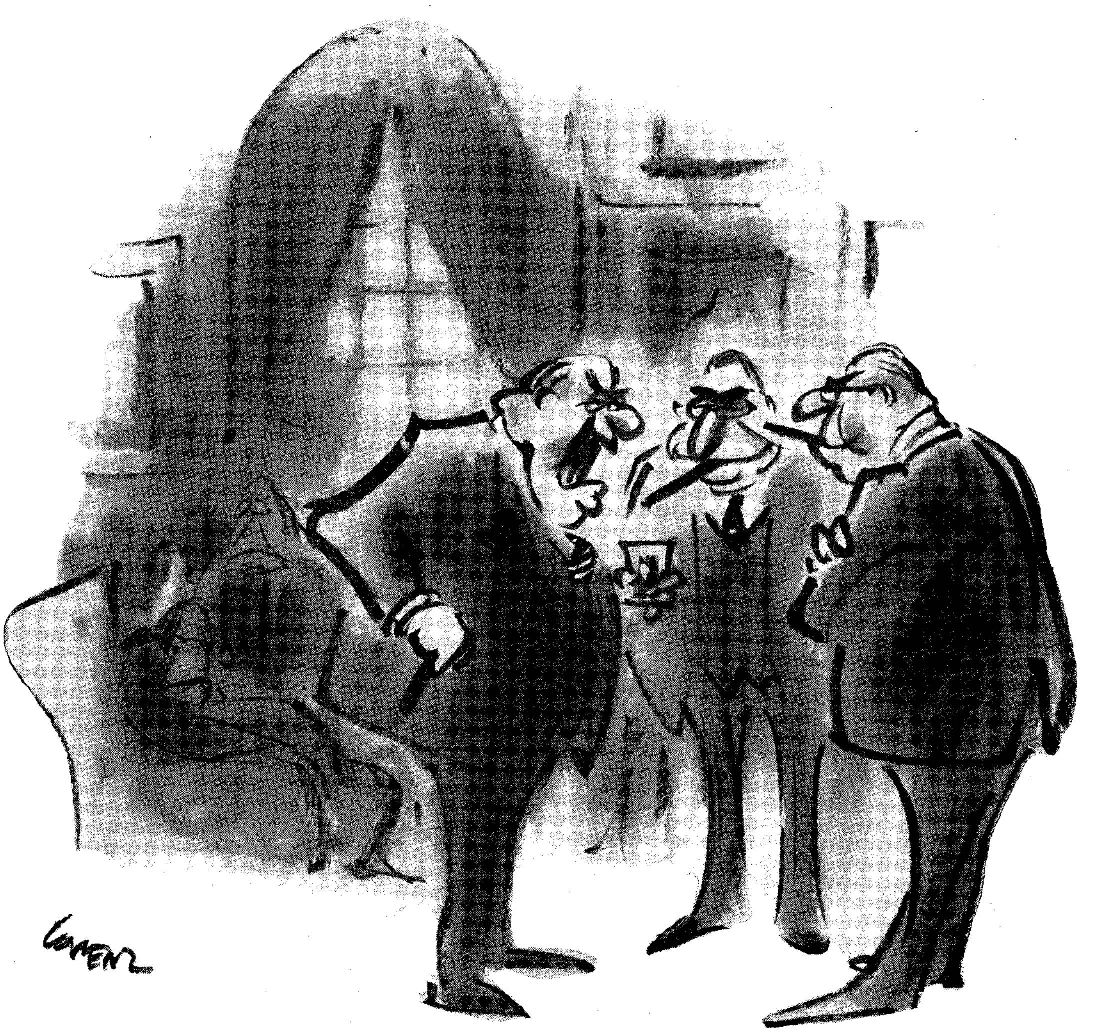
OUZO WITH THE GREEKS: The Greek Trade Center, at 150 East Fifty-eighth Street, on the third floor, is holding a wine, liqueur, and food exhibition until September 21st. Visitors may enjoy free samples provided by



"And what's all this baloney about McGovern being a good guy? He's not my *idea of a good guy."*

• •

eighteen wineries and twenty food exporters. Straight from the blooming-breakfast, we went to a press preview of the exhibition, and were quickly taken in tow by Miss Audrey Wertheim, an effusively affectionate press agent. "Welcome!" she said, and led us to an attractive young lady and said, "This is Paula Wolfert. She pushes Greek food." Miss Wertheim smiled, patted us on the arm, and said to Miss Wolfert, "Be good to him." Miss Wolfert pushed Greek food. Later, Miss Wertheim led us to the most elaborate display in the exhibition—a pergola made of latticework and hung with artificial grapes. It represents a typical pergola of the Plaka section of Athens. When we were there, it enclosed three small tables holding glasses of ouzo and fresh mint. Orange juice was added to the ouzo to make a new drink called an Ouzo Eye Opener. It tasted bland but quite all right. Miss Wertheim introduced us to Nicholas Kahramanis, director of the Center, who said that pergolas are traditional features of Greek houses but are becoming rarer. "When my father built a new house, the first thing he added to it was a pergola," Mr. Kahramanis said. "During the war, some families survived by growing excellent grapes on their pergolas. The grapes were like gold."

Later, we sampled an olive paste that a man named Theodore Raptis is trying to introduce to the United States. Mr. Raptis squeezed some paste out of a tube and onto a cracker, and let us try it. We gave him our opinion, which was that it tasted all right—like olives, in fact—but that Americans were accustomed to a richer texture in their spreads. Then we read one of his flyers, which boasted of the paste's purity and salubrity, and we said that maybe the health-food market was what he should aim for. Another exhibitor had to translate our comments, because we don't speak Greek and Mr. Raptis doesn't speak English.

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PRICES FROM PATHMARK: That same day, in the afternoon, John O. Whitney, president of the Pathmark Division of Supermarkets General Corporation, held a press conference at the Hilton to announce that his company had filed lawsuits in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut challenging statutes in those states that prohibit the advertisement of prescription-drug prices. He also announced that Pathmark pharmacies would begin posting the prices of the hundred most commonly prescribed drugs on eight-by-three-foot boards. The boards would be similar to but bigger than the notices required for merchandise in general under the Phase 2 controls. He said that they would allow consumers to compare prices, and cited figures to show that prices sometimes vary as much as twelve hundred per cent from pharmacy to pharmacy. During the question period, one reporter asked if Pathmark was being fair to small druggists. Mr. Whitney replied that small druggists could continue to offer special services, such as home delivery, and that Pathmark did not seek to drive small druggists out of business. Another reporter asked why the statutes had been enacted in the first place, and Geoffrey Kalmus, a lawyer for Pathmark, replied, "The answer to that question depends on whom you ask. We believe that in reality these statutes were passed in the interests of pharmaceutical societies—the interests of retail drug associations."

We attended the conference, but we didn't have any questions. When it comes to prescriptions, we're as innocent as a child.

Downtown-to-Downtown

ONE morning, we took a subway train down to Wall Street, walked five minutes to the East River, and then—the cries of gulls mingling with the noise of cars on the F.D.R. Drive overhead—walked south along the water for three blocks to the terminal of Downtown Airlines, an air service that opened in July and provides hourly flights by seaplane between Wall Street and center-city Philadelphia. It plans to extend its route to Washington before the end of the year The Philadelphia trip takes thirty-five minutes, or forty-five minutes less thar the Metroliner. The fare is twenty-five dollars, one way. According to Peter N. Pruyn, the company's executive vice-president and a longtime seaplane buff, the service constitutes the first breakthrough in linking the centers of two American cities by air since the Second World War, and there are in the Northeast dozens of cities that can be linked this way—a way that, Mr. Pruyn says, means avoiding long trips out to airports and delays in holding patterns.

Mr. Pruyn, an energetic, slightly pontoon-shaped man in his early forties, who until recently ran a more conventional airline—Metropolitan Air Services, which chartered flights for corporation officers—was waiting for us inside the Downtown Airlines Terminal, a white trailer on top of a scow that serves as a pier for the seaplanes. The terminal, which bobbed and shifted in the current, was in the shadow of the brand-new skyscraper at 55 Water Street. We followed Mr. Pruyn onto the deck of the scow and settled down to wait for the ten-o'clock seaplane from Philadelphia, which would be taking off for the return trip at eleven. Across Coenties Slip (we were at one of the city's most ancient wharves), a helicopter was snarling down onto the end of a pier—the Port Authority Downtown Heliport. We asked Mr. Pruyn whether helicopters could become competitors in the interurban market, and he said that helicopters are very expensive to buy and to operate. As for regular aircraft, though cheaper, they are uneconomical for short flights, because of the time spent in taxiing and waiting for clearance. Accordingly, the Downtown Airlines prediction for the future is that helicopters will be handling traffic within cities, seaplanes will be handling traffic between cities, and the old-fashioned aircraft on wheels, with their increasingly remote and crowded airfields, will take what's left—the transcontinental and intercontinental flights.

Seaplanes, Mr. Pruyn admits, have some way to go before they get their logical share of the airline business. Right now, he said, he knows of only three other regularly scheduled seaplane services in the Western Hemisphere—Vancouver to Victoria Island, Los Angeles to Catalina Island, and somewhere to somewhere in the Antilles—and none of those are interurban. Seaplanes, of course, are nothing new, and Mr. Pruyn says that Downtown Airlines is simply bringing back something useful from the past. The first true seaplane was built in 1911 by Glenn H. Curtiss, and in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties seaplanes were the most prominent aircraft. A number of regularly scheduled seaplane services grew up then; Pan American Clipper service across the Pacific was started in the mid-nineteen-thirties, for example, and, for that matter, there was an earlier seaplane line between New York and Philadelphia. We asked Mr. Pruyn what had happened to it, and he said that his predecessor airline, and all the other fledgling seaplane services as well, had been wiped out by the war, during which the government spent large sums of money building airports; once the airports were in existence, land-based planes became more economical than seaplanes. Urban sprawl and airport congestion, Mr. Pruyn feels, will put the seaplanes back in business. At the moment, however, seaplanes are used mostly by private pilots who like the freedom of being able to land wherever there is water. "Once you've been bitten by the seaplane bug, it's hard to get rid of," he said. Then he gestured toward the East River. "Look at that!" he said. "The whole goddam harbor is airport."

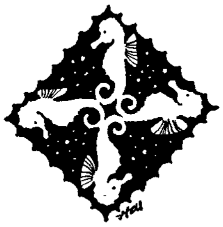
With a whir and a rush of water, the plane from Philadelphia—a six-passenger Aztec, white with red-and-black trim and looking like a water beetle on its twin floats—drew up at the terminal. Mr. Pruyn took hold of a wing and pulled until one of the floats bumped against the pier, and then he helped hand down the passengers' luggage; it was largely briefcases, since the passengers had come up to New York on business and would be returning later in the day. Most were headed for Wall Street.

Philadelphia-bound passengers were beginning to arrive now, among them a young stockbroker, Benjamin M. Rosen, who said that he had walked from his office, Coleman & Company, at 120 Broadway, five minutes away, and that at Philadelphia he would have only another five minutes' walk, from the terminal—at Penn's Landing—to the office of a client he was visiting. "It's easier getting from my office to Philadelphia than getting home to Westchester," Mr. Rosen said, and Mr. Pruyn beamed.

Mr. Rosen and the other passengers took their seats. Mr. Pruyn was going along, in order to see the president of Downtown Airlines, Robert J. Anderson, who was in charge of the Philadelphia end of the business, and we were going along for the ride. The plane rocked like a rowboat as the pilot, David Dickson, taxied away from the dock. On takeoff, it lumbered through the water, leaving a large wake, and slowly rose as it gained speed. The waves became shallower, and the spray shot higher. Then the

spray vanished, and we were airborne. Mr. Dickson, climbing on his way to two thousand feet, where the air was cooler, banked over Governors Island and headed across Staten Island toward the mouth of the Raritan River.

The plane flew over the New Jersey Turnpike almost to Trenton; then Mr. Dickson headed down the Delaware River. He turned on the plane's radio, in order to hear the traffic controller at the North Philadelphia airport talking to several airliners stacked in a holding pattern overhead—an inconvenience that didn't concern our seaplane, he said. There had been a little turbulence over the Turnpike, but now the jounces had stopped; because a river's temperature is more or less constant, the air over it tends to be smooth, Mr. Pruyn said—another advantage of flying in seaplanes. Gas tanks and factories lined both sides of the Delaware. Mr. Pruyn pointed out center-city Philadelphia looming ahead, with the Benjamin Franklin Bridge in the foreground; the plane, on its final descent now, shot beneath the bridge. Mr. Dickson was studying the river ahead for floating debris. An old seaplane pilot's maxim, he said, was that if debris is big enough to see, it is big enough to fly around, and that if it isn't big enough to see, it isn't dangerous. As our plane hit the water, there was an unmistakable thud, followed by a succession of thumps as it caromed from the crest of one wave to the crest of the next. Mr. Pruyn said that the plane must have hit a swell, and Mr. Dickson pointed accusingly at a tugboat, whose choppy wake we had caught. The plane taxied toward the terminal, behind a breakwater near the foot of Walnut Street—just five blocks from Independence Hall—and we all climbed out. Like the New York terminal, the one in Philadelphia was a white trailer, but it was more Colonial-looking, for it had a porch with wrought-iron balustrades.



Our return flight was smooth. Flying a short way up the East River, the plane skirted the phalanx of high, boxlike buildings pressing around the tiny terminal, which seemed like a rocky outcrop in the water at the foot of a cliff. We circled left, over the Brooklyn Navy Yard, to approach from the north; then, heading south, we dipped toward the river, slanting closer and closer to the Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridges, which made a pair of gateway arches to the city. The plane ducked beneath them in quick succession, so that the steel networks raced overhead in a continuous blur, and we thought that surely there could be no more breathtaking way of arriving in New York. Then the plane set down in a smooth, velvety wash of water, shooting spray toward the gulls on the piers.

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SUMMARY report overheard at the Port Authority Bus Terminal as a tanned councillor turned a homecoming camper over to a parent: "It's been a fun season; everybody related. And Chris is a good kid, but you have to watch him."

Dy-namic

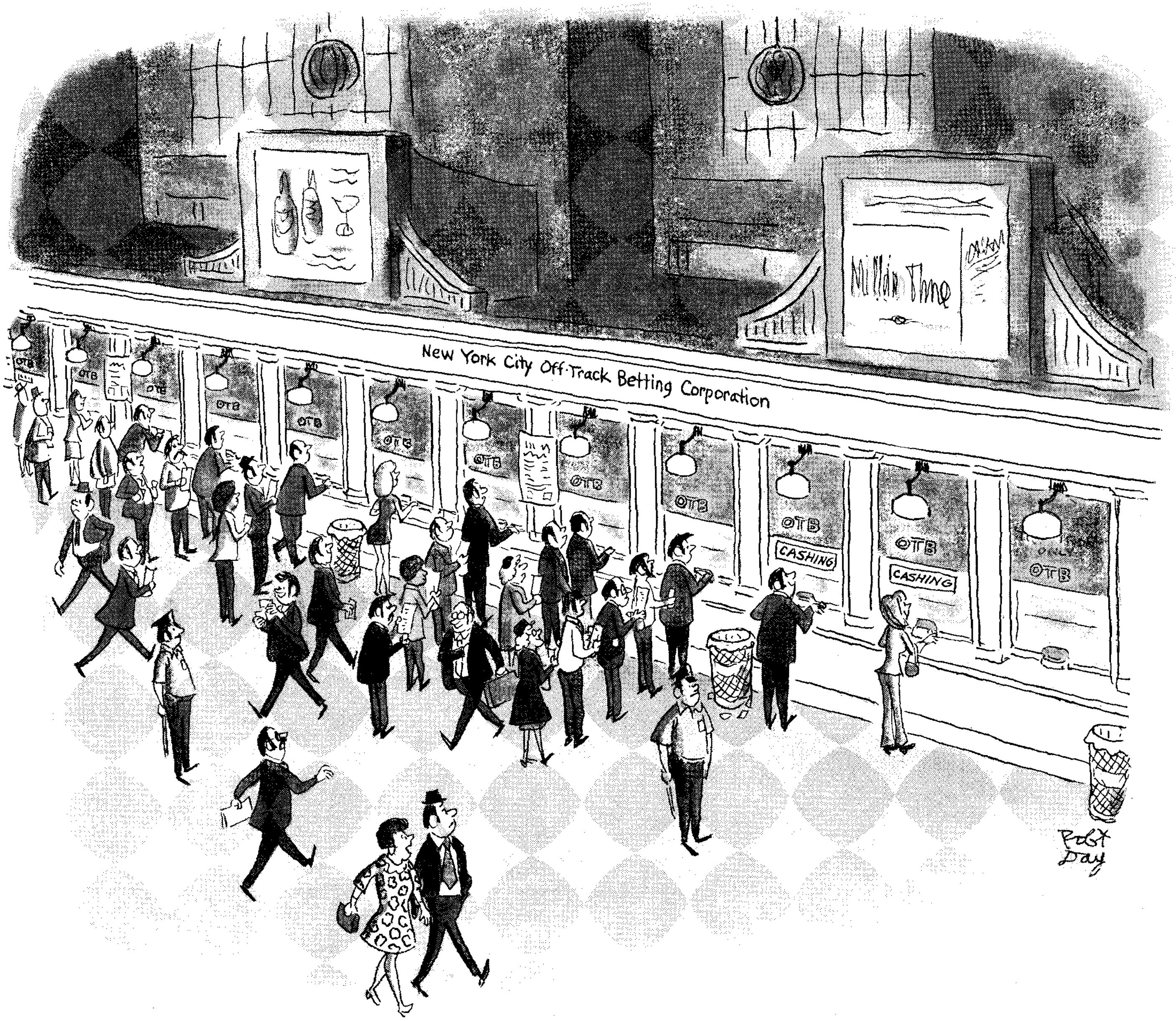
"THERE'S pandemonium in the gym of Intermediate School 201. The fans are going wild. The Westsiders lead the Celtics, 137–134, with just two minutes to go in the fourth quarter. Twice, Nate (Tiny) Archibald has driven the full length of the court to score sensational field goals for the Celtics, and twice Julius (Dr. J.) Erving has replied in kind for the Westsiders. And now, as time is called, and as the championship of the Harlem Professional Basketball League hangs in the balance, let's take a moment to look at the history of this wonderful event." These words are from a tape recording left on our desk by Howard, one of our younger and more sports-minded reporters. Howard's voice is blaring away, and we continue with the transcription:

"The Harlem Professional Basketball League traces its history to a basketball tournament held every summer during the fifties and early sixties by a teacher at Junior High School 139 named Holcombe Rucker. Rucker, who was born and grew up in Harlem, started the tournament as a way of keeping kids off the streets and out of trouble. In time, the tournament attracted some of the best amateur and professional players in the world, and Rucker, who died in 1965, at thirty-eight, is remembered as an inspiring leader. After his death, two of his athletes, Bob McCullough and Fred Crawford, set up the League to keep Rucker's tournament alive. The League has twelve teams, and at the end of this summer four of them—the Westsiders, the Celtics, the Courtsmen, and Milbank—were tied for first place, each with nine wins and two losses. Although all the regular games had been played at the Holcombe Rucker Memorial Playground, at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue, the League moved to I.S. 201 for the playoffs. The Westsiders and the Celtics eliminated the two other teams and went on to the final game. We'll get back to that game in just a moment—but, first, some more words about Harlem basketball.

"Playing basketball in Harlem has two main objects. The first is to win the game, and the second is to embarrass one's opponent. Embarrassing one's opponent is known as 'making him look bad.' A big man can do this by leaping high in front of the basket and batting an opponent's shot halfway down the court. A little man can do it by outjumping the big men and stuffing the ball through the hoop—preferably with both hands. Either move elicits 'ooh's, 'ah's, clapping, and laughter from the fans. According to local legend, amateurs sometimes make pros look bad on the playgrounds of Harlem. In fact, however, the League has become so well known that almost all the best players by now belong to one professional team or another. Even the referees who officiate the games are mostly either full-time pros or part-timers hoping to impress their senior colleagues.

"Among this year's players, perhaps the best at making his opponents look bad is a guard named Frank (Shake 'n' Bake) Streaty, who plays for Milbank. Shake 'n' Bake has a striking appearance; he parts his hair down the middle and then several times down each side, making a herringbone pattern. When he dribbles the ball, he can fake forward with one shoulder, backward with the other, up with his head, and all around with his arms and legs. Great moves. His usual method of throwing a pass is to turn his back in the direction in which he wants to throw, then to stick the ball in front of his opponent's nose, and then to whip it behind himself. He throws more passes behind himself than in front. Once, after bewildering his opponent with a series of fakes, he bounced the ball straight off the other man's forehead, and as the dazed fellow looked around for the ball Shake 'n' Bake plucked it back out of the air and took his shot. Professionally, he plays for the Harlem Globetrotters—probably the only team he *could* play for.

"Another specialist at embarrassing people is Dr. J. Erving—'the only man with a basketball Ph.D.' Dr. J. likes to hold the ball out with one hand and swing it around. At the playoffs, he seems to have been the fans' favorite.


New York City Off-Track Betting Corporation
OTB
CASHING
CASHING
Robt Day

"All those windows selling tickets and only two windows cashing them. Doesn't that tell you something?"

• •

The League has announcers who give running commentaries on the games over a public-address system, and these announcers have tended to gloat over Dr. J.'s accomplishments. '*This* is Dr. J.,' the announcer will say when he gets the ball. 'Watch him! He's dy-namic! *Yes*, indeed!' The last words mean that Dr. J. has stuffed one in. Despite his obvious merits, Dr. J. is probably not as skilled a player as Tiny Archibald, the Celtic star. Archibald is short for a basketball player, and when he appears on the court, wearing his Bermuda-length shorts, he looks like one of Our Gang. But he moves in a blur, all over the court, and frequently scores from up close, against the big men. Playing for the Cincinnati Royals, he was the second high scorer in the National Basketball Association last season. In 1971, he was the League's Most Valuable Player, but at this year's playoffs the announcers have paid rather little attention to him—they seem to think that now it's Dr. J.'s turn.

"During halftime, I interviewed Dr. J. He said that he had signed contracts for the coming season with both the Virginia Squires, of the American Basketball Association, and the Atlanta Hawks, of the National Basketball Association, but that the Milwaukee Bucks, of the N.B.A., also had a claim on him. Someday, he assumed, a law court would decide which contract was the most valid. I asked him why he played for free on the dangerous asphalt of Rucker Memorial Playground, and here's what he said: 'It's a good league. It's good competition. It helps me keep my game in shape. And since I'm a young man, I don't have to worry too much about getting hurt. All my life, I've played basketball twelve months a year, and if I didn't play in this league I'd be playing in a pickup game in the park. That wouldn't be a controlled situation, as this is.'

"That was Dr. J., the star of the Westsiders. And now let's go back to the game. The Celtics are trailing, 137–134. They've been behind all game, but they've cut the margin to just three points. But they're not going to catch up. The ball game is over. The Westsiders win, 143–138. The Westsiders are the champs. They don't necessarily come from the West Side, by the way—that's just their name. A lot of trophies are being handed out. None of the trophies is less than three feet high. The Most Valuable Player is Dr. J."

THE ALBATROSS

"WOULD fingerprints remain on a drinking glass after having been immersed in the sea for three weeks?" I asked.

"Whorls and that sort of thing, you mean?" said Woxley.

"Quite."

"Fingerprints?"

"Exactly."

"Fingerprints, eh?"

"Yes."

There was a long pause while Woxley screwed up his eyes reflectively. "No idea," he said at last. "Why do you ask?"

"No reason," I said.

Actually, the reason I had asked was that in attempting to get myself a drink of water while aboard Deering's ninety-two-foot yacht, Flaunt, I had accidentally opened the sea cocks and the vessel had gone to the bottom within three minutes. Woxley had sent his man out in a pinnace and picked us up, and Deering had already bought a new yacht, so that was all right.

The trouble was that Deering wanted me to put him up for the yacht club. It was a bit awkward. We are just a trifle circumspect. Picky, if you will. In a sense, I owed Deering a favor, especially if they brought his yacht up and found the glass with my fingerprints on it.

On the other hand, Deering is slightly underbred, and his family fortune is founded on the manufacture of tea-bag strings. As it turned out, I needn't have worried. I had forgotten that a mere three blackballs forever bars one from membership.

As is our custom, Deering had been given the run of the ground-floor clubrooms while his application was being considered, and one evening we were sitting around the fire, brandy convenient at our elbows, when Wollinscroft said, "Has it ever been vouchsafed to you to see ball lightning?"

"The sort with branches?" said Woxley.

"No," said Wollinscroft. "No branches. Ball-shaped."

"Absolutely not," said Woxley.

"In the summer of 1963," said Wollinscroft, "it was vouchsafed to me to see ball lightning at my summer place in the Berkshires. Two windows, and two windows only, were open at the time—one in the morning room, and one in the library. Well, sir—"

"Did it go in one window and out the other?" asked Deering.

"Yes," said Wollinscroft slowly. "Yes, it did."

"Did it circle the room first?"

"Yes."

THE next time I saw Deering was at our annual Procession of Lights. On a cool, fair evening, eighteen yachts, beautifully lighted alow and aloft, chugged slowly past the club float.

"They have the same thing in Venice, during the season," said Deering from his seat next to me on the clubhouse porch. "Except that the yachts are much bigger. Hundreds and hundreds of large yachts, brilliantly lighted, file past the palaces on the Grand Canal. Then the fireworks. Then the theatricals."

Beaufort joined us, with the news that the Hargraves mansion had burned to the ground. "The family was saved," said Beaufort, "thanks to the bravery and intelligence of their dog, Satchville-Belvoir. Apparently, Hargraves was awakened in the middle of the night by the faithful animal tugging at his bedclothes. Then the noble and sagacious creature barked loudly to arouse the other members of the household, and led them all to safety."

"A similar thing happened to a friend of mine," said Deering. "*Their* dog, Prince, not only awakened the family and led them to safety but the noble and sagacious animal then dashed back into the house, only to reappear a few moments later carrying in his jaws the family's insurance papers, wrapped in a damp towel."

"Is that so?" said Beaufort.

A DAY or so later, Deering appeared for his final interview with Willoughby, the chairman of our membership committee. Willoughby handed him the form that all prospective new members must fill out, and Deering had already written his answer to the first question ("Are there any Democrats and/or Lindsays in your direct line of ancestry? If none, write 'none'") and was studying the second when Willoughby asked him the name of his new boat.

"Sea Spray," said Deering.

"Indeed?" said Willoughby. "By an odd coincidence, it was on a yacht named Sea Spray that I experienced the most thrilling adventure of my life. It is a story of reckless courage, involving a golden-haired three-year-old girl and a monster shark. Would you care to hear the story?"

"Yes, indeed," said Deering.

"It was off Barnegat Light," said Willoughby. "The child had tripped over a davit and fallen overboard. In a trice, she disappeared from view. Well, sir, I dived in—"

"And saved the child?" said Deering.

"Well, yes," said Willoughby.

"Did you encounter the shark?"

"Yes, I did."

"But you fought it off?" said Deering.

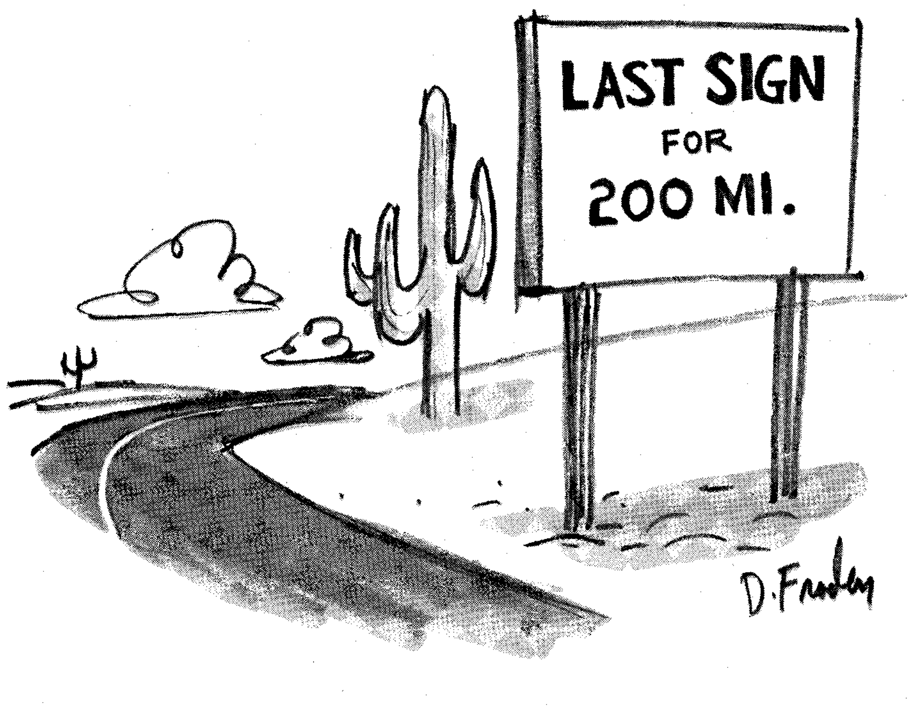
"Yes."

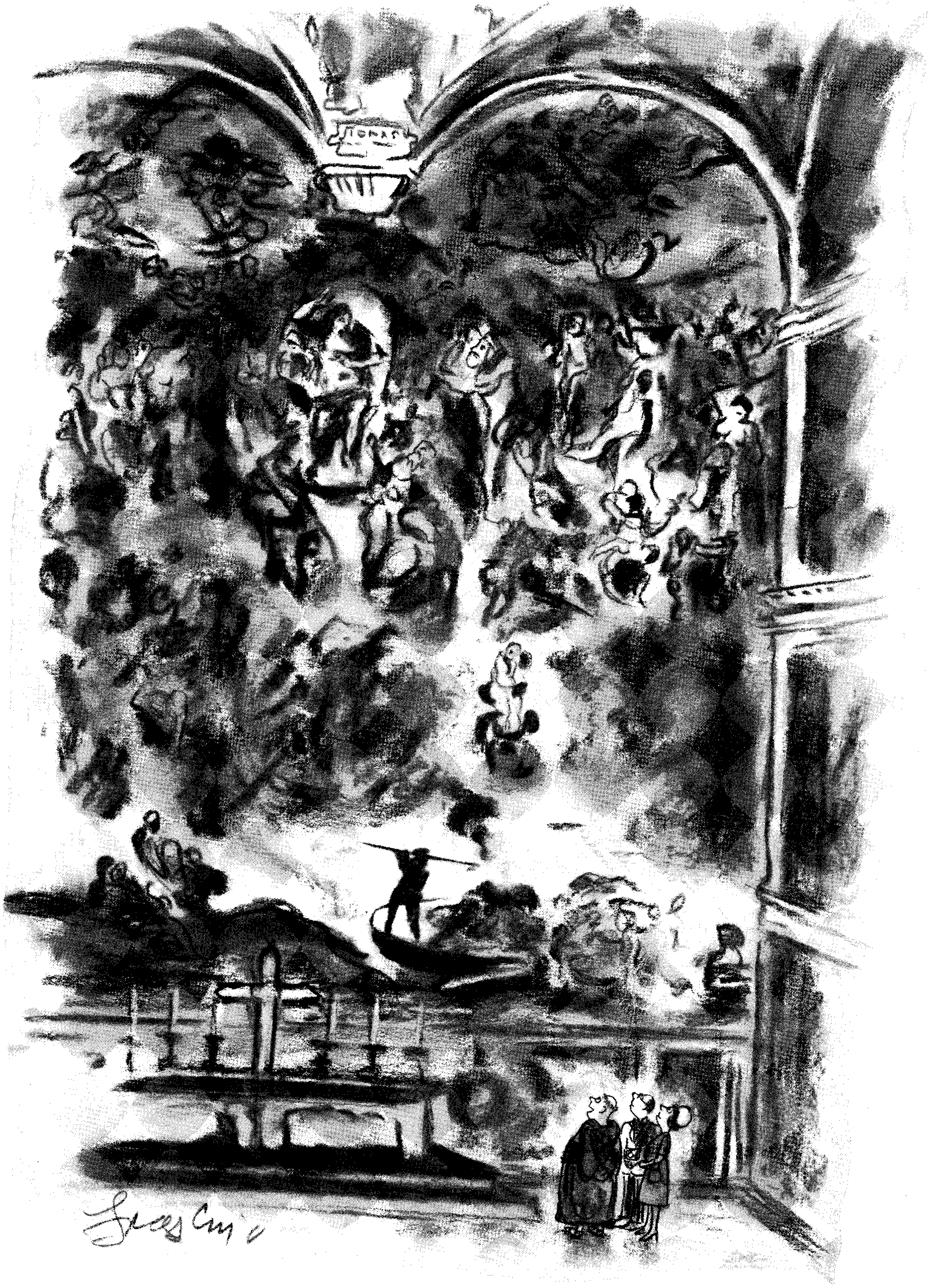
"Amazing," said Deering. "Is that my membership card?"

"No," said Willoughby. "You will be notified in the usual way."

Curiously, Deering's membership card never came. He waited around for several months, and then sailed his boat down the coast and joined a yacht club with six cement gnomes on its front lawn.

—JOHN BAILEY





"It's provided us with many hours of viewing pleasure."

LOVE

"NO. There's no telephone," said the long-legged young woman. "It seemed more important to have drains, so we chose drains. We couldn't afford both at once."

"Far better to have drains," said Dinnie.

"Yes, that was what we felt. You see, it needed so much doing to it. It was a farm cottage once, but no one had lived in it for years. But we fell in love with it, we felt we must rescue it. We did think of calling it Cinderella Cottage, but Jim said it would be whimsical."

"I like Meadow Cottage much better." Dinnie looked out of the window at the calm Cambridgeshire landscape, cows under elm trees, shorn midsummer fields dotted with trusses of hay. It wasn't in the least what they were looking for, this rather self-conscious Meadow Cottage—but perhaps as a pro tem? It smelled of wood smoke. . . . Wood smoke always makes one sentimental.

"It will be sad for you to leave it, when you've made it so charming—even if it's only for a couple of years."

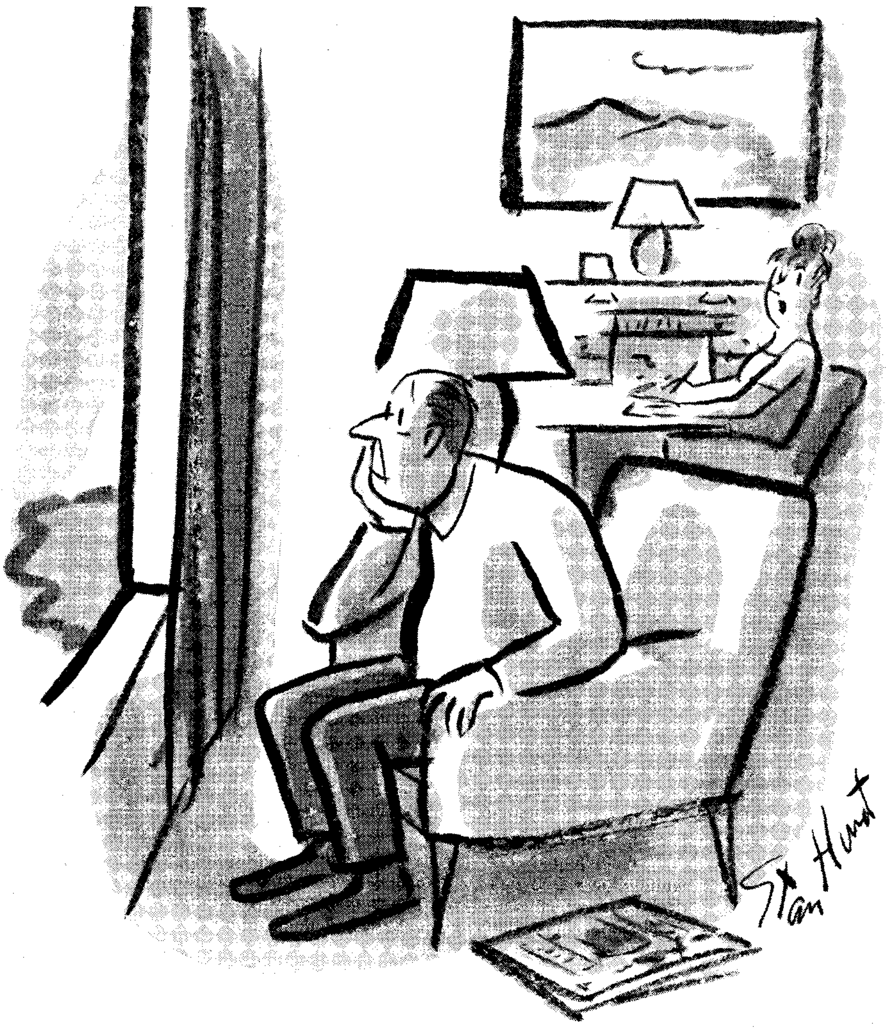
"Nothing would make us, if it weren't for Jim having to go to Rhode Island to print 'The Anatomy of Melancholy.' "

A queer reversal, thought Avery. Twenty years ago, young couples were writing arresting new books. Now they were all typographers, doing limited editions of classics. Twenty years ago, too, young couples used to be approximately the same height.

"What rent—" began Dinnie. Avery broke in; he could see she was dangerously drawn toward Meadow Cottage. "Which press?" he asked.

At the same moment a door opened, a coffee tray was put down with a clatter, and the short stout young man said, "I hope you'll excuse me, but the house is on fire."

He darted away, leaving the door open behind him. The young woman hurried after him. A waft of flame came down the wide chimney like a goblin, flared, vanished. Avery shut the door and the window opening on the calm landscape.



"I know it's another day in the inexorable march to oblivion, but I still have to know what date it is."

Dinnie was on her feet. She had emptied a log basket and was filling it with their Staffordshire chimney ornaments.

"You get down the pictures, Avery. We can't just sit here fiddling. We'll take everything we can outside, the poor creatures!"

He unhooked the pictures and stacked them. Dinnie had opened a bureau drawer. It was full to overflowing. So was the next drawer, and the next.

"There never is anything to put anything in in an emergency," she said in the fractious voice of one hardened to insult.

"And all these books," said Avery. "Folios and the Lord knows what." He had a pile of them in his arms as he spoke, his chin resting on the topmost. As he spoke the midmost books escaped and cascaded onto the floor.

"Use the curtains."

The curtains were on a rustic string. He wrenched them down and the books were bundled up in them.

"Now for it! Let's hope the passage isn't blazing."

As they opened the door, another goblin of flame darted down the chimney. The passage was filled with smoke. The young man peered over the stair rail.

"We're taking some of your belongings into the garden," said Avery.

"To be on the safe side," added Dinnie.

The young man said, "Thanks a lot," choked, and disappeared.

"Have a wet blanket," Dinnie shouted after him.

Thick smoke drifted over the garden. Tufts of burning straw floated down. Overhead was a noise like the swarming of innumerable hornets, and looking up they saw flames cringing among the thatch.

"Her linen! The linen cupboard is sure to be upstairs." Dinnie ran back to the house. The young man came running downstairs, holding a picture. They collided, and went on their ways.

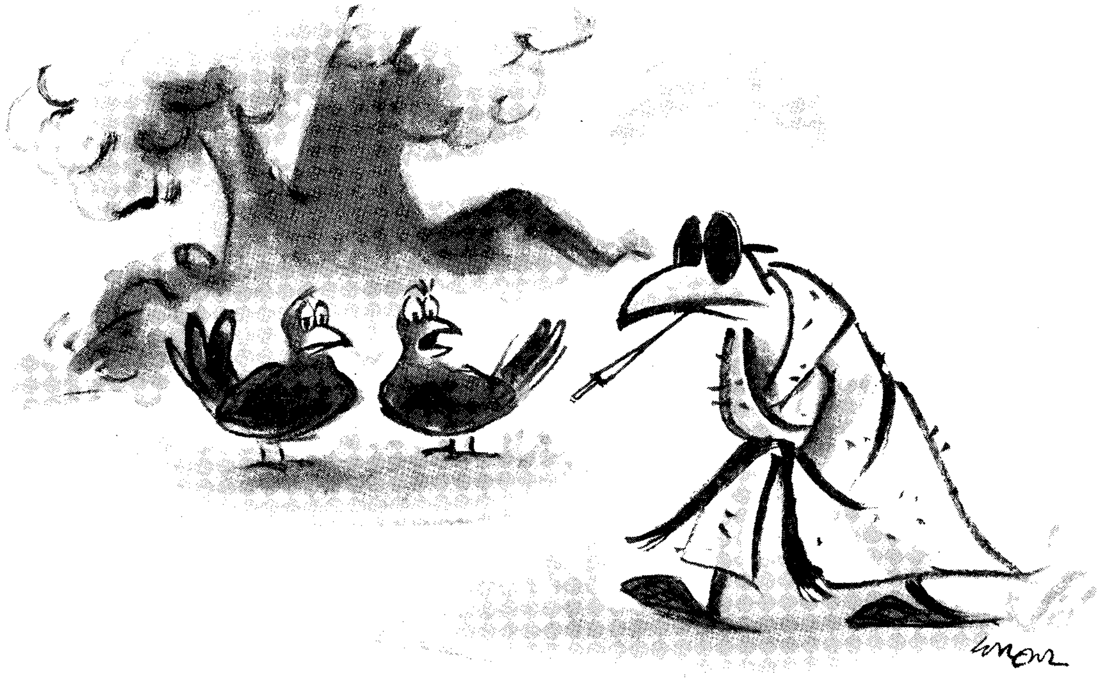
"We can get out that bureau between us," said Avery to the young man. "This is bloody for you. I suppose it's a fuse. It's usually a fuse." The bureau was massy. They paused in the passage to set it down.

"Where's your wife?" asked Avery.

The young man replied that she was putting things into cartons and that he didn't know where they would be if it hadn't been for Mrs.— "But I don't know your name."

"Kelso."

A pile of sheets fell on them. "I believe all women feel like that about



"Isn't he awfully far inland for a shorebird?"

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bed linen," said Avery, the first to recover.

"Not in Switzerland," said the young man. "In Switzerland, people use paper sheets."

"Good God!"

They picked up the bureau and went out with it, returned for more furniture. As they carried out a settee, a hail of shoes descended. Dinnie was at an upper window, encircled with roses below, flames above.

"Dinnie! Come down."

"Mrs. Kelso, you oughtn't to stay up there."

"I'm putting Sheila's clothes in pillowcases," she said. There was a smudge on her cheek. The smudge and her wide-brimmed hat made her look absurdly girlish—childish, rather. For the thousandth time in his life Avery reflected that he was the hearthrug of a fireside sphinx. How did she know the young woman was called Sheila? How had the hat stayed on?

"Dinnie! *Come down!*"

Sheila came out, carrying a glass rolling pin, a miscellany of kitchen equipment, and an umbrella. She stood silent as a dumbwaiter while Jim unloaded her. "We've got each other," she said despairingly when he removed the umbrella. Another pillowcase thumped down, and another. It struck Avery that Jim and Sheila had got considerably more than each other—and that so far Dinnie had done nothing to insure Jim more than the clothes he stood up in.

"Sheila, where do you keep—" Her voice leaped an octave. "Look! It's coming!" Avery started back; he had been severely bruised by a flying alarm clock. "It's coming! It's seen us. We're saved!"

A lorry reeled across the meadow, shedding baled hay with every lurch. Two men jumped off.

"Got a ladder, Mister? No? Well, if you'll clear this stuff out of the way and not mind what happens to your hedge, we'll drive right in and do it from there. Do it in no time."

A space was cleared, the lorry was backed in and maneuvered into position. Standing on it, the two men clawed away the burning thatch with their long-handled forks. The beams, the blackened rooftree appeared. Vast quantities of thatch smoldered on the ground, and the men went to and fro kicking the sparks out of it.

"There," said the older man. "You'll be all right now. This cottage has been needing a red jacket for the last fifty years, but it won't have one this time." He laughed kindheartedly and contemptuously. The younger man said he'd see what he could do about putting his hand on some hayrick tarpaulins. They drove off. As the noise of the lorry died away, there was an extraordinary silence; the hornets swarmed no longer. Dinnie walked out of the house as though she were going to a royal garden party, glanced at Sheila, and put her arms round her. By the time Jim and Avery had carried everything back, she had collected the remains of the picnic lunch from the car and was feeding Sheila on cucumber sandwiches.

"WHAT a strange day," she mused as Avery drove westward. "One never knows what one's setting out for. That's why I had my smelling salts. Poor girl! Not that I liked either of them very much. Those nice men would have gone away without a grateful sixpence if it hadn't been for you. But they'll soon forget it when they're in Oregon."

"Rhode Island."

"Rhode Island? Well, somewhere, anyhow. Her comb hadn't been cleaned for days, but her shoes were handmade, so they can't be penniless. I wonder what the rent would have been. Not that we would have taken the place—I could see you didn't like it."

"I believe you did."

"Only to think about. As a stopgap, you know, till we find something permanent we both like—with a moat, perhaps. I've always liked the idea of a moat."

What a strange wife, mused Avery after she had fallen asleep beside him in the hotel bedroom; which was no longer alien since it had her smell. Next year would be their silver wedding; the two sons she had borne him were out in the world; within three years, he would retire and live on beside her in that unknown house which they were already prospecting for. It would not long remain unknown: he would know without thinking where its electric-light switches were, the progress of the shadows across its walls, the trees—beech or conifer or palisade of aspens—he would see from its windows, the noise of the wind in its chimneys, the names of the local tradesmen. And Dinnie would be as unknown as ever—as kind, as heartless, as capable, as fallible, as mysterious. And he would be taking her for granted, since there was nothing else for it, it is what one settles to. But as for knowing her—he might as well hope to know her dreams. She stirred, moved closer, fitted herself into the curve of his buttocks.

"Dinnie."

No answer.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

MATURA

I FLED from my home town, Sopron, in Hungary, when I was eighteen. During the First World War, I had been the leader of a student pacifist movement at the *Gymnasium*, and I had also taken part in the two revolutions that followed the war. When Admiral Horthy successfully staged his counter-revolution, I was expelled from school by the new Fascist regime, imprisoned, and forbidden to attend any other *Gymnasium* in Hungary. As soon as I was released from prison, I escaped to Austria. My situation as an émigré was miserable, but what I regretted most was that I had been forced to leave school just before my final examinations and therefore did not receive the much coveted *Matura*, the Certificate of Maturity, which, under solemn circumstances, was presented to graduates from the *Gymnasium*. Although in Vienna I made up for my interrupted studies and entered medical school, I could not seem to rid myself of the disappointment. Even decades later, a nightmarish dream repeated itself: I stood before my class in Sopron, unable to recite my lessons. I had forgotten math, biology, physics, history—all my subjects. I would never get the *Matura*, never.

As time passed, ties with my home town slackened to an occasional greeting card from distant relatives (my parents and brothers left Hungary soon after me) and a few schoolmates, and finally ceased. Before the Second World War, I emigrated to France, and eventually to America, so I was separated geographically, too. It seemed unlikely that I would ever again hear any news from Sopron. But at the end of 1944 Sopron made the headlines. The war communiqués announced that this westernmost city of Hungary had been stubbornly defended by the Nazis and their Hungarian allies against the onstorming Red Army. The strategic location of Sopron, half enclosed by mountains, had made its defense easier, but finally the city fell. What Turks and Tartars in past history could not achieve the Russians did. Although, of course, I was glad to see the Nazis defeated, I was somehow sorry. I could imagine how badly the town had been damaged—my school, the little baroque house where I was born destroyed.

For another two decades, I heard nothing further. Then in the spring of 1965 an envelope postmarked Sopron arrived at my office in New York, where I had been practicing medicine for a good many years. The envelope contained a printed invitation to the forty-fifth reunion of the class of 1920 on the last Saturday in June—the traditional day for graduations. In Hungary, *Gymnasium* reunions take place with regularity as long as any alumni are still alive. A note from the principal of the school, a Mr. Laky, accompanied the invitation. He hoped that I would be able to attend. "The teaching staff, the pupils, and last but not least your former schoolmates will be happy to greet you, who have achieved fame in the outside world," he wrote. My whereabouts had been discovered through the publication of one of my stories in a Viennese magazine.

I was greatly touched by the invitation. Homesickness, intense when I first left Sopron, had passed away with the years, but I still had a desire to see the places of my youth. At the end of the Second World War, I longed to revisit my home town. But then had come the terrible reports that the Jews of Sopron had been deported to extermination camps, and that the Hungarians had behaved no better—even worse—than the Germans. I thought at the time I could never go back into that world where all those close to me had been murdered. As I reread the invitation, I found that my feelings had altered. A new generation had arisen, I told myself—a generation free of guilt. Wouldn't it now be possible to see everything with my own eyes, without anguish?

My wife opposed the trip, and so did everyone I spoke to. At best, they said, it would be visiting graves. After deliberation, I answered the principal with a gently worded letter, avoiding anything that might offend the sponsors of the reunion—professional obligations made it impossible to leave my office in June; I had already planned a vacation to Europe for the month of August. And I added that I was not a bona-fide member of the class of '20—I had not achieved the *Matura*.

Two weeks later, I received a second letter from the principal. The anniversary celebrations had been postponed to the last Saturday in August, he wrote, and as to my argument about not being a member of the class of 1920, it had no validity. Hadn't I been expelled by the Fascists? Was I willing to accept their verdict? Of course not. I would be greeted with open arms.

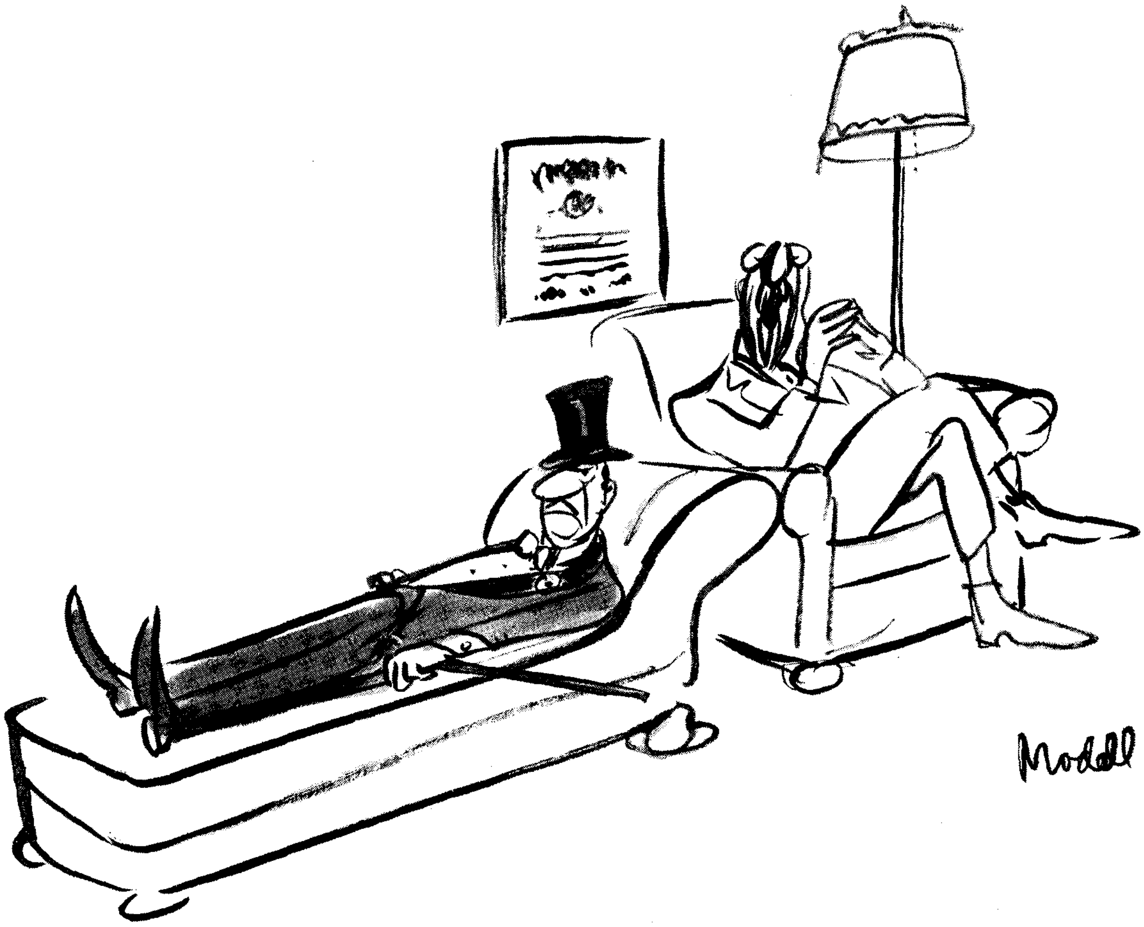
This time, I said to my wife, I could not refuse—anyway, during the last week in August we would be only a few miles away, in Vienna. My wife remained adamant, and so we compromised; while I made my overnight trip to Sopron she would remain in Vienna.

AT eight o'clock on a sunny August morning, I left Vienna to travel the eighty kilometres to Sopron. The ceremonies had been scheduled for noon, and I remembered that the trip took three hours or a bit longer. The Reichstrasse led through numerous towns and villages. One slow-moving cart—to be expected at harvesttime—could bring traffic to a standstill. And thirty kilometres from the Austro-Hungarian border the road to Sopron branched off the main route; it was a dirt road, and that would be slow.

But I found that things had changed. A modern Autobahn now bypassed the populated places, and the dirt road had been paved. After only an hour and twenty minutes, I arrived at the Austrian frontier. The customs official, a typical *gemütlich* civil servant, barely glanced at my passport and wished me a *gute Reise*. I continued on the narrow strip of no man's land to a level-crossing gate painted with the red, white, and green colors of Hungary. The gate rose high, and I drove into a wide square surrounded by barbed wire. The Hungarian flag flew from the eaves of the customs house—the old flag, except that the crown of St. Stephen had yielded to a red star.

A soldier wearing tight

breeches and high boots—a Russian-style uniform—approached my car and in broken German asked for my passport. The Volkswagen I had rented in Vienna naturally bore Austrian license plates. Much to his surprise, I answered in Hungarian and at the same time presented him with my American passport. "How come?" he asked, pointing suspiciously at my passport. I explained that I had been born in Hungary and had left many years before but had never forgotten my mother tongue. "That's another matter," he said, obviously pleased, and he smiled as he shifted his carbine higher on his shoulder. He was a handsome, very young man, with closely set black eyes. While he took my passport to the customs building, I gazed ahead to the mountains that encircled Sopron, only two kilometres away. The soldier returned with my passport and wished me a good journey. I waved goodbye to him, my first countryman.



"And when did it first occur to you that perhaps life is *not* *a cabaret?"*

• •

A few minutes later, I turned a sharp curve, and there was the panorama of Sopron trickling down the hills to its compact center in the valley.

In a long and enthusiastic response to my acceptance of his invitation, Laky wrote that he had made a reservation for me at the Red Star Hotel, on the main boulevard. I did not recall a hotel of that name and assumed it was one that had not existed in my time. When I arrived, I was amazed to find that it was the good old Hotel to the Hungarian King, a bit shabbier, and scarred with bullets. Over the flag on a rusty signboard was the image of the King, with crown and sceptre; he alone seemed to have survived the change of his realm into a Communist state.

I parked my car right at the hotel entrance. There were no other cars in sight. (I learned there were only two taxis of prewar model and one newer, official car in town.) As I took my suitcase from the luggage compartment, a man in a black jacket with gold buttons rushed out to meet me. "Are you Berczeller *doktor úr*?" he said. (In Hungarian, titles and other forms of address are put after a name.) I nodded yes and he bowed slightly. "I am Boross *elvtárs* [comrade]," he said, adding that I was expected later. He was the hotel clerk and, he said smilingly, Jack-of-all-trades. He took my suitcase and opened the door with a grand gesture. He was a man about fifty, with a round gypsy face and a trimmed mustache.

Before the war, all hotels, even at the remotest corners of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, had emulated the big hotels in Vienna: giant lobbies with columns, thick carpets, luxurious sofas along the walls, deep chairs upholstered in red, crystal chandeliers. When I was a boy, I had thought that the Hotel to the Hungarian King was the only one of its kind and was immensely proud of it. Now the carpeting had disappeared, the chairs and sofas were worn, and the crystal had been replaced by shaded bulbs. Boross *elvtárs* followed my glance at the ceiling. "Direct hit, with your kind permission," he said with an expression of regret. Pictures of Schönbrunn and of the Hofburg still hung on the walls, but the portrait of Franz Josef had been displaced by one of Lenin.

Several guests sitting in the lobby looked up from their newspapers when I entered. I studied the gentlemen with gray hair or bald heads, wondering if one or another could be a former schoolmate. None of them appeared to recognize me, and in a moment they returned to their reading. Boross urged me to follow him. The room on the second floor into which he led me was furnished with yellow embroidered draperies, a faded Oriental carpet, and a large bed piled high with quilts and covered with a yellow velvet spread. Boross *elvtárs* was biting his mustache, apparently waiting for my response to all that opulence. In a capitalist country I knew how to express my gratitude, but weren't tips forbidden in the Communist world? Still, I took a twenty-forint bill (eighty cents in American currency) from my pocket and held it out on my palm. Those gypsy eyes widened, and with an elegant gesture Boross *elvtárs* lifted the bill into an upper pocket of his vest. Bowing, he left.

I opened the window and looked out over the gabled, medieval roofs. The bluish silhouettes of mountains—the spurs of the Alps, already partly covered by snow—looked deceptively near. The scent of the approaching autumn, which starts early in that part of the world, filled the clear air. From the moment my car had rumbled on Sopron's old cobblestones, forty-five years of absence had vanished. Now I felt I could not wait to see the town. I left my suitcase unpacked and walked down to the lobby. I had two and a half hours before the reunion.

The boulevard was now called Lenin körút. What had been a solid row of one- and two-story buildings was interrupted here and there by dark holes—ruins still, twenty years after the war. I looked in vain for the Café Hungaria, our hideout, where, in the back room, we boys had smoked forbidden cigarettes and played billiards—a deadly sin for pupils of the *Gymnasium*. Once, we were so deeply involved in our play we didn't notice Mr. Harsányi, our math teacher—the spy who investigated the illegal activities of the student body—standing at the door. I was no good in math but was excellent at billiards. Mr. Harsányi directed what I considered his cruel eyes at me while I was holding the cue. To my amazement, he challenged me to a game. I beat him three times in a row, although my hands were trembling. "*Ejnye, ejnye* [Look, look]," he cried, shaking his head. "I wonder how such a stupid boy can be so good at billiards." Nevertheless, from then on my marks in math improved. There was another dark hole where the building with the candy store had been—where we would stand about for long stretches of time, unable to decide which of the multicolored sweets we would choose. The lending library, with its Nick Carters, Sherlock Holmeses, Buffalo Bills, had given way to a dark hole, and so had the house where I had taken dancing lessons.

Not every landmark was gone. The *előkapu*, the entrance door to the medieval inner city, and the high, Gothic city tower, although riddled with bullet and grenade holes, both stood in place, and the baroque column commemorating a plague in the seventeenth century—a tall monument, striving toward heaven, an ideal target—also stood unharmed. But a block of houses only a stone's throw away had vanished, and in its place a triangular park had been laid out with grass and acacia trees. An uncle of mine, a physician, had lived, with his family, in one of those houses. He died of natural causes before the Second World War, but his widow and little daughter had perished in an extermination camp. Beyond the little park, I walked winding streets so narrow that one could touch the buildings on either side, and then I came to the house where I was born and spent my early years. Although the walls were pocked, the fine baroque ornaments framing the windows had not been touched. But the tall lime trees in the courtyard (Grandmother used to tell how a former owner, a bishop, planted them two hundred years before) had been hacked out, and there was now an unhampered view from the street to the arches on the second floor. I lingered until a stranger appeared at one of the windows and stared at me anxiously.

There had been three schools for boys in Sopron—my school, the Benedictine *Gymnasium*, and the Evangelical lyceum on the main square. The last two, badly damaged by bombs, had been left unrestored. I could guess that the new regime did not plan to revive ecclesiastic schools. Three hundred years old, both had taught Latin and Greek as their main subjects. My school had had a modern curriculum of French and German, as well as the sciences. In my day, the rivalry between my school and the two ecclesiastic schools was notorious, but seeing them now in their pitiable state I could feel only compassion.

I continued my walk to the Széchenyi tér, a square shaded by wild chestnut trees—our playground. On the stone benches entwined with plants we would place our jackets and books when we stopped on the way home from school to play soccer. At one side

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THE ONE-LEGGED MAN

Once there was blood
as in a murder
but now there is nothing.

Once there was a shoe,
brown cordovan,
which I tied
and it did me well.

Now
I have given away my leg
to be brought up beside orphans.
I have planted my leg beside the drowned mole
with his fifth pink hand sewn onto his mouth.
I have shipped off my leg so that
it may sink slowly like grit into the Atlantic.
I have jettisoned my leg so that it may
fall out of the sky like immense lumber.
I have eaten my leg so that
it may be spit out like a fingernail.

Yet all along . . .
Yes, all along
I keep thinking that what I need
to do is buy my leg back.
Surely it is for sale somewhere,
poor broken tool, poor ornament.
It might be in a store somewhere
beside a lady's scarf.
I want to write it letters.
I want to feed it supper.
I want to carve a bowstring out of it.
I want to hold it at noon in my bed
and stroke it slowly like a perfect woman.

Lady, lady,
why have you left me?

I did not mean to frighten her.
I wanted only to watch her quietly
as she worked.

—Anne Sexton

• •

"What's the unit price on this?"

• •

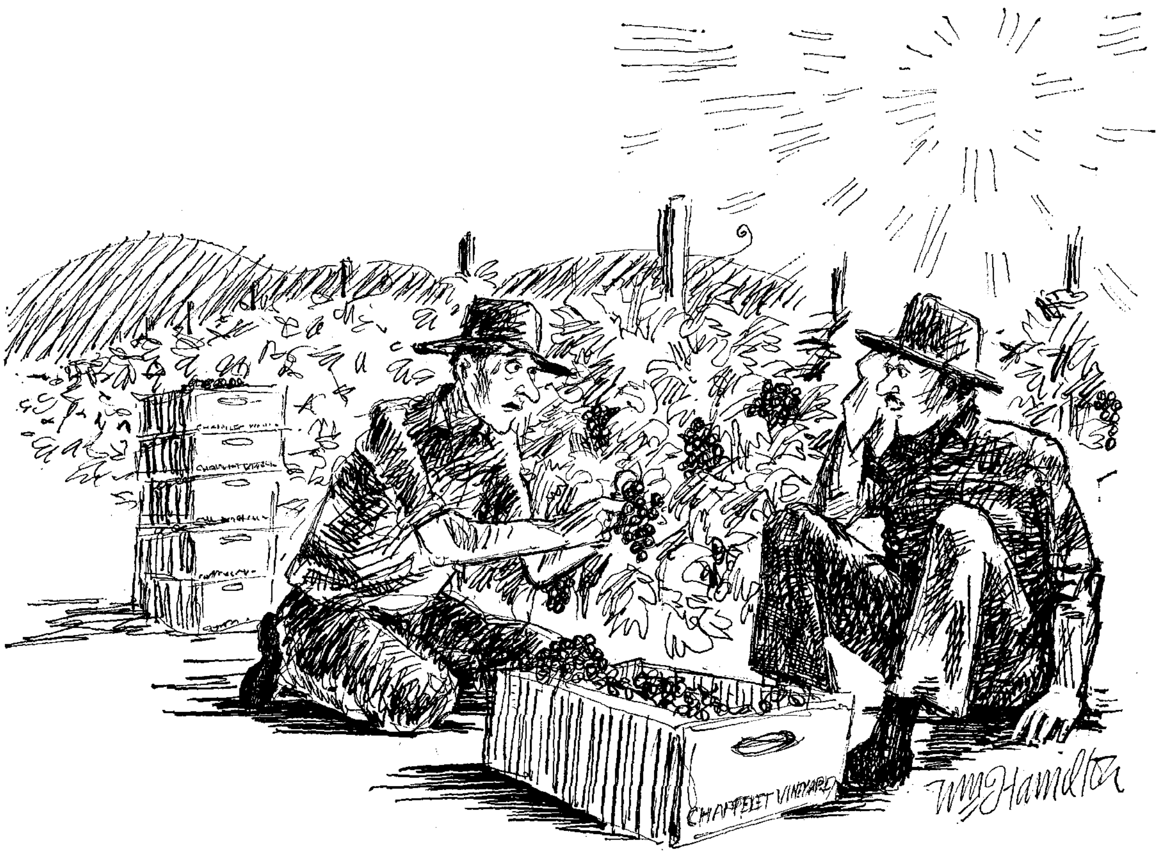
of the square was the twin-towered fifteenth-century Dominican church from which the yearly Corpus Christi procession would start, scenting the whole town with incense. One tower remained intact, but the other had been broken in half by a bomb hit. The structure looked like an invalid leaning on a cane.

Then I turned a corner, and it seemed as though I had been leading up to this moment. Often through the years—in Paris, on the Ivory Coast, in New York—during the most trying periods of my life, I had seizures of insomnia when, to calm myself, I would conjure up a tiny octagonal square and an old cloister of the Ursuline Sisters overlooking it. In the middle of the square was a spherical baroque fountain, topped by a fragile Madonna and Child standing on a serpent. That was all. Leaning on the rim of that fountain, I had waited for my first love (her name was Rózsi) to emerge from the cloister, which had housed a school for girls of "better families." Through the ornamented Gothic windows, the tinkling of the piano had sounded (better girls had to learn to play an instrument). Now the Ursuline cloister had disappeared, and so had the fountain with the Madonna. I closed my eyes, and for a moment saw it as it used to be.

I looked at my watch—in half an hour I had traversed the realm of my childhood, which once had seemed an enormous territory. There was plenty of time to visit the Jewish cemetery, on the outskirts of town. The district leading to it was that of the *Bohnzüchter*—the Bean Growers—so called because of the cranberry beans they had cultivated in the vineyards. They were well-to-do people, Germans, who had immigrated to Sopron at the time of the Reformation. They had retained their language, and in my day their sons comprised half the student body of the *Gymnasium*. As most of the Germans in lands bordering Nazi Germany had done, they became Nazis, and at the end of the war retreated with the German armies, leaving their possessions behind. Their baroque houses were now occupied by Hungarian peasants—men wearing little round hats, and women in bright red-and-white dresses.

THE cemetery was on a hill. Looking beyond the low fence that surrounded it, I could see that, unlike most Jewish cemeteries in lands occupied by the Nazis, it had not been desecrated. Nothing was changed except that the small morgue at the entrance had been replaced by a huge building—in recent years, judging by the clean whitewashed walls and the shining golden dome. Above the entrance door was an inscription: "This house was dedicated by Jewish communities of the Diaspora to our Martyrs."

The building contained only a stone bench and, on the wall opposite the entrance, a marble plaque that reached from the dome to the floor. At the summit of the plaque I read the names of the last rabbi of the community, Pollák Miksa, and his wife. Underneath, arranged alphabetically in seemingly endless columns, was name after name. I recognized the names. They were my elders, my teachers, the companions of my childhood—two thou-



"What makes it especially hard for me being a nobody is that I happen to be an egotist."

sand men, women, and children of the old Jewish community. I came to the name of my Aunt Eszti, the sister of my father, and I could read no more. I sat on the bench and wept as I had never wept in my life.

In the silence that followed, I could almost hear my heart beat. I began to think. I had prepared myself for this long before, but from thousands of miles away everything had looked different. It was good that I had come, I thought—these moments had given me a feeling of participation I had not had. But they also made me feel I must retreat, leave town as quickly as possible—slip away from the hotel and return to Vienna. The other members of the class of 1920 could celebrate without me.

OUTSIDE the hotel, Boross was standing with another man. He caught sight of me and rushed forward, lifting his arms in a gesture of relief. "Thank God, *doktor úr*, you're in one piece!" he exclaimed. "The principal and I began to worry."

The man I took to be Mr. Laky embraced me. "We've hunted for you all over town," he said. "Where were you hiding out?" He held me at arm's length. "But you look much younger than I expected."

He himself, in his too tight blue suit, looked not much older than a *Gymnasium* graduate—a tall, handsome man with sky-blue eyes. He peered at me. "You look tired," he said. "Too much walking. Come, let's get a bite to eat. We've not much time left."

He took my arm and led me toward the dining room. I was still numb, and made no protest. In a minute, Laky and I were seated at a table covered with a red-green-and-yellow checkered cloth. The smell of goulash pervaded the air. I was not hungry, but I felt a burning thirst. While I drank a beer, Laky asked questions about my trip and said repeatedly how happy he was to see me—until the very last he had been apprehensive that something would prevent my visit; I was, after all, a doctor. But now that I was here he and everyone in town would do their utmost to make my stay enjoyable.

As he talked on, I wondered how I could interrupt to tell him I was not staying. He talked excitedly about how Sopron had developed since the war—from rubble. And new industries and several schools were on the drawing board. After the siege, the city had been left in a state of near extermination. The city fathers had even contemplated erasing the few structures that remained and rebuilding it. "What would you have thought, *doktor úr*," he said, "if, instead of your familiar medieval buildings, you had found skyscrapers!" He laughed heartily. But then his face turned earnest and he spoke of the new school system. The educational privileges of former middle and upper classes no longer existed. More than ninety per cent of the students were sons of peasants and workers. "In your time, how could I, the son of a coal miner at Brennbergbánya, have studied in a *Gymnasium* and at a university and become a principal? You, an old anti-Fascist, must certainly approve of what has happened—no?" He scrutinized my face for a sign of dissent and then smiled. "But we have kept what was good in the old system—the foreign-language courses, the old curriculum, the *Matura*. . . ." He looked at his wristwatch and said reluctantly, "We must go, *doktor úr*, and there is still so much to talk about."

The school was only a few blocks from the hotel, and we set off at a brisk pace. On our way we passed the former country club, a landmark of the town. Two giant red flags emblazoned with hammer and sickle flew from the eaves. It was now the House of Culture.

"Last season," said Laky, "we had the Budapest Philharmonic here. Thousands of people came for the concerts—Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Kodály, Bartók. By the way," he asked anxiously, "do Americans appreciate Kodály and Bartók?"

My school looked dilapidated and its gray façade had lighter patches here and there where it had been repaired, but otherwise it was exactly as I knew it. I began to recall the names of my classmates—Ambrus, Becker, Böröcz, Drobnits, Heller . . . How many would I find here? One-third of the class had been Jewish.

As we approached the school, boys and girls rushed past us, dressed in their Sunday clothes, hair combed neatly and glistening from a wetting down. They greeted their principal respectfully and looked curiously at me. It was traditional for the entire school to participate in the reunion ceremonies, but it seemed odd to see girls in these environs. In my day, the *Gymnasium* admitted boys only. "Another change for the better," Laky said when I remarked on it.

We made our way across the schoolyard framed with poplar trees. The auditorium was on the second floor, reached by a broad staircase. As we climbed, I could hear a clamor of young voices. The spacious hall was unchanged, and for a moment I felt lost in time. Would our old principal, Mr. Wallner, a man with the mustache of a grenadier, appear on the dais and harangue us about the virtues of his former students—old men sitting behind him?

The pupils sat in rows, moving restlessly and chatting. In one corner of the hall, near the door, stood the group of men I assumed to be the new generation of teachers, thirty to forty years old—mere youngsters compared with my venerable teachers. Laky took me by the arm to guide me in.

"Where are the other graduates?" I asked.

Laky stopped, looked at the floor, and then lifted his eyes sadly. "You are the only one," he said. "No one answered but you." He had written to everyone at his last known address. He had waited and waited for replies, hopeful until this last day. "I didn't dare tell you before now."

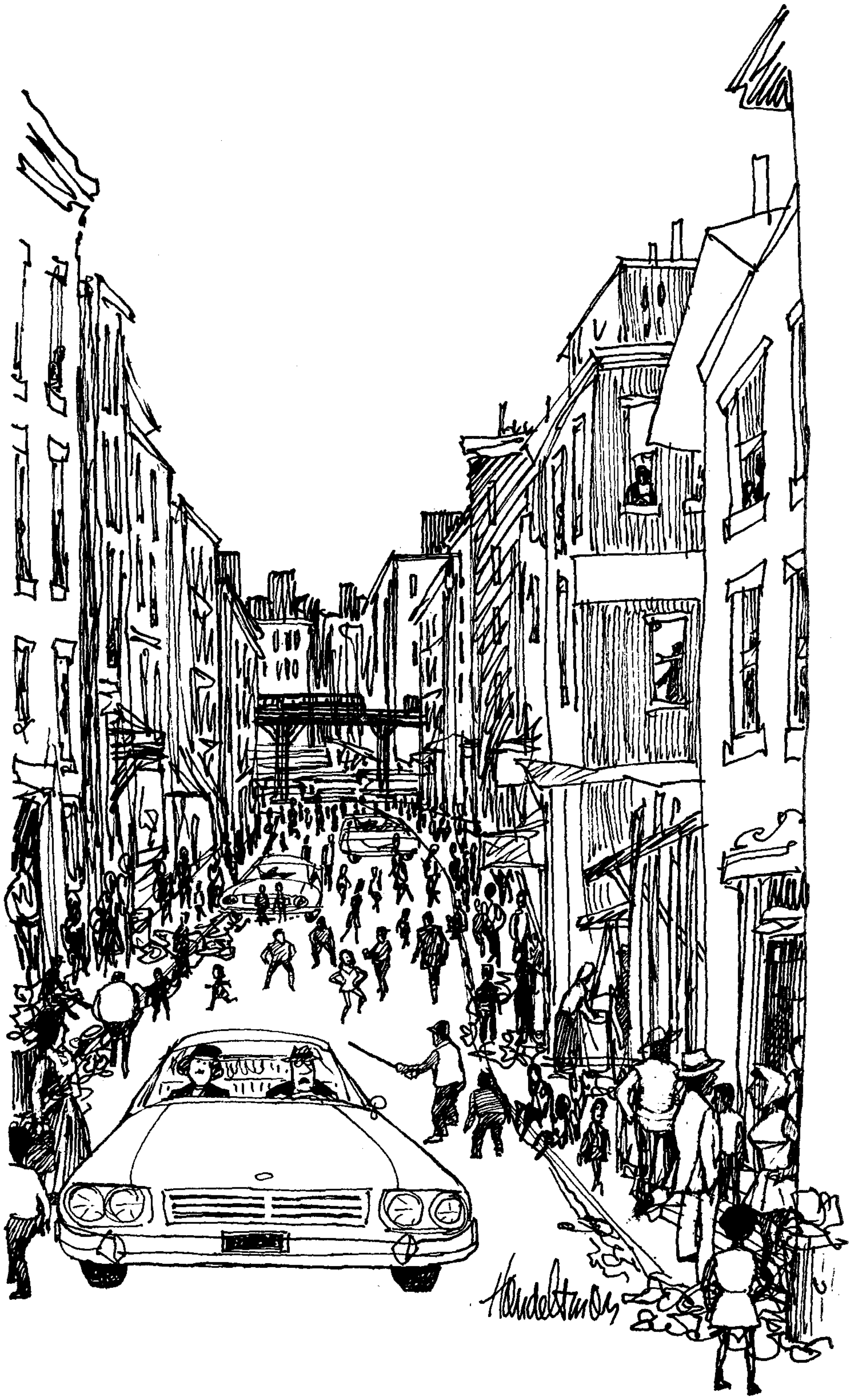
Once again he took me by the arm and led me toward the waiting group of teachers. They came forward, and suddenly all eyes in the auditorium were turned on us. There were vigorous handshakes, applause, and shouts of "*Éljen!*" ("Live long!") from a hundred young girls and boys. The solemn sounds of the national anthem, "God Bless Hungary," filled the large hall. I sang also—I had not forgotten one single word of the long text I had sung from the time I had learned to speak. Laky escorted me to the dais. A young girl with a red bow in her blond hair mounted the three steps to the dais and presented me with a large bouquet of field flowers while the music teacher played an étude of Kodály on the harmonium.

Laky stood at the rostrum, turning the pages of a manuscript. His face was flushed; he was nervous. The students, who had been standing, noisily settled in their seats. It was silent in the hall as Laky began his speech. "Comrade teachers, students, I herewith solemnly declare open the forty-fifth-anniversary reunion of the graduation class of 1920. . . ."

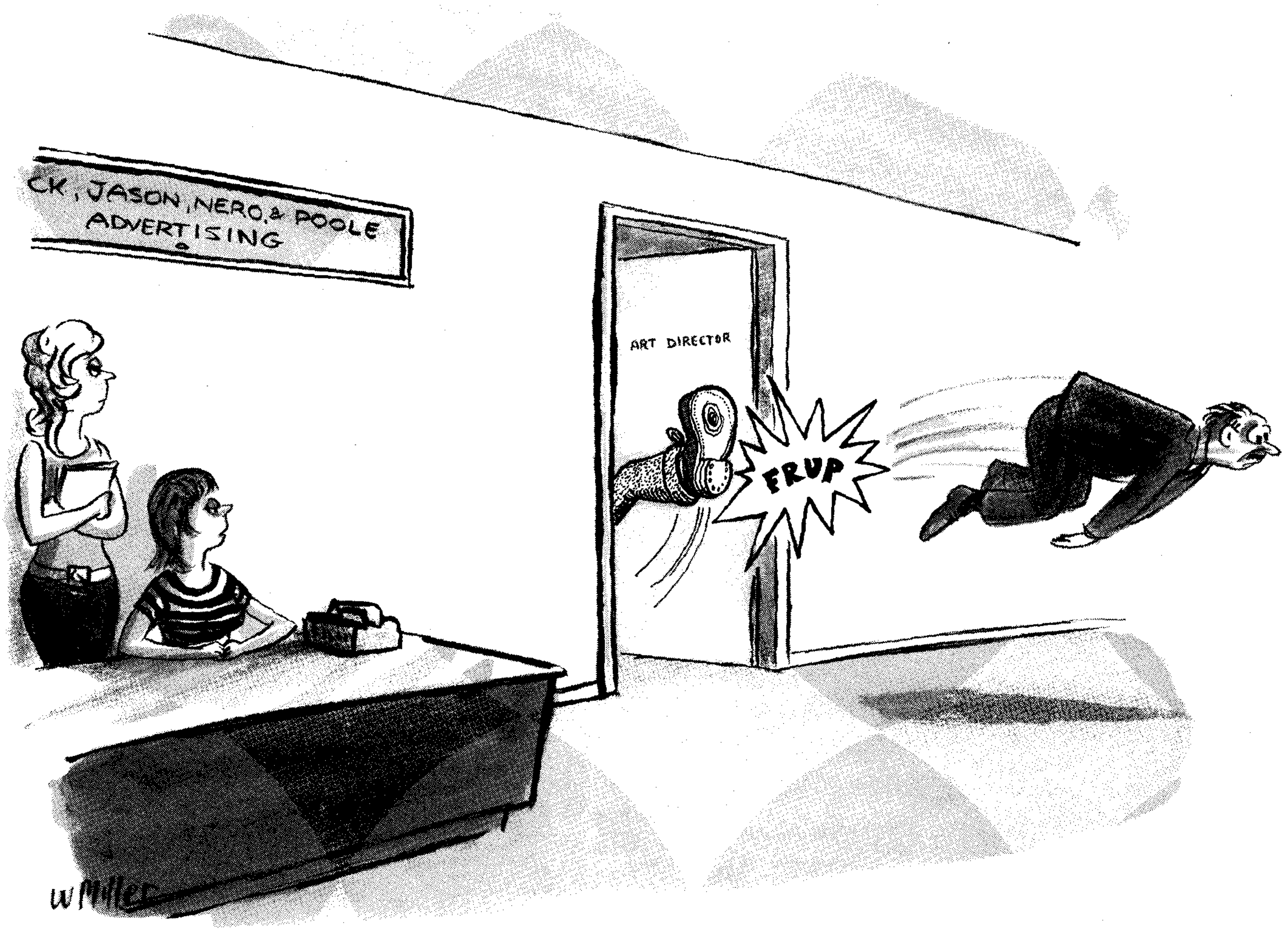
Hungarian orators are enthusiastic and lengthy. A speech of two hours is regarded as a short one. In his tribute to me, Laky began with the year 1912, when I entered the *Gymnasium*.

I looked down at the youngsters. I recalled how we hated these ceremonies—the reunions, the countless national holidays. I watched the young faces turn repeatedly to the sunny windows.

Laky's speech had reached the years of the revolutions after the First World War, in which, he emphasized, I had taken part as a leader of a great cause. He described as if he had witnessed it (he was born ten years after the event) how I was expelled from school. "But Richard had not lost courage," he went on. "Away from his homeland, his friends, everything that was dear to him, he started a new life—a life of great achievements. What else could have been expected of him, who in school was a paragon of scholastic excellence, and uncompromising in his fight against the dark powers of reaction? It is now my privilege to present to him the



"*I can remember this neighborhood before it became uninhabitable.*"



"Well, there goes the last of the Old Guard!"

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honor of which he was wrongly deprived forty-five years ago." Laky stepped down from the rostrum and embraced me. Then he presented me with a framed document—my *Matura.*

There was vigorous applause, and the ceremony was at an end. The students jumped up from the chairs and rushed from the hall into the courtyard.

FOLLOWING the ceremony, a reception took place at the city hall, with another lengthy speech by the mayor, and that evening a banquet was tendered in my honor at the Red Star Hotel. The meal was delicious, in the best tradition of the Sopron cuisine: a thick bean soup, roast goose with red cabbage, and, of course, plenty of *kékfrankos*, a strong wine whose tradition had originated in Franconia, from where it had been brought to Sopron a half millennium before. More speeches—expressing more delight at my homecoming. Some of the speakers spoke of the improvement in relations between America and Hungary, and urged me to do my utmost to help it develop into a genuine friendship. Suddenly on the threshold of the dining room appeared Boross carrying a giant *torta*, which he placed on the table, indicating by a gesture how heavy the cake was. It was decorated with the Hungarian and American flags. The latter, I could see, was improvised. Absently I counted the stars: fifty-six altogether.

Although I was exhausted, the speeches would not end. Finally, shortly after midnight, Laky suggested that the party break up. There were disappointed faces—Hungarian affairs could go on until late afternoon of the following day. Before we separated, Laky said that at eight in the morning he would call to take me around Sopron, to show me the sights I had missed.

Boross was in a hilarious mood (after bringing in the cake, he had been invited to join the party) as he accompanied me up to my room. He took the yellow velvet cover from the bed with a grand sweep and folded it with care. He tapped his forehead as Hungarian peasants do when they think they have a good idea. "Once, an *S.S. Obergruppenführer* slept here," he said. "Later, a general of the Red Army. And now an American doctor. Good night, *doktor úr!*" He laughed with gusto.

I tossed for a long time before I fell asleep, and then my sleep was interrupted by bad dreams. In one, I found myself at the cemetery. There in the middle of the marble plaque I saw my *Matura.* I awoke; it was only three. Before long, pale daylight filtered through the curtains. At five, I got up and dressed. I took a prescription blank from my wallet and wrote a note to Laky—a few words of excuse explaining that I had miscalculated the time of my departure from Vienna. I left the note downstairs on the desk of Boross, who fortunately was still sleeping. The morning was brisk. I started my Volkswagen, and soon I was travelling on the road to the frontier.

I never again dreamed of my *Matura.* —RICHARD BERCZELLER

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8:00 p.m. WFMT (98.7)—Concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Bonwit Teller in the Drake Oak by Brook Motel.
—Radio listing in the Chicago Sun-Times.

A night off for Eugene Ormandy.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TREE WHERE MAN WAS BORN—I

ONE winter dawn in 1961, looking westward from the Olbalbal escarpment, in the Crater Highlands, I saw the first rays of morning sun fall on the Serengeti Plain, in the country that was still known then as Tanganyika. Eight years later, when I stood in the same place, in Tanzania, the mighty landscape had not stirred. No road was visible, nor any sign of man—only a vast westward prospect, spreading away in a haze of sand and golden grass, sun rays and cloud shadow, over lion-colored plains that have changed little in millions of years.

In the near distance, scattered trees converged in the dark shadow of Olduvai Gorge. Occupation by man and his ancestors of the Olduvai region at the edge of the great grassland has probably been continuous, or nearly so, since hominid creatures first emerged from the forests of Central Africa. Like the modern baboon, man's ancestors were primarily vegetarians that turned to small game and carrion when berries and roots were scarce; they evolved gradually as scavengers and hunters when the stones used for splitting hides and seeds and bones were flaked into hand axes and missiles. The earliest hominid found at Olduvai is the man-ape *Australopithecus*, heavy of brow and small of brain; he is thought to have been slight and swift, with an arm fit for slinging rocks and sticks.

In the early Pleistocene, perhaps three million years ago, crocodiles floated in the shallow lake at Olduvai where *Australopithecus* left his remains, and that lake has died and come again and died many times over in the long rhythms of rain and drought that characterized the Ice Age. In Africa, where these oscillations were less violent than on other continents, many great animals still survive, but tool-users such as *Homo erectus* and his contemporaries, who were large creatures themselves, once hunted mastodons, gorilla-sized baboons, wild sabre-tusked pigs the size of hippopotamuses, and wild sheep as large as buffalo. Possibly the white rhinoceros, which has twice the weight of the black, is a giant form that has persisted into the present; although no longer found in the natural state except on the west bank of the Nile in the south Sudan and adjacent regions of Uganda and the Congo, it was at one time perhaps more common than its relative throughout the continent.

In the Pleistocene, the volcanoes of the Crater Highlands were still forming, and campsites of the early men who stared at the smoke-filled sky have been located beneath layers of volcanic tuff. The west foothills of the Highlands, under Lemagrut Volcano, are steps made by tilting and faulting of the earth's surface which ended only about fifty thousand years ago. In this wet period of the Middle Stone Age, the use of fire had already spread throughout the continent, and remains found recently at the Omo River, in Ethiopia, together with a smooth-browed skull found earlier at Kanjera, in west Kenya, are evidence that modern man (*Homo sapiens sapiens*) existed at the time of these great tectonic movements, sharing the earth with more primitive men whose end he doubtless helped to bring about. Man the hunter had long since lost his body hair and developed sweat glands to dispel the tropic heat, and no doubt he also produced pigmentation to protect his bare skin from the tropic sun. In the next millenniums, while the heavy-browed *Homo sapiens rhodesiensis* sank slowly back into the earth, his smooth-browed cousin modified his tools and developed language, learned to daub himself with ferruginous red clay, and suffered the first stirrings of religious consciousness, represented by the burial of his dead. *Homo sapiens sapiens*, the chimpanzee, and the gorilla are the sole survivors among the host of African apes, man-apes, and men that once competed for existence, and the gorilla, like the white rhinoceros, may be following the defeated ones into oblivion.

THE eastern region of the vast open space known to the Maasai as *siringet* lies in the rain shadow of the Crater Highlands. In winter, Serengeti days are made by the prevailing southeast winds, which lose their precipitation when they strike the east wall of the Highlands; hence the near-desert dust, black rock, and thorn of Olduvai Gorge, which is dry almost all the year. From Olduvai, the plain stretches west for thirty miles across short-grass prairie and long-grass plain to the riverain forests of the Seronera River, where weather from Lake Victoria becomes a factor. Distant anvil clouds and cumulonimbus herald the separate weathers of the lake basin, and by May or June the plains animals are already moving down the drainage lines that flow west toward the woodlands. In November, when the northeast monsoon arrives and the Pleiades appear, white clouds rise on the eastern sky. Then the short rains fall, and the great herds, drawn by the first flush of new grass, return to the open plain in the annual movement that serves as pasture rotation for the wild animals.

In 1961, when I first visited the Serengeti, the greatest drought in memory was in progress. The short rains had failed entirely, and the cow gnu, or wildebeest, lacking milk, abandoned many of the calves; the following year, there were no calves at all. But herd animals are adapted to calamities, and by the winter of 1969, when I returned, their numbers had already been restored. That January, the wildebeest were still moving eastward. The endless companies of animals, filling the air with sullen blarting, were divided into cow-and-calf herds and herds of bulls; the bull gnus, leaping, kicking, scampering, and bucking, exploded, crazy-legged in all directions, as if in search of stones on which to dash their itching brains.

Often the wildebeest are accompanied by zebra. The striped horses, which foal all year instead of in a single seasonal avalanche, have fewer young to look out for and more intelligence to look out with; it is rare to see a zebra foal lost from its family band of stallion and mares. But among the gnu the bony-legged calves are hard put to it to keep pace with their foolish mothers and are often lost among the milling animals. Once separated, they are doomed, and fall to the predators in short order. The very plenty of their numbers in the few weeks of the calving may help preserve the species: the predators are too glutted to take advantage of all the opportunities, and many calves survive to blart another day.

Many wildebeest, streaming toward the Highlands, crossed the south end of Lake Lagarja, the headwaters of the Olduvai stream that cut the famous gorge; like almost all lakes of this volcanic region, it is a shallow magadi, or soda lake, of natron, which is native sodium carbonate in solution. In the low woods by the donga that drains the plateau to the west, five cheetah lived in the airy shadow of umbrella thorn, and greater and lesser flamingos, drawn to the soda lake's rich algal broth, rose in pink waves between dark files of animals crossing the water. Since gnu are ever willing to stampede, the crossing was a hazard for the calves, and one morning of early winter more than six hundred drowned. Death passed among them like a windstorm, and the spectacle was awesome, yet the carcasses littered along the lake were but a third of one per cent of this antelope's annual regeneration in the Serengeti. Bloated calves had been dragged ashore by lions and hyenas, and others floated, snagged on mud reefs in the foamy shallows. In the thick heat of Central Africa, a stench so terrible clings to the throat; death had settled in the windless air like a foul mist. Among the carcasses stepped elegant avocets and stilts, probing and sweeping, ignoring the taint in the stained water, and vulture and marabou in thousands had cleared the skies to accumulate at the feast. These legions of great greedy-beaked birds could soon drive off any intruder, but they are satisfied to squabble filthily among themselves; the vulture worms its long naked neck deep into the putrescence and comes up, dripping, to drive off its kin with awful hisses. The marabou stork, waiting its turn, sulks to one side, the great black teardrop of its back the very essence of morbidity.

INSOMNIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

When I lay me down to sleep
My waterbed says, "Gurgle gleep,"
And when I readjustment crave
It answers with a tidal wave
And lifts me like a bark canoe
Adrift in breakers off Peru.

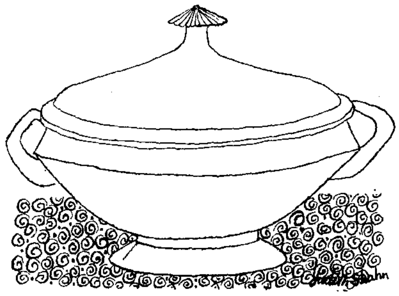
Neap to my spring, ebb to my flow,
It turns my pulse to undertow,
It turns my thoughts to bubbles, it
Still undulates when I would quit;
Two bags of water, it and I
In restless sympathy here lie.

—John Updike

• •

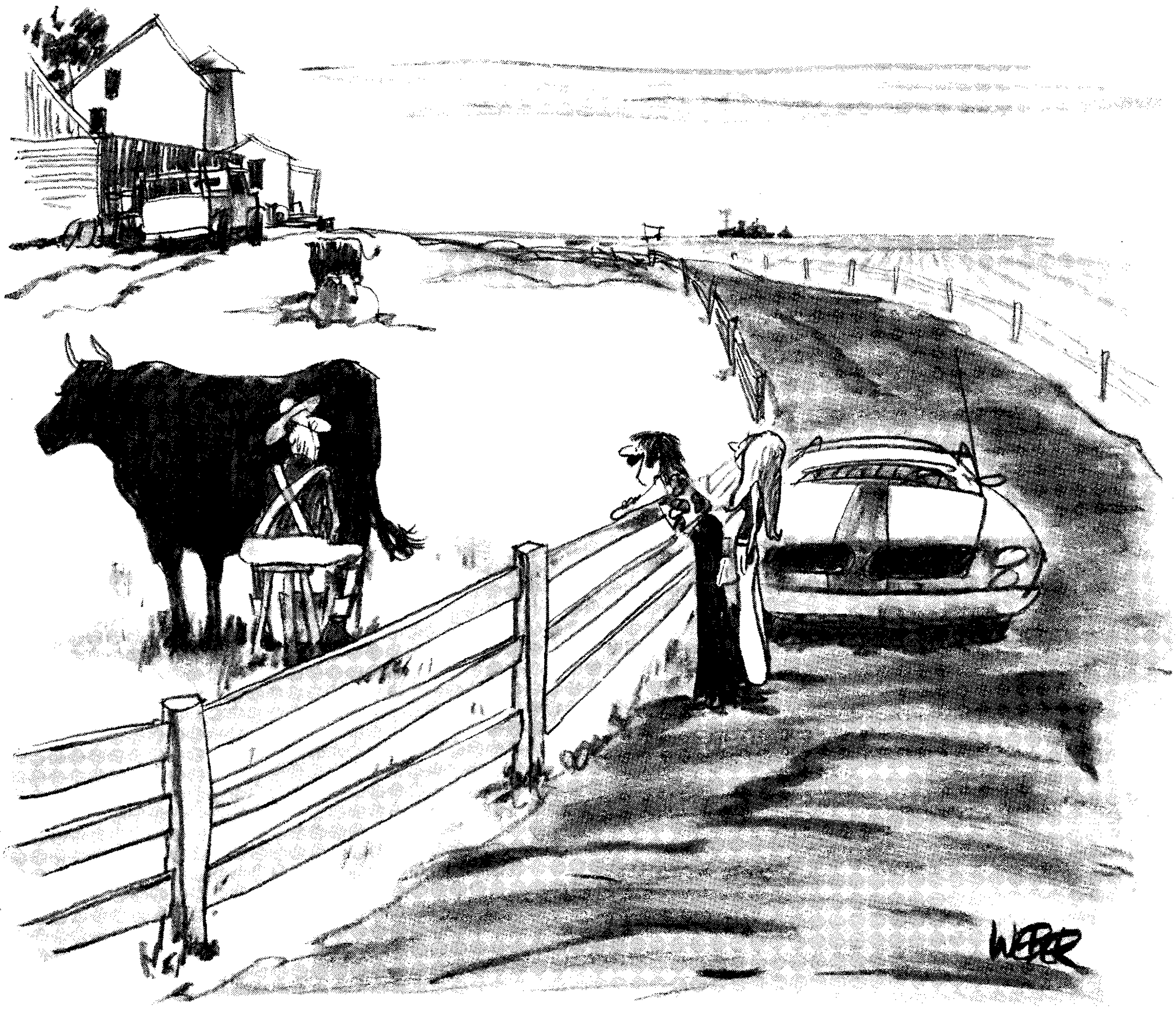
With George Schaller, who was studying carnivores under the auspices of the Serengeti Research Institute, I made a count of the dead calves, and the vultures gave ground unwillingly, moving sideways. Vultures run like gimpy thieves, making off over the ground in cantering hops, half turned, with a cringing air, as if clutching something shameful to the stiff, stale feathers of their breast. The marabou, with its raw skull and pallid legs, is more ill-favored still: it takes to the air with a hollow wing thrash, like a blowing shroud, and a horrid hollow clacking of the great bill that can punch through tough hide and lay open carcasses that resist the hooks of the hunched vultures. Vultures fly with a more pounding beat, and the cacophony of both is an ancient sound of Africa and an inspiring reminder of mortality.

Dr. Schaller, a lean, intent young man, spent as much time as possible in the field, and often he was kind enough to take me with him. Usually we were under way in his Land Rover before the light, when small nocturnal animals were still abroad—the springhares, like enormous gerbils, and the small cats and genets. The eyes of nocturnal animals have a membrane that reflects ambient light, and in the headlights of the Land Rover the eyes of the topi were an eerie silver, and lion eyes were red or green or white, depending on the angle of the light. The night gaze of most animals is red, like a coal-red beacon that we once saw high in the branches of a fever tree over the Seronera River; the single cinder, shooting an impossible distance from one branch to another, was the eye of the lesser galago, or bush baby, a primitive small primate that may or may not resemble the arboreal creature from which mankind evolved.



In a silver dawn, giraffes swayed in the feathery limbs of tall acacias, and a file of warthog trotted away into the early shadows. Where a fork of the river crossed the road, a yellow reedbuck and a waterbuck stood juxtaposed. With its white rump and coarse gray hair, the waterbuck looks like a deer, but deer do not occur in Africa south of the Sahara; like the wildebeest, gazelles, and other deerlike ruminants, from the tiny dik-dik to the great cowlike eland, the reedbuck and waterbuck are antelope, bearing not antlers but hollow horns: the subfamily name, Antilopinae, has been said to mean "bright-eyed."

At Naabi Hill, the wildebeest were moving east after the rains. In their search for new growth, wildebeest are often seen trooping steadfastly over arid country toward distant thunderstorms, which bring a flush of green to the parched landscapes. Some two hundred thousand were in sight at once, with myriad zebra and the small Thomson's gazelle. Eight wild dogs were hunting new gazelle left hidden by their mothers in the tussocks; one dog snatched a calf out of the grass only yards from the tires of the Land Rover and, with the two nearest dogs, tore it to bits. The death of new calves is quick; they are rended and gone. But one calf, older than the rest, sprang away before the dogs and made a brave run across the plain in stiff-legged long zigzags. Though its endurance was astonishing, it lasted so long because the dogs were



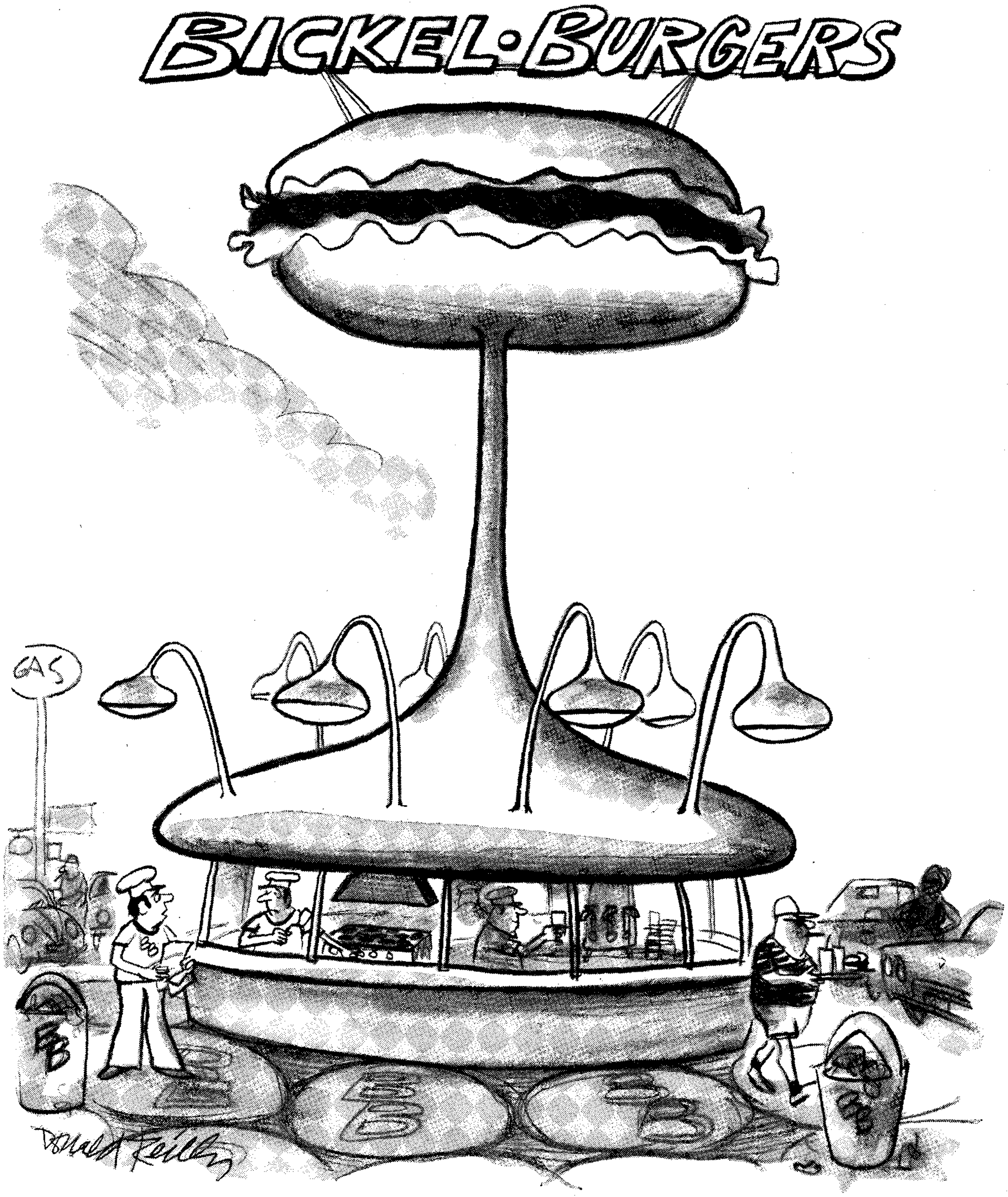
"Hi, man! Me and my old lady are just checking out alternative life styles."

• •

gorged and failed to coöperate. While the lead dog snapped vainly at the flying heels, the rest loitered and gambolled, picking up another calf that one of them ran over in the grass. The Land Rover, dodging humps and burrows, followed the chase across the plain. Schaller clocked the young gazelle, which dodged back and forth for two and a half miles on the car's gauge and more than three in actuality; it never ran in a straight line. (The zigzag is less an evasion tactic than a way of seeing out of eyes set back on the sides of the head; in a herd, pursued animals usually run straight out.) The calf's spirit tempted us to intervene, but we did not, since it was doomed whatever happened; separated from its milk when the chase began, it would have gone hungry while awaiting the first of the many beasts and giant birds that would come for it on sight. Finally, two dogs moved up to flank the leader, and in moments the chase was over. The calf, still bouncing desperately, veered back and forth across the paths of the spurting dogs, and the dog to the eastward snatched it from the air; the two others were on it as it struck the ground.

ONE day, by a depression that holds water in the rains, I found a chipped flake of obsidian, much used by primitive man for his edged tools. There is no obsidian on the plain; the chip had been brought here long before. I wondered about the men who brought it. What size and color were they? Were they in hides or naked? What cries did they utter? Staring at the sun, the sky, were they aware of their own presence, and, if so, what did they think? Doubtless the primitive hominids whose remains have been found at Olduvai were drawn to the edge of the great plain by the legions of grazing animals, and doubtless they were glad of a bit of carrion. The hunter Frederick Selous, in the eighteen-seventies, was appalled to see natives eat meat of an elephant eight days dead—"Truly some tribes of Kafirs and Bushmen are fouler feeders than either vultures or hyenas"—but accounts of life on rafts and in prison camps, in plague and famine, make clear that the most civilized man will eat both carrion and his own kind when survival is at stake, as it must have been each day for low-browed figures who lacked true weapons and possibly language, despite the physical ability to speak. (Perhaps the earliest *Homo sapiens* of the Old Stone Age had no fire, and the gift of flame from the supreme Creator, recognized by almost all African tribes, was an earth-shaking event that is still remembered in the myths.)

Traditional theories of the social life



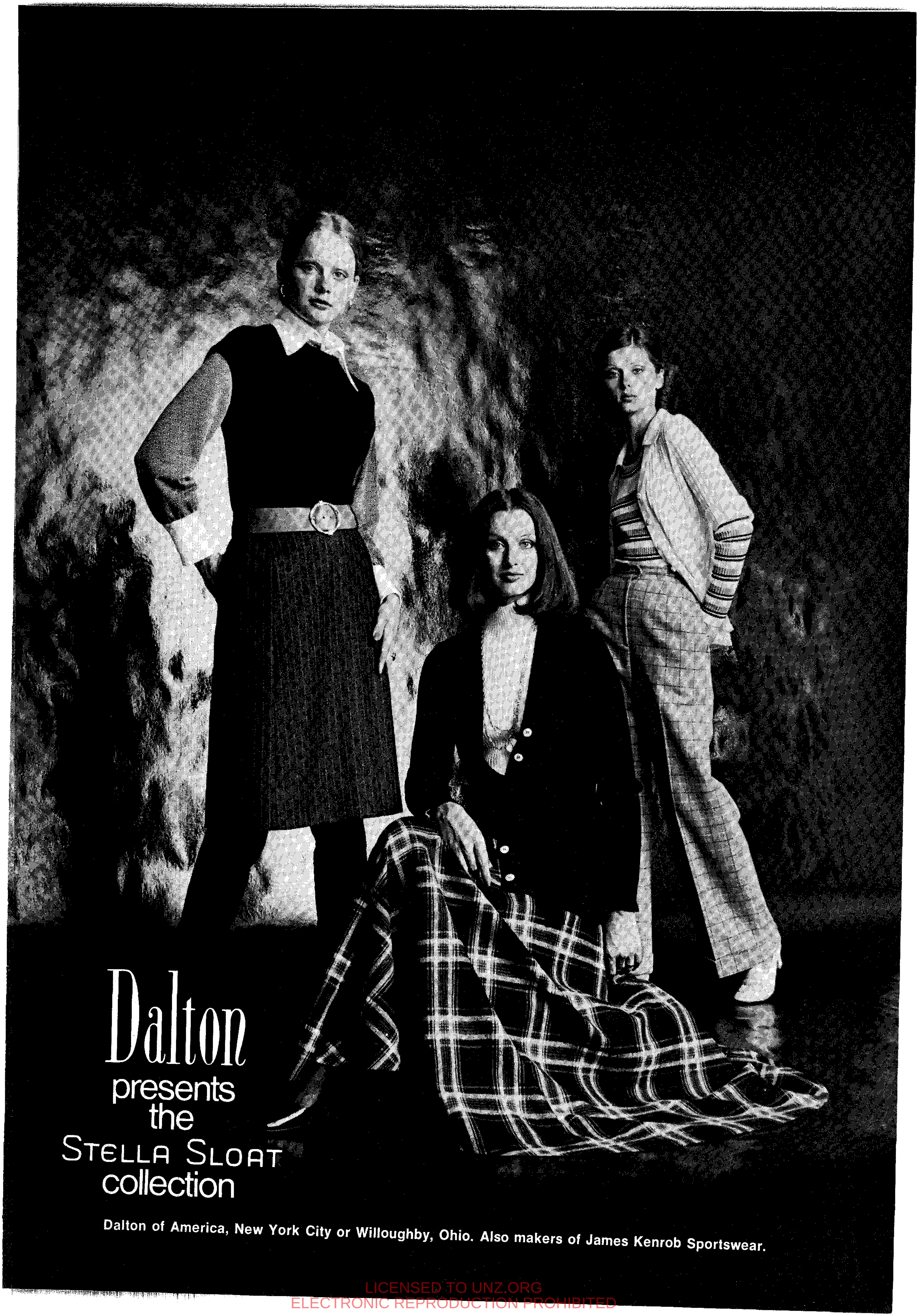
"It's a wire from the home office: 'Mr. Bickel passed away this morning. All franchises shall turn off their grills for three minutes.'"

• •

of earliest man are based on the behavior of nonhuman primates, although the apes are essentially vegetarians and have lived very differently from man for more than a million years. Social systems, which often differ greatly among closely related creatures, tend to evolve in response to ecological conditions, and George Schaller felt that much might be guessed about early man from a comparative study of the social carnivores that pursue game in open country. While unable to run down his prey in the way of the wild dog or hyena, or even rush it swiftly as the lion does, man would have used such lion tactics as driving, ambush, and encirclement, and come upwind to the quarry, as lions have never learned to do. And as with the carnivores, a successful kill would inevitably depend on the social group that would share the food. To judge from remains of predators found at his sites, early man was an increasingly effective creature, who drove such unaggressive daylight hunters as the cheetah and the wild dog from their kills. In the dark, he was at a disadvantage and took shelter, leaving the hunt to leopard, lion, and hyena, but in the day, confronted with his sticks and stones, strange upright stance, and the shrieks, scowls, and manic jumps of primate threat display, these more dignified creatures probably gave way.

To learn how hunter-scavengers might fare, Schaller and I sometimes walked some fifty yards apart for two hours or more over the plain. On most of the hunts, gazelle calves were plentiful—with throwing sticks four or five could have been killed, and with bolus stones (found at Olduvai) still more—and it was almost always possible to locate food by watching vultures in the distance. One day, we came upon a Thomson's gazelle, dead of disease, that the carrion eaters had not yet found, and also a young Grant's gazelle that must have been taken by the two huge lappet-faced vultures that we drove away, for the kill was fresh and no predators were anywhere about. Another time, when Schaller was elsewhere, I saw from a distance the white belly of a female Thomson's gazelle, fresh dead. As I approached, the first vulture, a big lappet-face, came in and took a swipe at her flank. The vulture was instantly driven off by a second female gazelle; the great bird, flop-winged, chased its assailant but did not renew its assault on the dead animal. The gazelle was still warm, and I slit open the belly to see if she had died in calving. She had milk but no calf; the wet newborn thing crouched in the grass some twenty yards away. A half hour later, her companion was still on guard, but more vultures were gathering, and finally the body was abandoned to a motley horde of griffon, white-backed, and hooded vultures, which stripped it to the bones in a few minutes.

Jackals, vultures, and hyenas are alert for the defenseless moment when



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a new calf is born; often hyenas will attend the birth. But one day there was a mass calving of wildebeest in a shallow valley like an amphitheatre between the isles of rocks, and it may or may not be significant—I simply record it—that the calving took place in the very middle of the day, when the sun was high and hot and the plain still. There was no predator in sight for miles around, or a single vulture in the sky. Cow wildebeest were down all over the place, and a number of tottery calves less than an hour old swayed and collapsed and climbed again to their new feet. By late afternoon, when the predators became restless, raising their heads out of the grass to sniff the wind, these calves would already be running. (Wildebeest calves can usually run within ten minutes of their birth, but even this may be too slow; I have seen a lioness, still matted red from a feed elsewhere and too full to eat, walk up and swat a newborn to the ground without bothering to charge, and lie down on it without biting.) For fear of scattering the cows, I restrained a desire to go close, for the calves will imprint on the nearest moving thing, and are not to be deterred. One day, I was followed from a grazing herd by a young calf, and my efforts to lead it back to safety finally resulted in putting the herd to flight. The calf did not follow, and the herd forsook it; nor would it permit itself to be caught. Finally, I, too, left it behind. A mile away, I could still see it (I can see it to this day)—a thin, still thing come to a halt at last on the silent plain.

UNSEASONABLE rains continued into February, falling mostly in late afternoon and in the night. By morning, the ground was soaked and the tracks muddy. Frogs had sprung from fleeting pools, and the trills of several species chorused in the rush to breed. Companies of storks, nowhere in evidence the day before, came down in slow spirals from the sky to eat frogs, grass mice, and other lowlife that the rains had flooded from the earthen world under the grass and mud-flecked flowers. Many days had a high, windy sun. In this hard light, I walked barefoot on the plain, to feel the warm hide of Africa next to my skin, and, aware of my steps, I was also aware of the red oat, and the red flowers of indigofera; the skulls, with their encrusted horns (which are devoured, like everything else: a moth lays its eggs upon the horns, and the pupae, encased in crust, feed on the keratin); the lairs of wolf spiders; the white and yellow pierid

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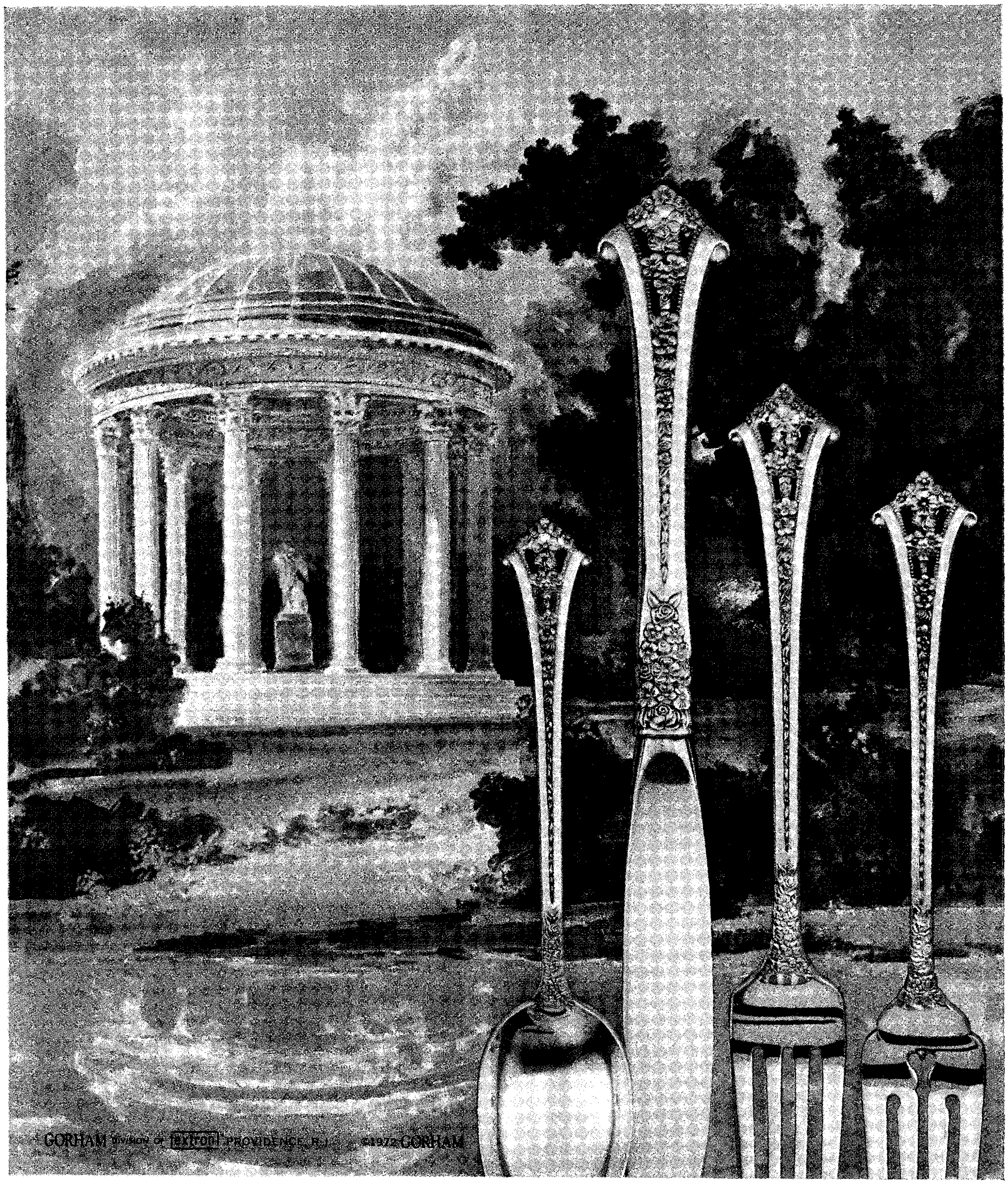
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butterflies, like blowing petals; the larks and wheatears (from the Old English for "white arse"); the elliptical hole of the pandanus scorpion and the round hole of the mole cricket, whose mighty song attracts its females from a hundred yards away; the white turd of the bone-eating hyena; and the pyriform egg of a crowned plover in water-colored camouflage that blends rain and earth and air and grass.

The dung beetles, shiny scarabs churning in over the grass, collide with deposits of manure or attach themselves to the slack ungulate stomachs, full of half-digested grass, that the carnivores have slung aside. The beetles roll neat spheres of ordure larger than themselves and hurry them off over the plain. Here dung beetles fill the role of earthworms: the beetles bury most of the seasonal droppings of hundreds of thousands of animals, insuring that the soil will be aerated as well as fertilized.

The grassland soil is built of ash blown westward from the volcanoes of the Highlands. Beyond the ash plain, in the vicinity of Seronera, the soil is derived from granitic rock and supports an open woodland vegetation. This is some of the oldest rock on earth—certain granites here are two to three billion years old—and on the plain the bone of Africa emerges in magnificent outcrops, or kopjes, known to geologists as inselbergs, rising like stone gardens as the land around them settles, and topped, sometimes, by huge perched blocks, shaped by the wearing away of ages. The kopjes serve as water catchments, and in the clefts, where aeolian soil has mixed with eroded rock, tree seeds take root which are unable to survive the alternate soaking and desiccation on the savanna, so that from afar the outcrops rise like islands on the grass horizons. In their shadows and still compositions, the harmonious stones give this world form.

When the sun has risen and the morning's hunt has slowed, the cats may resort to the rock islands. Perhaps they seek shade, or the vantage point of higher elevation—for the leopard its kopje is a hideout between raids—or perhaps, like me, they like their back to something, for when the herds have withdrawn into the western woodlands and a dry wind blows in the dry grass the granite heads are a refuge from the great emptiness of the plain. Kopjes occur in isolated companies, like archipelagoes—one group may be ten miles from the next—but most groups are related to a rising spine of rocks that emerges more or less gradually from the ash plain, from the low Gol Kopjes

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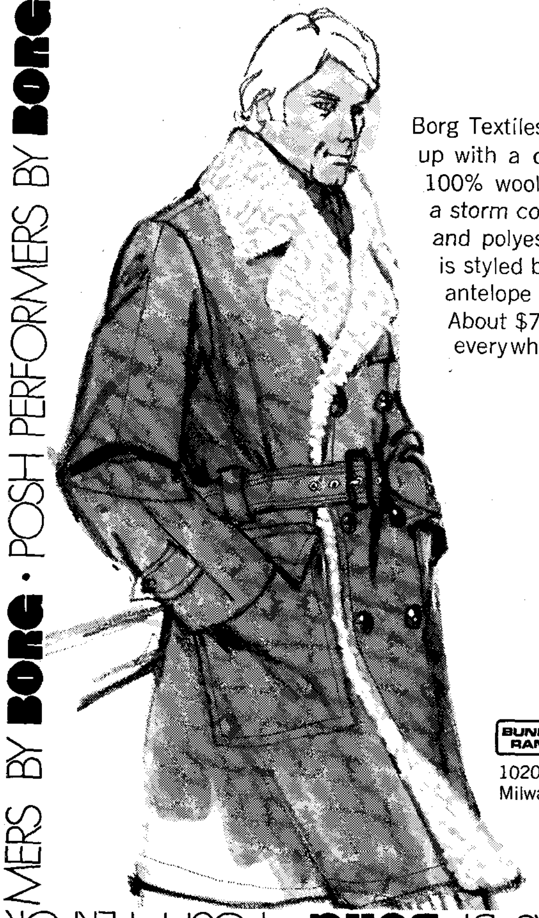

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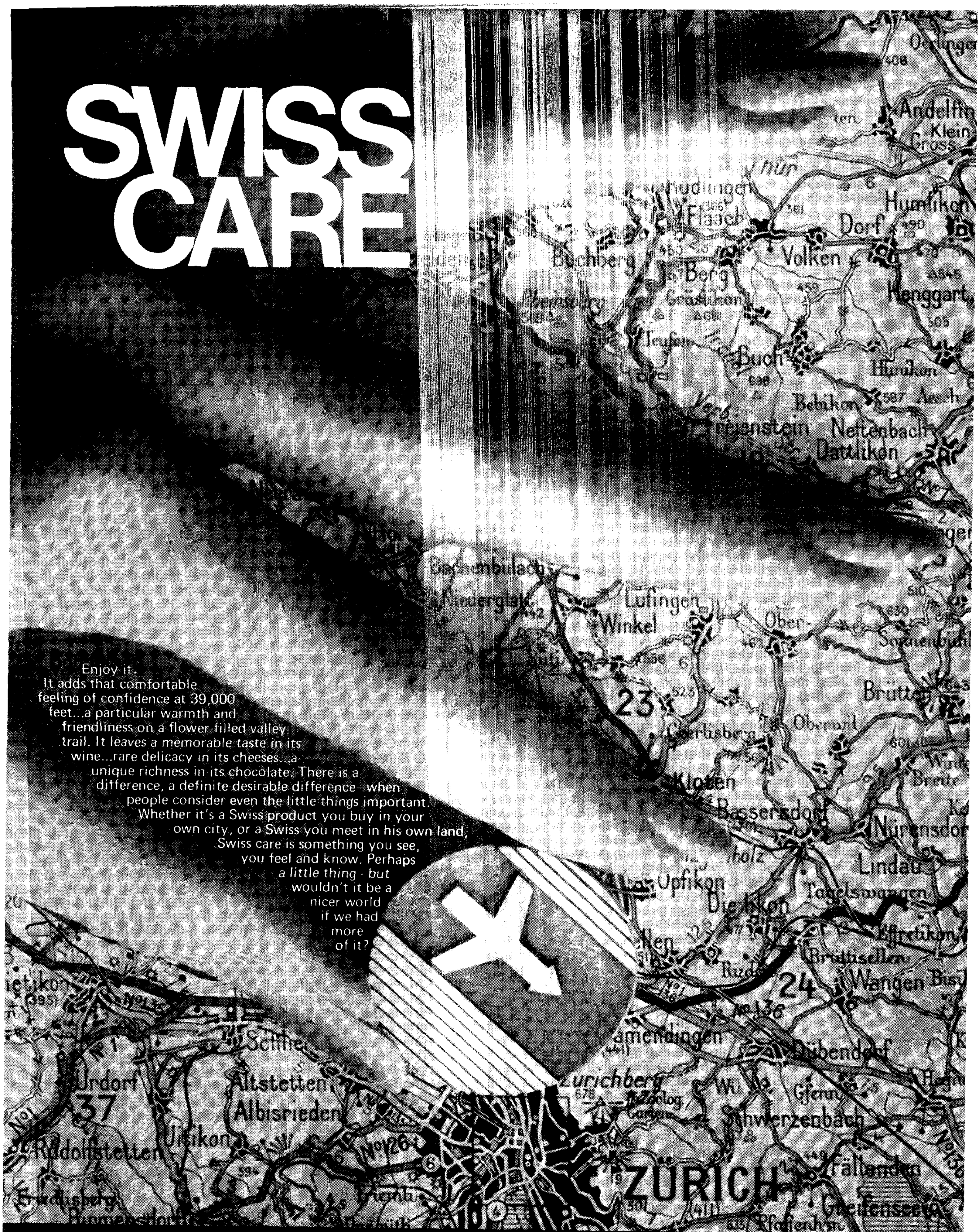
in the east to the majestic Morus at the edge of the western woodlands. The shy cheetah is a creature of the Gols, its gaunt gait and sere pale coat well suited to these wind-withered stones, and one day I saw a glowing leopard stretched full length on a rim of rock, in the flickering sun-shade of a fig; at the sight of man, it gathered itself without stirring, then flattened into the stone as it slid from view.

It is said that a leopard will lie silent even when struck by stones hurled at its hiding place—an act that would bring on a charge from any lion—but should its burning gaze be met and it realize that it has been seen, it will charge at once. A big leopard is small by comparison to a lion, or to most men, for that matter, but when cornered it can be as dangerous as any animal in Africa. Rural tribes have trouble in the night with leopards that steal into their huts to seize children by the throat and carry them off undetected—a testimony to the sleeping powers of the Africans as well as to the great stealth of this cat. Ordinarily, the unwounded leopard is not a menace to adults, but a few years ago a night leopard killed an African clerk, Feragoni Kamunyere, outside his quarters at Paraa, Murchison Falls, and dragged the body, bigger than itself, a half mile or more into the bush, presumably to feed its waiting cubs. The strength of leopards is intense: I have seen one descend the trunk of a tall tree head first, a full-grown gazelle between its jaws.

There are few trees in the Gol Kopjes, which are low and barren, and in their way as beautiful as the Morus, which rise like monuments in a parkland of twenty-five square miles, and have a heavy vegetation. Impala, buffalo, and elephants are attracted to the Morus from the western woods, and the elephants, which are celebrated climbers, attain the crests of the steep kopjes, to judge from the evidence heaped upon the rock. One day at noon, from an elephant crest, a leopard could be seen on the stone face of the kopje to the south, crossing the skeletal shadows of a huge candelabra euphorbia. In the stillness that attended the cat's passage, the only sound was a rattling of termites in the leaf litter beneath my feet.

The long grass here near the woods is avoided by the herds. Lone topi and kongoni wandered among these towers, and an acacia was ringed by a bright circlet of zebras, tails swishing, heavy heads alert. The wild horses were not alarmed by man, not yet; all faced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in another direction. Somewhere upwind, in the tawny grass, there was a lion.

I spent one February day on a small kopje, gazing out over the plain. The kopje overlooked a swampy korongo—not a true stream but a drainage line—that held water in this season, and was bordered by dense thicket. On this rock, in recent days, I had seen a lioness and cubs swatting around the dried carcass of a gazelle that must have been scavenged from a leopard. I circled the place and studied it before committing myself, and, climbing the rock, I clapped my hands to scare off dangerous inhabitants. In daylight, lions will ordinarily give way to man; snakes are always an exaggerated danger, yet care must be taken with the hands, for adders, cobras, and mambas all reside here. The handclaps echoed in a great stillness all around; the intrusion had drawn the attention of the plain. The birds fell still, and lizards ceased their scuttering. Then the early sun was crossed by clouds. A stink of carrion mingled queerly with the perfume of wild jasmine on the rock. From a fig tree came a whining of flies. The sun returned, and with the sun came the soft wing snap, or flappeting, of the flappet lark, and the life of the plain went on again.

Already the granite was growing warm, and leaves of a wild cucumber strayed on its surface. Squatting by a pool of rain that baboons had not yet found and fouled, I studied my surroundings. By the korongo, spur fowl nodded through rank grass inset with a blue spiderwort, crimson hibiscus, a bindweed flower the color of bamboo. Soon a reedbuck, crouched near the stream edge until the intruder should depart, sprang away like an arrow as its nerves released it, scattering the water with high-bounding silver splashes. Where it had lain, golden-backed weavers swayed and dangled from long stalks of purple amaranth. A frog chorus rose and died, and a bush shrike, chestnut-winged, climbed about in the low bushes. A mile away to the northwest stood the great kopje that the Maasai call Soit Nado Murt. In the southern distance, toward the Morus, zebra and wildebeest passed along the ridges, and where unseen carnivores were finishing a kill vultures were a black pox on the sky. To the east, under a soaring sun, ostriches ran down the tropical horizon.

Now it was man who sat completely still. In the shade of the great fig, a soft hooting of a dove—*coo, co-co, co-co.* The dove, too, had been waiting for

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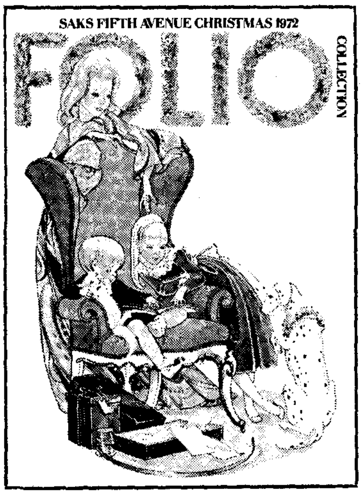

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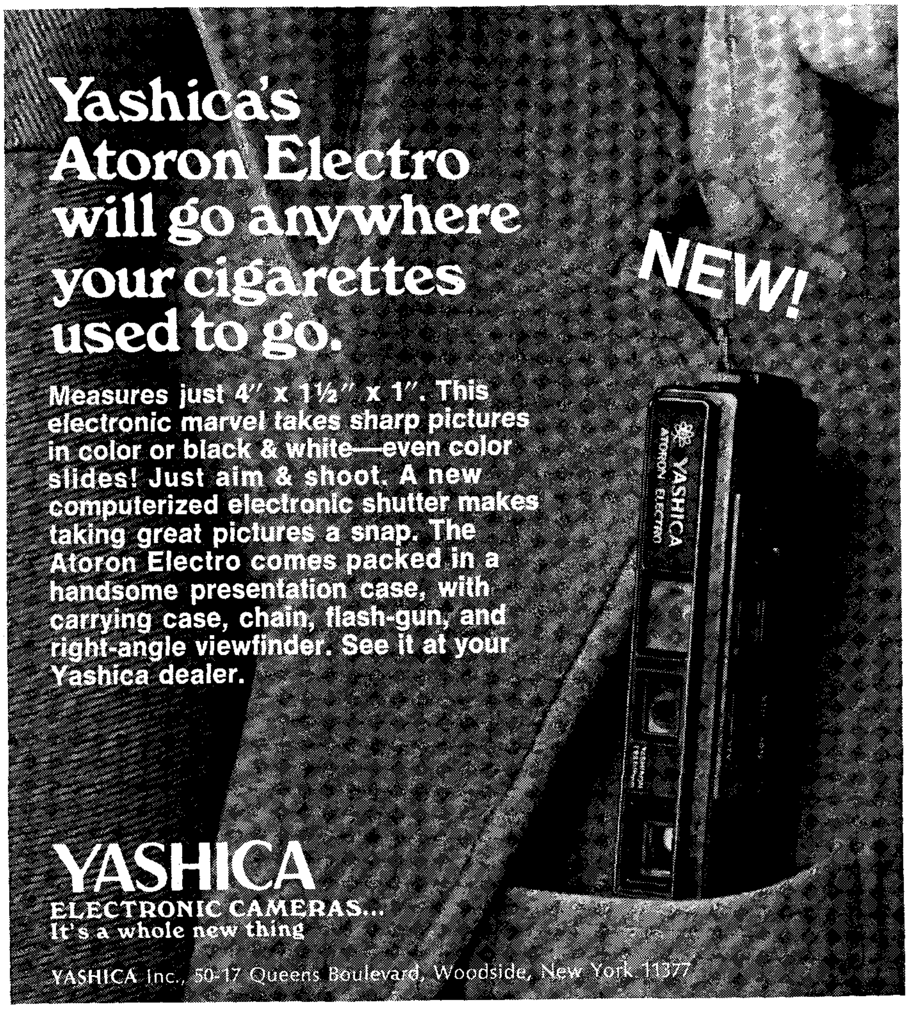

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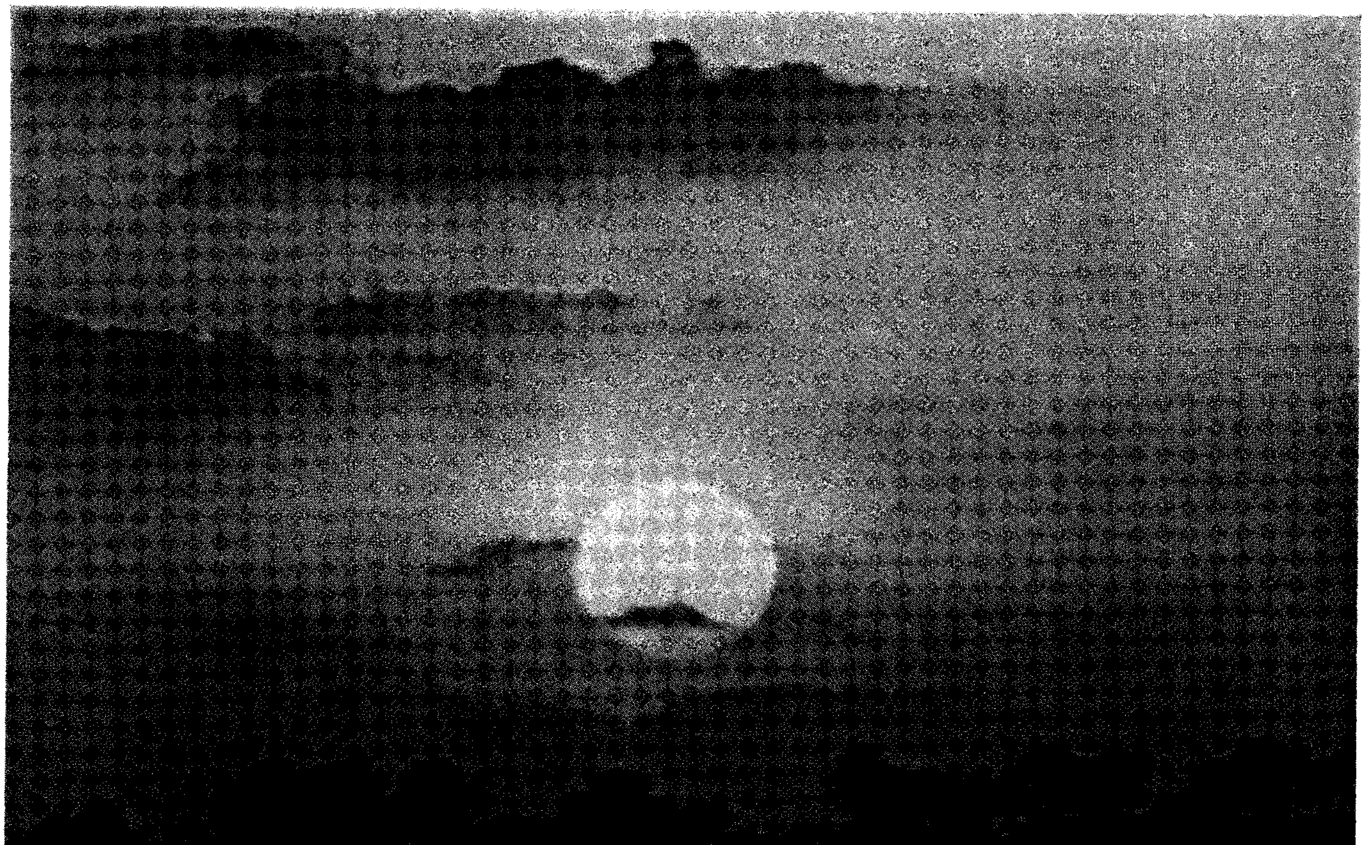

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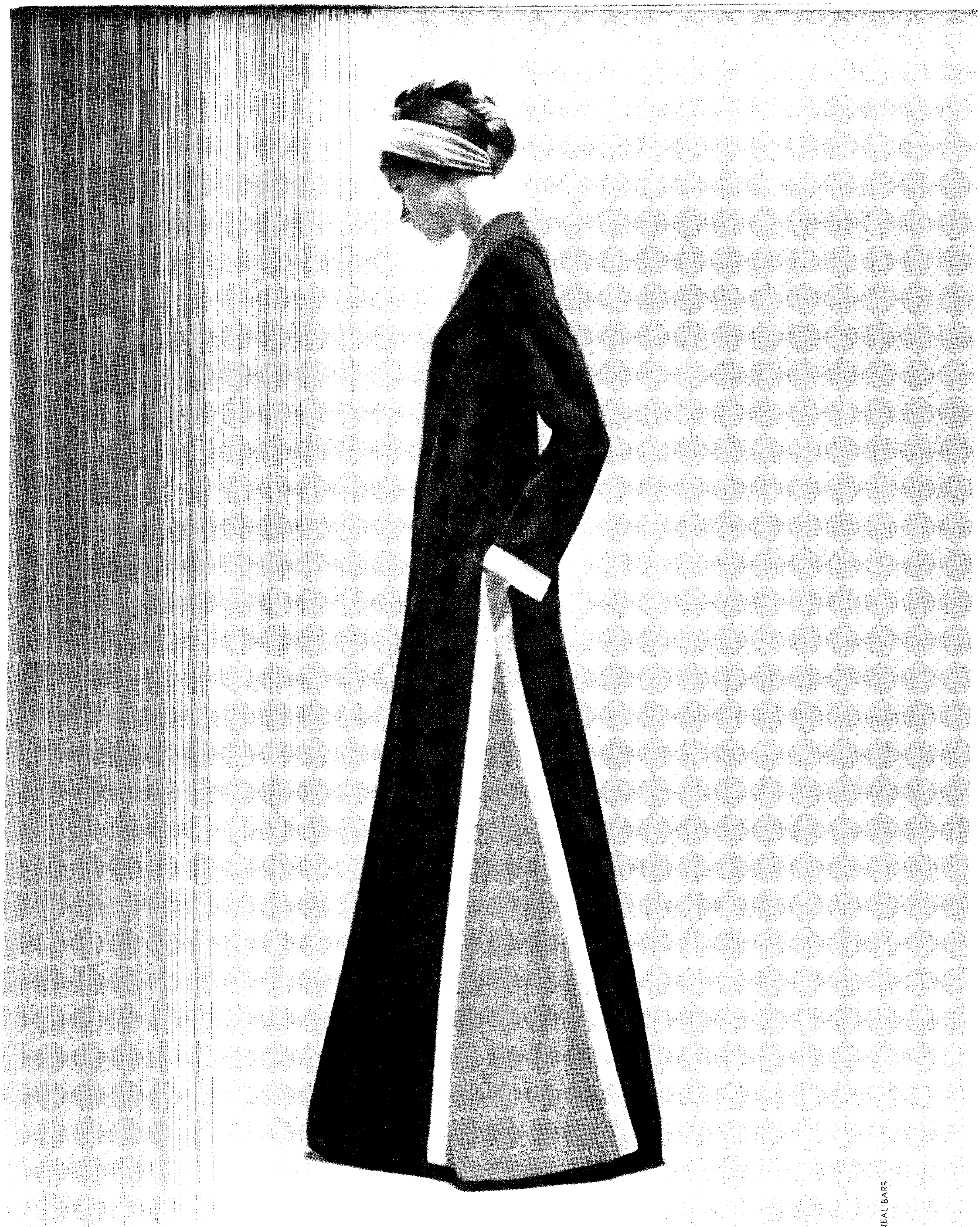

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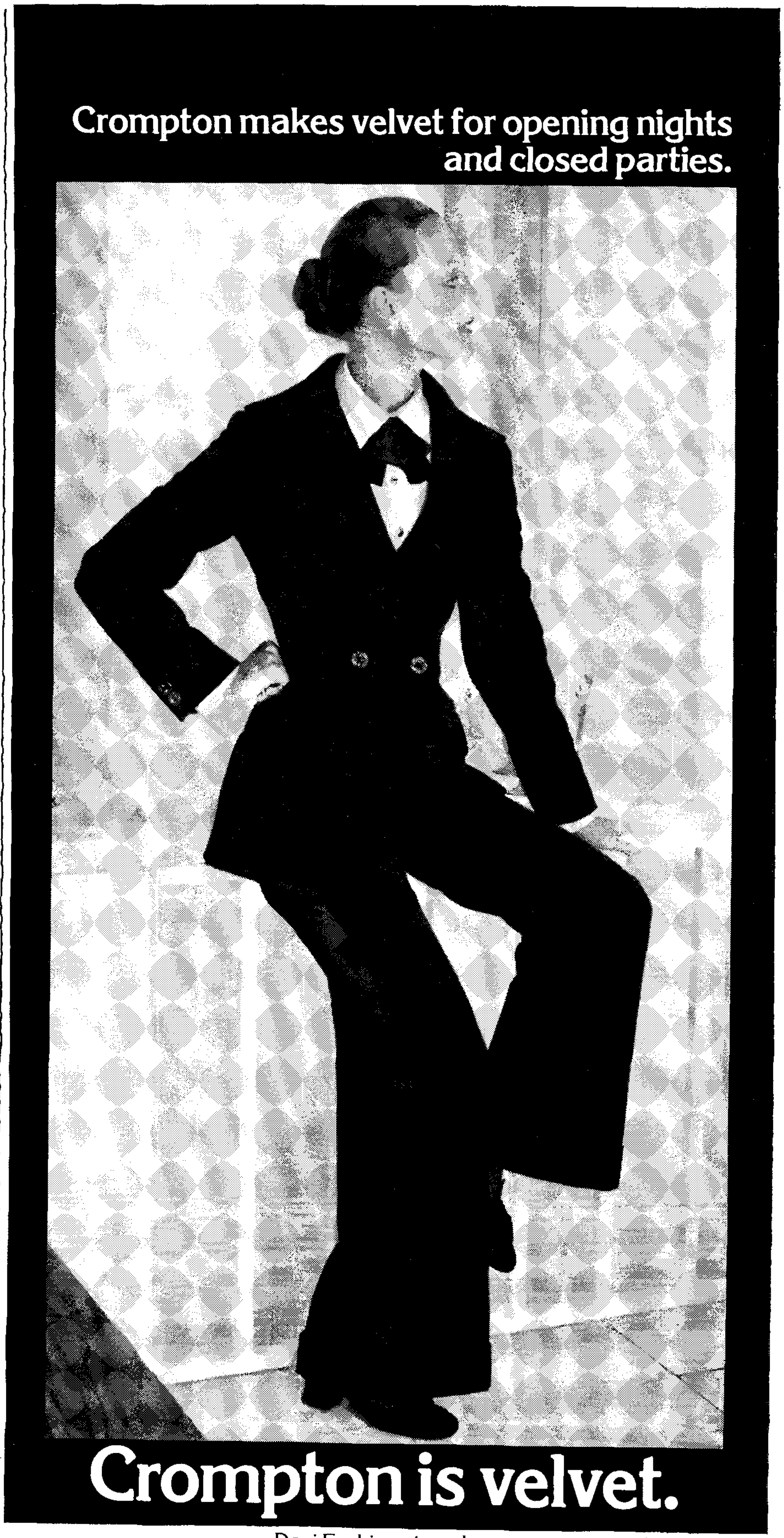
me to go, blinking its dark liquid eye and shifting its pretty feet on the cool bark. Now it had calmed, and gave its quiet call. Bushes at the kopje base began to twitch where mousebirds and bee-eaters were going on about their bright-eyed business, and agama lizards, stone eyes glittering, materialized upon the rock. The males were a brilliant blue and orange, heads swollen to a turgid orange-pink (kopje agamas have been so long isolated on their rock islands that color variations have evolved; those at Lemuta Kopjes, in arid country, are mostly a pale apricot), and they were doing the quick pushups of agitation that are thought to be territorial threat display. Perhaps man lay across the courtship routes, for they seemed thwarted, and leaped straight up and down, whereas the females, stone-colored, skirted the big lump that did not concern them.

In the still heat that precedes rain, a skink, striped brown, raised its head out of the rock as if to sniff the flowers and putrefaction. A variable sunbird, iridescent, sipped from a fire-colored leonotis, blurred wings a tiny shadow on the sky. As if mistrustful of the silence, a kongoni climbed to the crest of a red termite mound to look about; I focussed my binoculars to observe it, only to discover that it was observing me. The long-faced antelope averted its gaze first. "The kongoni has a foolish face," an African child has said, "but he is very polite." Not far away, a Thomson's gazelle was walking slowly, cocking its head every little while as if to shake a burr out of its ear. It was marking out its territory by dipping its eye toward a stiff, prominent blade of grass, the tip of which penetrates a gland that is visible under the eye as a black spot; the gland leaves a waxy black deposit on the grass tip, and the gazelle moves on a little way before making another sign. Once one knows it is done, the grass-dipping ceremony—performed also by the dik-dik, with twigs—is readily observed, but one understands why it passed unnoticed until only a few years ago.

A big weather wind from the southeast came up in the late morning, and by noon it was shifting to the east, turning the dark clouds on the Crater Highlands. Once again the herds were moving. To see the animals in storm, I abandoned my rock and went over to Soit Nado Murt and climbed the broad open boulders on the south side. At the summit of the rock, the wind flung black leaves of twining fig trees flat against the sky, and black ravens blew among them. I straightened, taking a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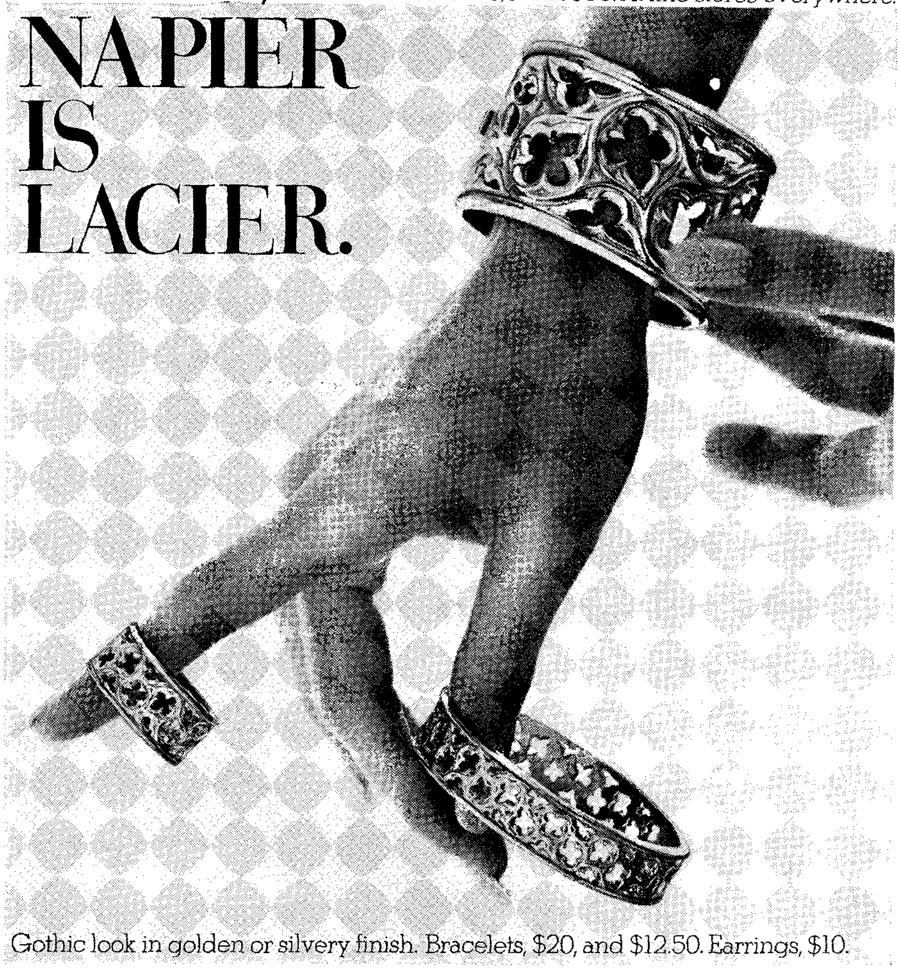

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deep breath. From its aerie, a dog baboon reviled me with fear and fury. Puffs of cold air and a high, far, silent lightning; thunder rolled up and down the sky. Everywhere westward, the zebra legions fled across the plain. But dark was coming, and soon I hurried down off the high place. At the base of the rock, the suspense, the malevolence in the heavy air was shattered by a crash in the brush behind, and I whirled toward two tawny forms that hurtled outward in a bad late light, sure that this second was my last. But the lion-sized and lion-colored animals were a pair of reedbuck, as frightened as I, that veered away toward the dense cover of the korongo. I stood still for a long time, staring after them as darkness fell, aware of a strange screaming in my ears. Then I came to, and moved away from the shadows of the rock. A pale band in the west, under mountains of black rain, was the last light, and against this light, on the rock pinnacles, rose a hostile cliff tribe of baboons. In silhouette, they looked like early hominids, hurling wild manic howlings at my head.

LIKE many white men one comes across in Africa, Myles Turner is a solitary. His job, as a park warden of the Serengeti, keeps him in touch with mankind more than he would like, but one day he got away on a short safari, and was kind enough to take me with him. We would go east to the Gol Mountains, in Maasai Land, and from there attempt to reach by Land Rover that part of the Rift escarpment which stands opposite a remote volcano known to the Maasai as Ol Doinyo Le Eng Ai, the Mountain of God, called commonly Lengai.

The eighth of February was a day of low, still clouds, waxy gray with the weight of rain. On the plain, the herd animals were restless, and the gnu, crazy-tailed, fled to the four winds, maddened by life. At Naabi Hill, the eastern portal of the Serengeti Park, three lionesses lay torpid on a zebra. Vultures nodded in the low acacias, and hyenas, wet hair matted like filth on their sagging bellies, dragged themselves, tails tight between their legs, from the rain wallows in the road. We turned off north toward Loliondo, then east again under Lemuta Hill. Between Lemuta and the Gol Mountains is a dry valley, in the rain shadow of the Crater Highlands. The hollow call of sandgrouse resounded in the still air, and an echo of wind from the stoop of a bateleur eagle. Where we had come from and where we were

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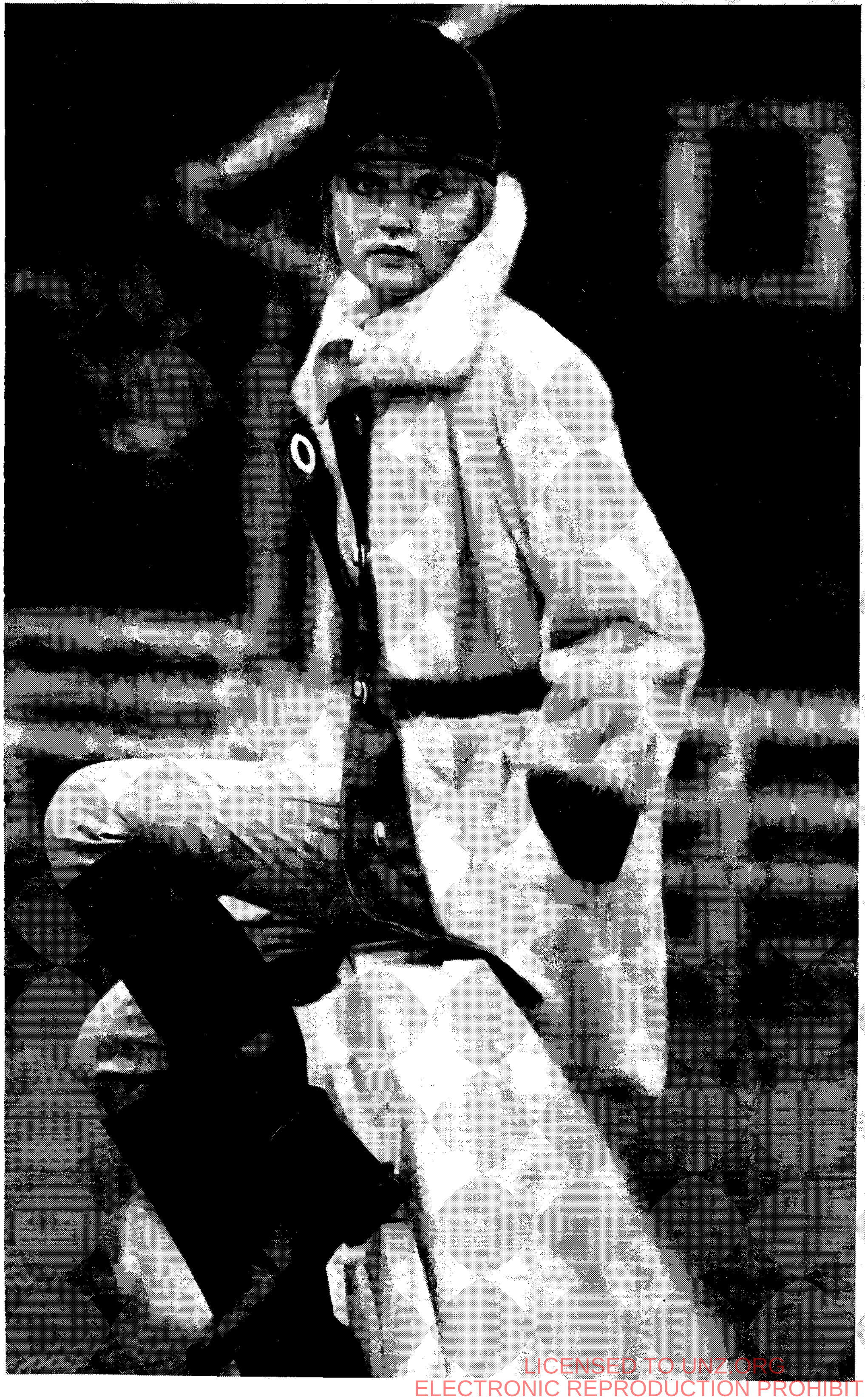

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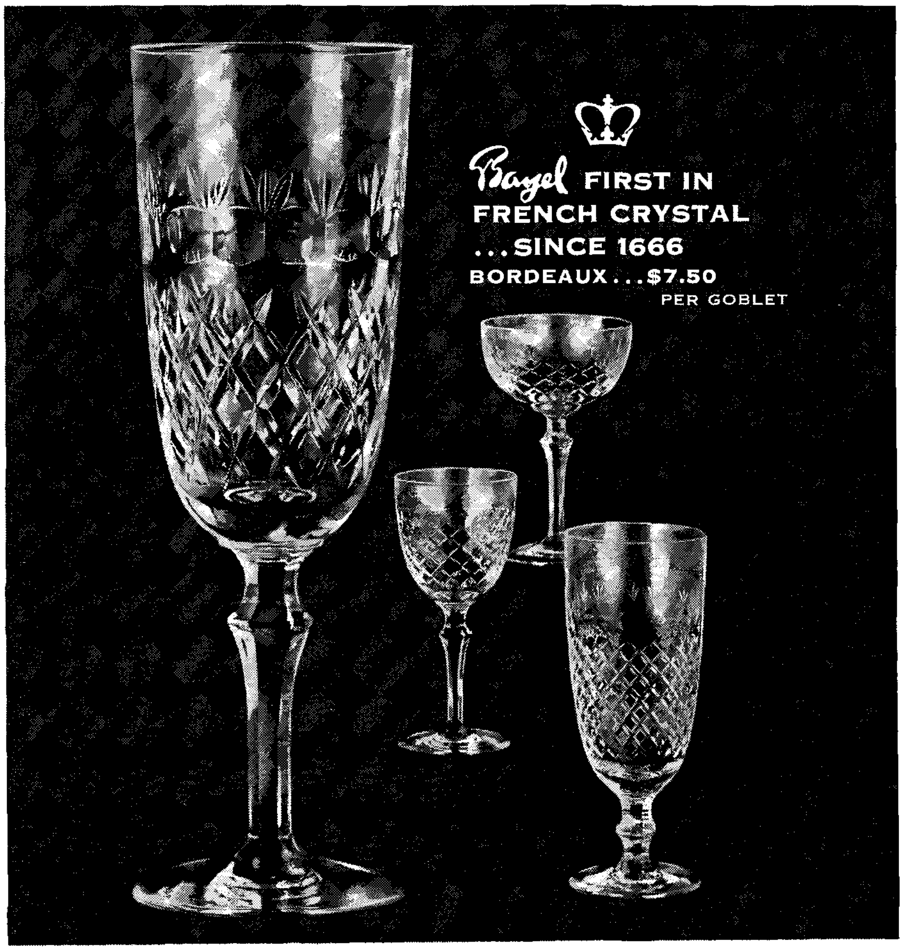

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going a pale green softened the short grass, but in the rain shadow, despite massed clouds in all the distances, the flicked hoof of a gazelle raised the soil in a spiral of thin dust.

On the far side of the desert valley is the Gol, a badlands of arid thorny hills and high cold wind. The Gol is crossed by a canyon two miles wide, Ngata Kiti, which climbs gradually in a kind of arch and descends again into the Salei Plain. Ngata Kiti is within the eastern range of the migrant herds, but in 1959 this "Eastern Serengeti," which included Ngorongoro Crater, was returned to the Maasai. The government attempted to close the migrant herds out of Ngata Kiti, where a few nomad Maasai kept a few cattle. Heavy posts linked with seven strands of wire were planted straight across the valley mouth. The wildebeest, faced with this fence, were undeterred; the wire held, but the whole fence went over. "Tried to interfere with what thousands of animals had done for thousands of years," said Turner, a slight, wiry man with weary eyes in a weathered face, and a wild shock of sandy red hair. He glared at the old fence line with satisfaction. "It's marvellous the way those animals smashed it flat. I use the posts for firewood now, out on safari."

At the mouth of Ngata Kiti is Ol Doinyo Rabi, the Cold Mountain, named for the chill wind that sweeps the Gol in summertime, when the herds have gone west to the woods and the land is empty. This day, there were small companies of wildebeest and zebra, and a secretary bird, that long-limbed aberrant eagle which stalks the open ground, but the true habitants of the Gol are the gazelles. They are the first to reach Ngata Kiti and the last to leave it; probably the thin grass is sweet, since this soil has been enriched by the volcanoes, but here in the rain shadow it is stunted for lack of water. Slowly our vehicle trudged over the rough ground, winding up the valley toward Naisera, the Striped Mountain, named for dark streaks of blue-green algae on its granite face. Halfway up, big fig trees burst from ledges and crevasses, the bare roots feeling their way down to sustenance one hundred feet below. Behind Naisera we made camp in a grove of umbrella thorn and wild flowers; I remember a delicate apricot hibiscus. At Naisera, there are highland birds: the anteater chats and the bronzy sunbird, crombecs, tits.

Turner's Land Rover was packed with gear of all descriptions, and a truck carried tents for each of us and two tents for the staff, as well as stoves, stores, and water. Like most British East Africans, Turner is extremely thorough in his safari preparations, and saw nothing strange at all in having seven pairs of hands to help us through a short trip of three days. While the tents went up, I watched white clouds cross the black thunderhead behind Naisera; lightning came, and a drum of rain on the hard ground across the valley. On the taut skin of Africa, rain can be heard two miles away. Birdcalls rang against Naisera's walls, which on the north are painted white by high nests of hawk and raven. At the summit, in the changing light, swifts and kestrels swooped and curved, and an Egyptian vulture gathered light in its white wings. Then the sky rumbled, and the white bird sailed on a shaft of sun into the thunder.

The storm arrived in early afternoon. I lay content beneath the canvas of my tent, head propped upon my kit, and gazed through the tent flap down past Naisera into the dry valley below Lemuta where no rain fell. In the thunder, wildebeest were running.

WHEN the rain eased, we crossed the grove to a cave in Naisera's wall that had a small boma, an enclosure of thorn brush, at the mouth, and a neat dry hearth. In a similar cave in the Moru Kopjes, shields, elephants, and abstract lines are painted on the walls in the colors that are seen on Maasai shields; the white and yellow come from clays, the black from ash of a wild caper, and the red ochre is clay mixed with juice from the wild nightshade. Presumably the artists were a band of *moran*, young warriors, who wander for several years as lovers, cattle thieves, and meat eaters before settling down to wives, responsibilities, and a diet traditionally based on milk and cattle blood. According to Leite, a young Maasai ranger, this cave in the Gol Mountains was also a place of meat eating, which is forbidden in the villages, and which no woman is allowed to watch. Those women who see it are flogged, he told Turner, who nodded in approval. Leite was tall and brown, with a stretched earlobe looped into a knot; he gazed about him with an open smile, happy to be here in Maasai Land.

Leite's people were the last wave of lean herdsmen to descend upon East Africa from the north. By the nineteenth century, Maasai Land extended east and west one hundred and fifty miles and five hundred north and south, from the region of Maralal on the Laikipia Plateau, in Kenya, to the

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south end of the Maasai Steppe, in Tanzania. Their raids, which spread from Ikuria Land, on Lake Victoria, to the Indian Ocean coast, were feared by Bantu, Arab, and European alike, so much so that Maasai Land remained unexplored until less than a century ago. Avoided by the great slave routes and trails of exploration into the interior, it was the last terra incognita in East Africa. Linguistically, the Maasai are closest to the Bari of the Sudan, and the many customs that they share with other tribes of Nilotic origin include male nudity, the shaving of females, the extraction of two middle teeth from the lower jaw, the one-legged heron stance, the belief that the souls of important men turn into snakes, and the copious use of spit in benediction. Like the Nuer, the Maasai believe that all cattle on earth belong to them, and that taking cattle from others is their right. Originally, it was God's intent to give all cattle to the Dorobo, but the great Maasai ancestor Le-eyo tricked the Dorobo, and God into the bargain, receiving the cattle in their place. Hence, the Dorobo must live by hunting and gathering, which the Maasai despise. Eland and buffalo may be eaten by Maasai, since these are thought of as wild cattle, but no other animal or fish or fowl is ever hunted except for decorative or ceremonial purposes—ostrich head plumes, monkey-skin anklets, ivory earplugs, and the great helmets of lion mane that once identified a proven warrior. (An exception, the rhino, is poached for its horn, which is bought from the Maasai by Asian traders and sold in the East as an aphrodisiac; this commerce is at least as old as the "Periplus of the Erythraean Sea," an account of a trading voyage to the east coast in the first century A.D.)

Like the Dinka, the Maasai have a moon legend of the origin of death, which was formerly unknown among mankind, and is still thought of as unnatural: Naiteru, a deity residing on Mount Kenya, instructed the patriarch Le-eyo that if a child of the tribe should die he must cast away the body with the words "Man dies, and returns again; the moon dies, and remains away." But since the first child to die was not his own, Le-eyo did not obey, and ever since then man has died and the moon has been reborn. Eventually, Le-eyo called his sons to his own deathbed to ask what they wished as an inheritance. The greedy elder son, who became the ancestor of all Bantu, wanted part of everything on earth; the younger said he would be content

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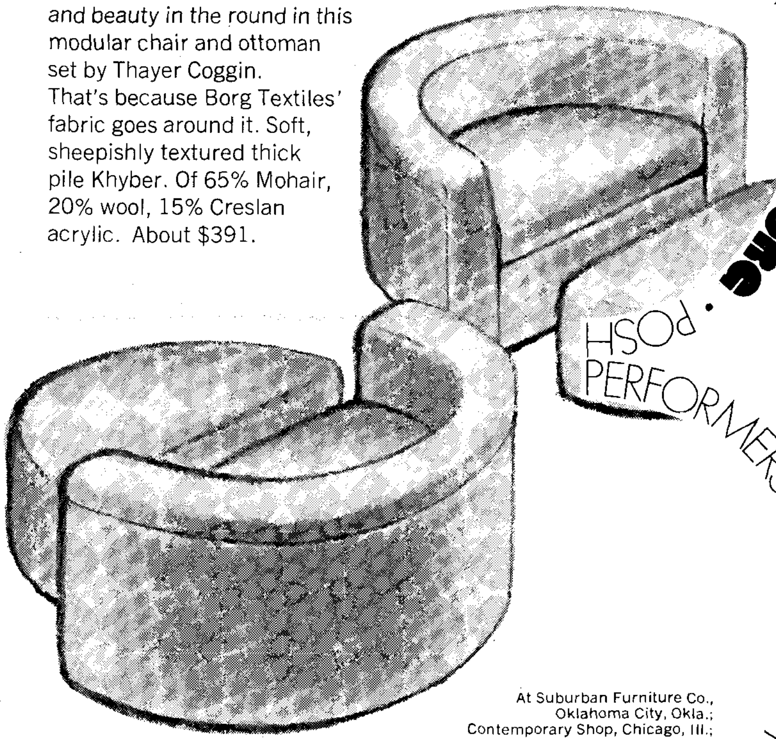

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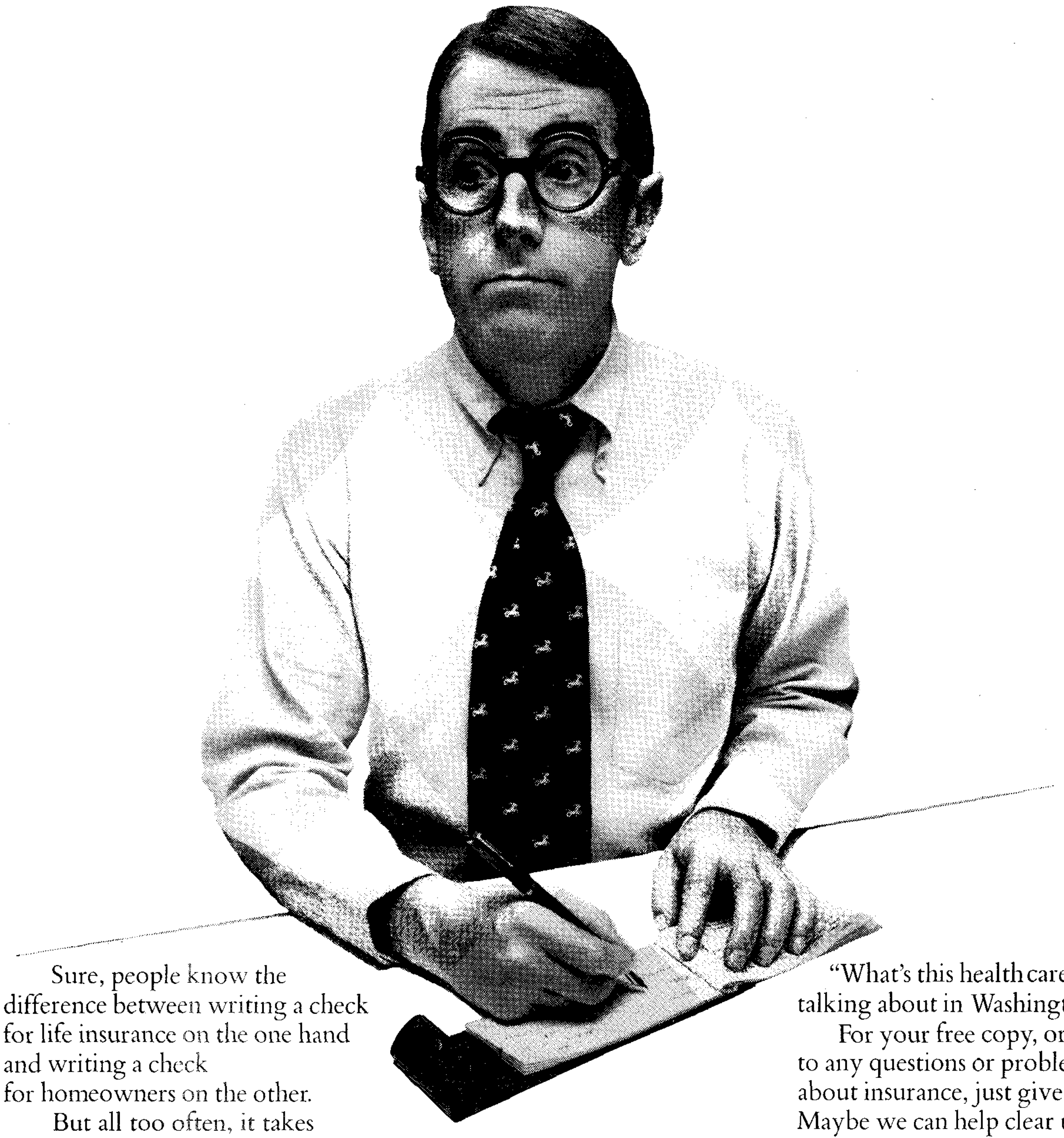

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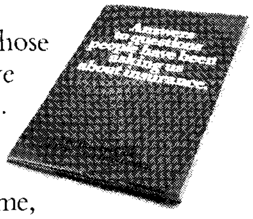

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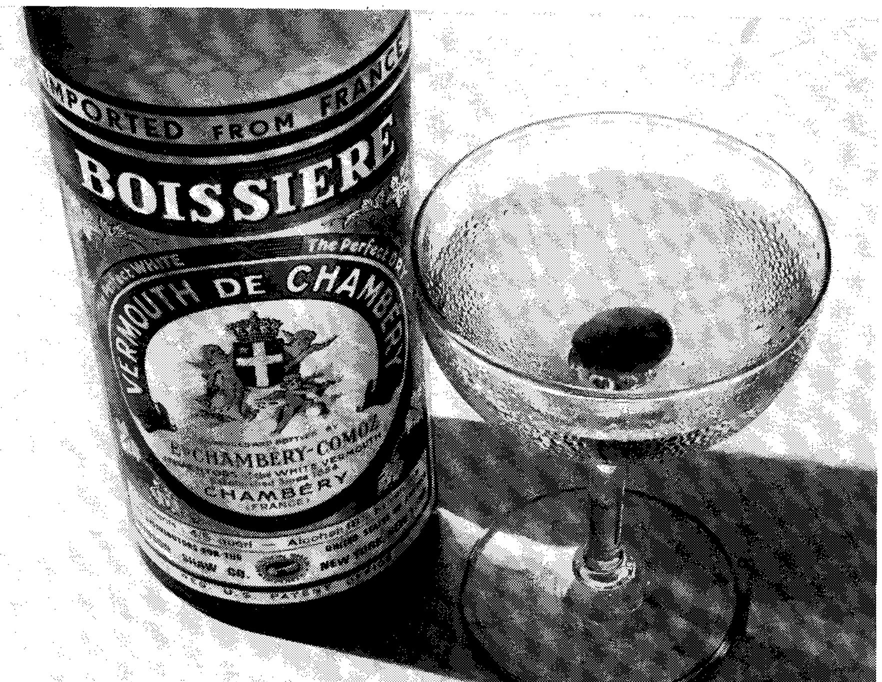
THE TRAVELERS

with some small remembrance of his father. This modesty was rewarded with great cattle wealth, whereas the Bantu son was given a little bit of everything and ever since has been scraping a living with his wretched agriculture. Within the tribes, certain Maasai became smiths and fashioned spear blades and the sword known as the *simi;* as in Hamitic tribes, such people were inferior. When the white man appeared in the late nineteenth century, he was called *L'Ojuju*, the Hairy One, and, lacking cattle, was despised with all the rest.

In the Serengeti, according to their own tradition, the Maasai were most numerous near Lake Lagarja and in the southern part of the plain, but until 1959, when the present shape of the national park was fixed and their herds were banished, they lived intermittently at Moru Kopjes and elsewhere in the park, and signs of their long stay include mints and peas that thrive in the wake of overgrazing by domestic herds. Some of the kopjes have been stripped of trees, and at others the vegetation seems induced by man—certain acanths and morning glories that accompany the disruption of the soil, and the wild nightshades, and an introduced legume whose spiny fruits are thought to have stuck to the old army greatcoats got in trade at the Asian *dukas* after the last war. Today, these greatcoats, regardless of temperature, are a favored article of dress throughout East Africa, though most Maasai wear the *shuka*, a toga of broadcloth, dyed in red ochre, that is knotted on the right shoulder. Maasai herds are still seen intermittently along the eastern boundaries of the park, and a few *moran* may turn up at the settlement at Seronera. One-legged, with ankles crossed, leaning on their spears, they gaze impassively at the less aristocratic Africans in the service areas.

When the rain stopped entirely, I climbed Naisera. Leite came with me, bringing along his muzzle-loading musket, taken from a poacher. This gun was long since defunct—it had not worked for the poacher, either. Even in the time of Livingstone, such muskets were very common in the interior—it was firearms that persuaded the Arab traders to venture inland—and with the advent of the breech-loading rifle, then the repeater, late in the nineteenth century, great numbers of muskets were inherited by the Africans. In Tanzania, thousands of muzzle-loaders are still registered, and guns of the mid-nineteenth century



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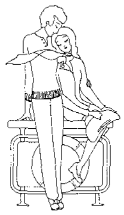

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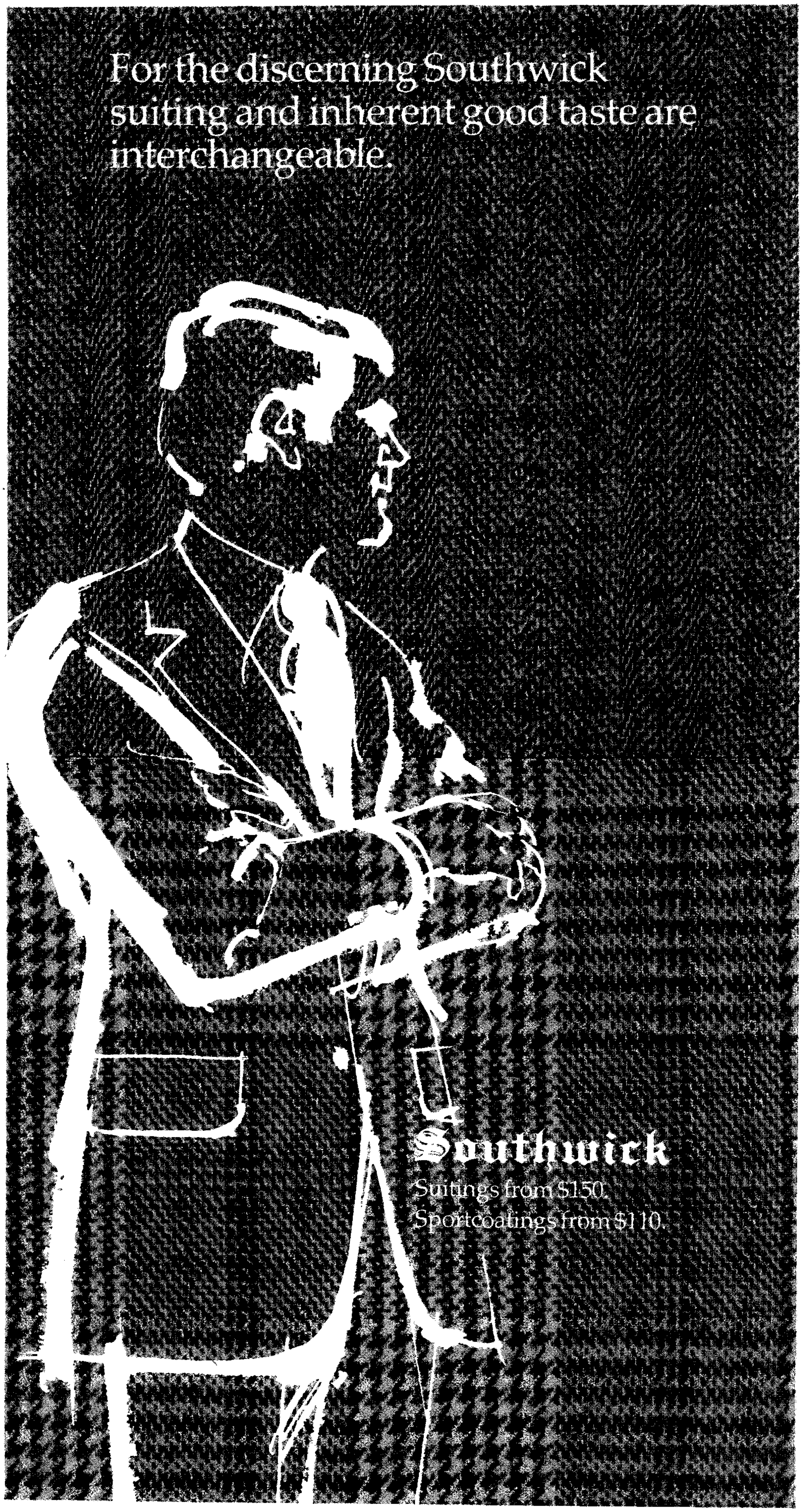
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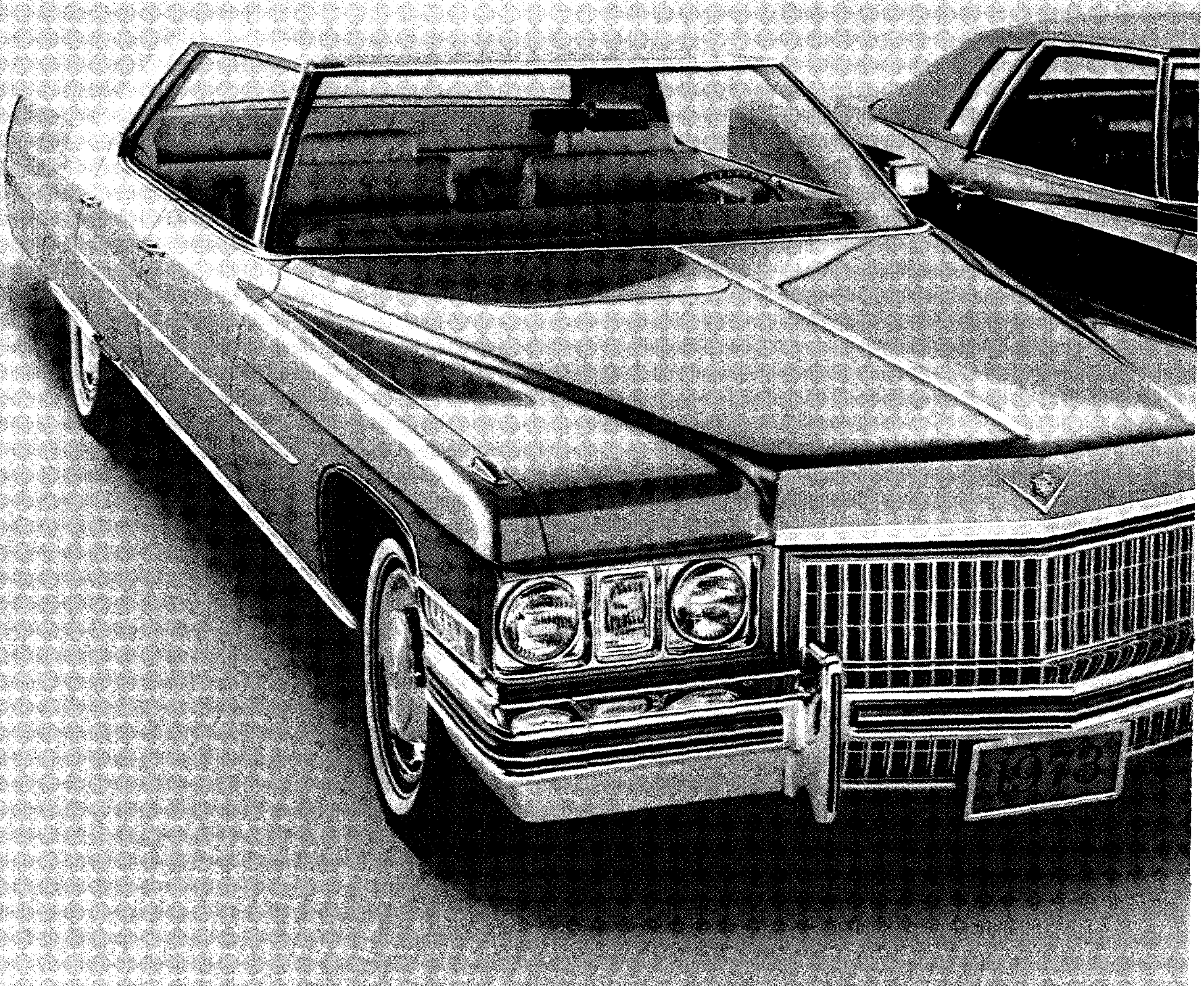

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Three klipspringer stood outlined on the rock's crest; by the time we reached the top, they had disappeared. We crouched in the wind and gazed up and down Ngata Kiti. To the eastward, far beyond the far end of the valley, the Mountain of God rose for a long moment in the swirling clouds, then vanished. The Maasai say that God moved to this place in the sky after a Dorobo hunter shot an arrow at Him, and most of the day for most of the year His realm is hidden; now He is remote, beyond their reach, and they are visited by death and famine. Leite took delight in my elation at the sight of the holy mountain. Later he exclaimed to Turner, "Lengai *must* be the Mountain of God—it is so extreme!" In 1966, this last active volcano of the Crater Highlands erupted, shrouding its slopes and all the country around with fine gray ash.

I spoke no Maasai and Leite no English; we communicated with hand signs and good will. Leite cautioned against touching a certain euphorbia whose milk was hurtful to the eyes, and showed me a small plant, *ol-umigumi*, taken as a stimulant with meat before a lion hunt to give warriors courage. The *moran* surround a big male lion, then rush in with their spears. "Fantastic!" said Turner, who has seen this twice. "Not one hangs back, they all want to be first. And when the wounded lion knows it must break out of that circle, and charges, and gets one of them down, he just curls up under that buffalo-hide shield. The others are in there so quick that he's up a second later. I saw two lions killed, and not one of those chaps ever got a scratch." Today, the Maasai are forbidden to kill lions or steal cattle, much less spear their fellow-Africans. In an effort to damp their warlike nature, the buffalo-hide shields, black, white, and red, have been taken away from them, although spears may be carried as a defense against wild animals, and are still used occasionally on people; a white man was killed only a few years ago in the region of Narok. The Maasai have been compared to predators, such as wild hunting dogs, that seem strangely delicate in their adjustment to their environment and fade quickly in the face of change. When jailed by the colonial authorities, the Maasai died so regularly that a system of fines had to be set up instead.

THE rangers had built an enormous fire, which lit up the north face of Naisera. We stood at the fire with stiff drinks, and Turner told me

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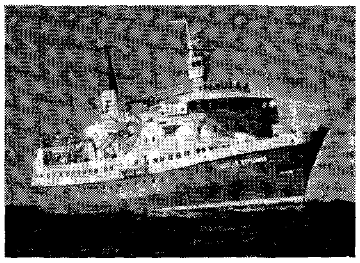

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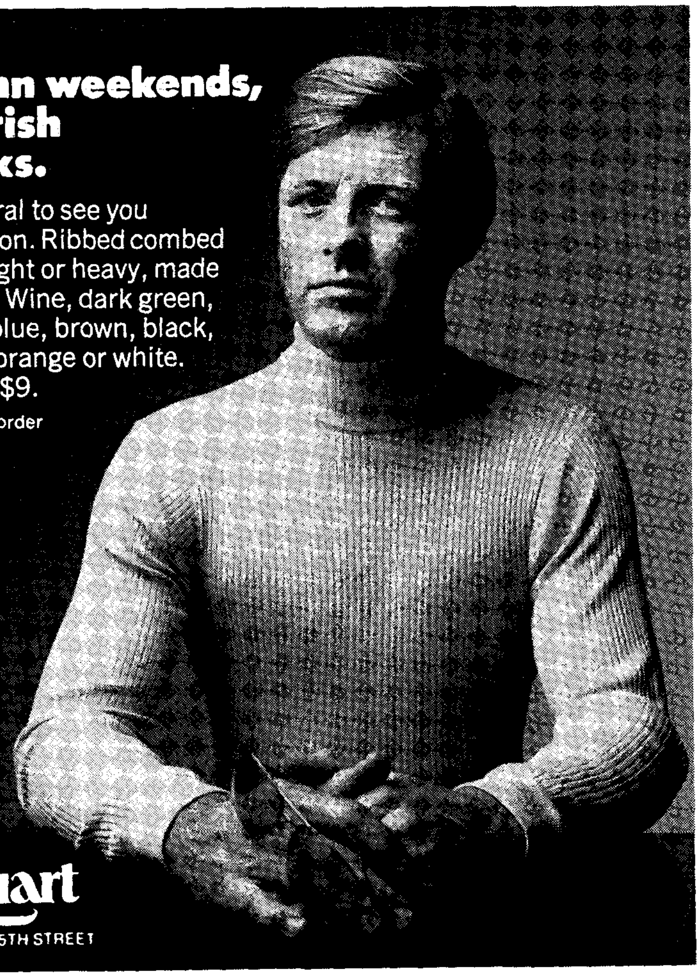

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that he much regretted the passing of the days when stately files of Maasai raiders in black ostrich plumes and lion headdress, spear points gleaming, crossed the plains without a sidewise glance. He has read virtually all of the early accounts of white men in East Africa—the missionary explorers like Krapf and Rebmann, who first saw the snow peaks of Kenya and Kilimanjaro, and Livingstone and Speke and Burton, who explored the lakes, and Joseph Thomson, the first European to traverse Maasai Land, in 1883, and Count Teleki, who discovered Lake Rudolf, and the ivory hunters, such as Frederick Selous and Arthur Neumann and Karamoja Bell, who were of necessity explorers, too. The time of the hunter-explorers was coming to an end in 1909, when the cousins Hill, who had settled on the Kapiti Plains southeast of Nairobi, let Theodore Roosevelt hunt lions in this country and became the first of the white hunters. Selous, who escorted Roosevelt (and who died a few years later in the German wars in Tanganyika), was the last of the great hunters of the nineteenth century, and those who came after, like John A. Hunter, began their careers as meat hunters for the Mombasa railroad, or in game control. By the nineteen-twenties, Hunter and Philip Percival, whose brother Blayney was the first game warden in the Kenya Colony, were the most renowned of the white hunters, whose small number included Percival's partner, Baron Bror von Blixen, and also the Baron's estranged wife's lover, Denys Finch-Hatton. (He became the hero of "Out of Africa," which the Baroness wrote under the pen name Isak Dinesen.)

Turner was raised in the Kenya Highlands, and for many years worked with game control, killing animals for the farmers of Mount Kenya; he reckoned that he shot seven hundred buffalo. In 1949, he was offered a job by the Ker & Downey safari company as a white hunter, and travelled all over East Africa. He recalled a mid-morning encounter outside the Norfolk Hotel, in Nairobi, with Ernest Hemingway, whose work he much admires. "Hemingway was a friend of my clients', and invited me into the bar for a drink. I told him thanks very much but I hadn't finished up—we were going off on safari, you see." Hemingway was very offended. "Any man who doesn't drink with me fights with me," the great man told him. Eventually, Turner married a girl who worked at Ker & Downey, and in this period, like many hunters before him, he turned

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from hunting to protection of the game. "I was sick of killing animals," he told me. "Thought I'd try a bit of the other side." He was then thirty-five, which John Owen, the former director of the Tanzania parks, considers to be the age when most men outgrow shooting big animals. As a district commissioner in the south Sudan, Owen himself killed a good number of elephants, and he is not shy about it in the least; he says that the present trend toward photographing animals instead of shooting them is like flirting instead of making it—there bloody well ought to be a certain risk involved.

Most professionals agree that a hunter who takes no risk is no hunter at all. Yet they also agree that in the modern hunting safari there is virtually *no risk to anyone but the professional*, who may have less to fear from the wild animals than from his clients. A story is told of one of the Greek shipping magnates who took with him a bodyguard of three hunters, then damaged his expensive gun by dropping it when an elephant screamed; the gun's discharge sent it skidding across the rocks, and the bullet just missed one of his guards. Latin Americans, especially, think themselves unmanly if they do not pursue their own wounded animals into dangerous situations, and one hunter told me of a Brazilian who kept firing furiously over his head as he crawled into dark bush after a wounded leopard—the hunter got it with a lucky shot at the white flare of its teeth—then refused the trophy with disdain until told that it had value, whereupon he claimed it. Another, who had wounded a lion, handed the hunter a movie camera, instructing him to film the inevitable charge and the destruction of the lion. "Don't fire," he begged, "unless he has me down." The hunter refused, on the ground that the loss of a client could mean the loss of his own license. (In the good old days, when hunters were not penalized in this way, one of their number obeyed such rash instructions to the letter, and the filmed record of his client's demise, together with his personal effects, was duly sent home to his loved ones.) Turner said he had no use for most Latin-American clients, who were notorious for killing every animal they were legally entitled to, whether they meant to take it home or not. Once, he walked out on such a safari, asking the Nairobi office to send out another hunter. Whatever one may think of hunting, there is a great difference between the true hunter and the butcher, and Turner said that killing without hunt-

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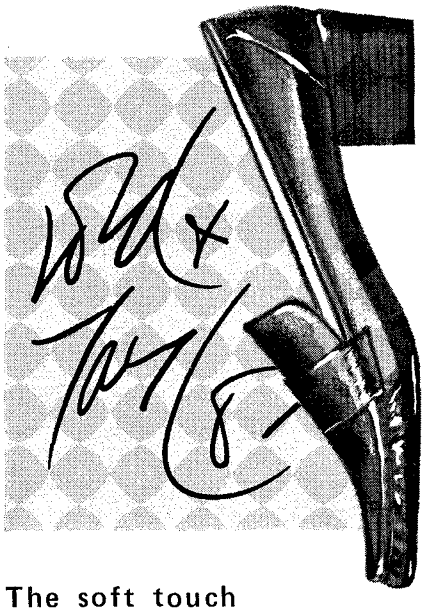

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ing, for mere souvenirs, described most of the motorized or airborne excursions that passed nowadays for the hunting safari. Also, the professional hunters were no longer a small band of colorful adventurers, as they were in the early days, when Fritz Schindelar, riding a white horse, risked and received a fatal attack from a charging lion. In Turner's time as a hunter, after the Second World War, there were eighteen hunters in East Africa; today, he said, sixty or seventy were licensed, and their numbers were increasing as the animals declined.

A COLD night wind off the Gol whipped the steep walls of Ngata Kiti, and by morning this wind had shifted into the northeast. "Dry-weather wind," Turner muttered, sipping tea at the morning fire. "Blows the dhows south from Arabia." Though it is generally erratic, the northeast monsoon blows from late October or November through February; the southeast monsoon blows the rest of the year. From July to October, the land dries to tinder, and the dry wind keeps everyone in a bad temper: black man and white actually *grin*, says Turner, at the first sign of the rains.

Leaving camp and the truck behind, we went eastward down Ngata Kiti in the Land Rover, taking along a driver and two rangers. Animals were scarce, and became scarcer. A hyena in the distance had this region to itself, to judge from the number of ungnawed bones along the way. The valley was much rougher than expected, and two hard hours passed before we came onto a rise that descended to the Salei Plain. To the south, in a kingdom of black rains, the Crater Highlands mounted toward the rim of Ngorongoro Crater, thirty miles away. Northeast was the rim of the Rift escarpment, and beyond it and far below lay great lonely Lake Natron, stretching north to the Kenya border. Straight ahead, lost in the clouds, Lengai rose nearly ten thousand feet from the Rift Valley floor.

Slowly, the Land Rover lurched down onto the Salei, which forms a broad ledge between the Gol and the brink of the escarpment. The Salei is a bitter place of tussock and coarse bush which rises from the gray cindery soil of the volcanoes, and for a time it seemed that all creatures here were solitary—one hyena, one giraffe, a rhino—as if only here, in this land too poor to support predators, such outcast animals could survive. The big coarse grass, too high to walk through with

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impunity, hid stones that could gut a car, and progress, which had been slow all morning, became slower still. In eleven hours of lurching and jarring, with one half-hour stop, we were to travel less than eighty miles.

Once, our route crossed an old track of the Somali traders who make their way to the Sonjo villages that overlook Lake Natron; the most popular product sold is Sloan's Liniment, which is taken internally as a beverage and nostrum. The Sonjo are a xenophobic tribe of Bantu-speakers who defend an enclave in this remote corner of Maasai Land. Like many eastern Bantu groups of the hill regions, they have a strong Caucasoid admixture in their blood from the Hamitic tillers they displaced, and the average Sonjo is lighter in color than the Maasai. With the digging stick that is their only tool, they practice irrigation farming, eked out by raising goats and poaching. Maasai still raid their outlying camps, and the Sonjo construct fortified villages and fend off attacks with poisoned arrows. Today, the six villages still existing are built on the escarpment slopes on this west side of Lake Natron, and all overlook Lengai, which, with the Maasai, the Sonjo consider to be the Mountain of God.

The Land Rover groaned on through a thickening heat, but the rim of the escarpment kept retreating; each ridge disclosed new gullies and rough broken ground. Up one gully that deflected us off to the north came a lone Maasai, with a few cattle; he disdained to show surprise at meeting a vehicle in this waste where no vehicle, it seems certain, had ever been before. In his faded red toga, face a mask, the only human figure that was seen on the safari to the Gol Mountains scarcely turned to watch us pass. On a journey, the Maasai say, if a man is met who walks alone, the journey will be unsuccessful, and so it proved this day.

Lengai, though shrouded, was a heavy presence in the sky. Lost bands of kongoni and gazelle wandered down out of the highland clouds, waited for everything and nothing on the edges of the cinder plain, and on a rise stood a stone oryx with one horn. The horn was long and straight and ringed; here was the unicorn. The beisa oryx is a strong gray antelope, wary and quick and spirited; oryx have been known to kill attacking lions. This one, given sudden life, went off at a fast trot. Far down the slope, its herds were already moving at our approach. Turner said that in this region, where the animal is rare and

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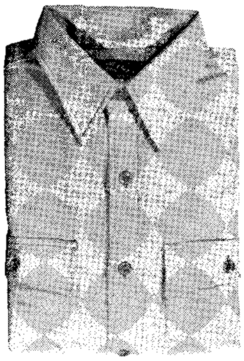

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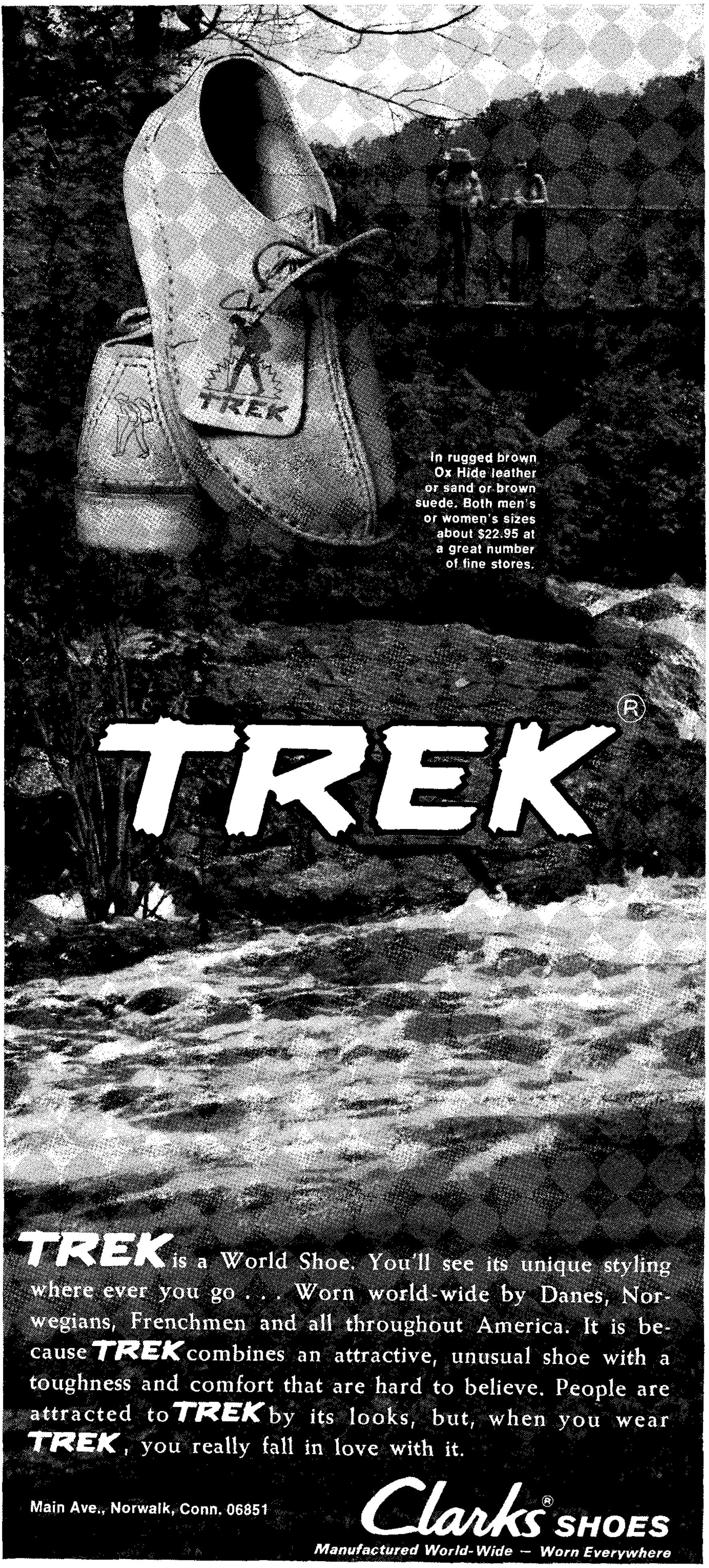
wild, the hunter who kills an oryx usually earns it. On the level ground, the game trails radiated out in cracks from the dry water holes. Near one hole, a dead zebra, still intact, had drawn a horde of griffons from the sky. The zebra did not look diseased, and we searched it for signs of Sonjo arrows, but there was nothing; it had merely died. Straightening up, black men and white stood stunned beneath a leaden firmament, awaiting impulse; there was no sound but our own boots on the cinders. At midday, the Mountain of God loomed through the clouds and again vanished. Heat and silence became one. Adding their silence to the silence, the griffons waited.

The Land Rover retreated westward, toward the east face of the Gol. A band of green lined the bases of these cliffs, where the rare rains came down out of the mountains, and plains game stood expectant in the low, still woods. Under the cliffs was a Somali track, headed south toward the mouth of Ngata Kiti, where we climbed out of the Salei in late afternoon. Soon the air was cool, and we paused on the slope, gazing back toward Lengai, which had emerged into full view to watch us go. The Mountain of God is a magnificent pure cone, a true mythic volcano, shrouded in pale ash so fine that it mists into the canopies of clouds, making the whole mountain an illusion.

Now the sun appeared, and the air dried; the pale tones of Ngata Kiti came to life. Round-haunched zebra stood, tails blowing, on a round curve of a hill, each wild horse in silhouette against the sky. A cheetah appeared, and then two more, moving westward up the valley; the animal survives in such dry country on moisture in the body of its prey. The walk of lions is low-slung and easy, and leopards move like snakes, striking and coiling; the cheetah's walk looks stiff and deadly, as if it were bent on revenge. The three cats were travelling, not hunting, and did not look back.

THE next morning, Turner wished to show me an enormous fig tree that stands by itself far off beyond Barafu Kopjes. These hard plains are bare and bony, with only a whisper of grass, yet the animals keep to the ridges, where the grass is shortest. In a tilted world, the wildebeest went streaming down the sky, black tail tassels hung on the wind behind—all but a solitary bull, thin-ribbed and rag-tailed, old beard blowing. Perhaps he felt his death upon him, for our intru-



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sion seemed of no concern to him. Soon he had the whole sky to himself.

The giant fig, which looked like a small grove in the distance, is at least as old as man's recorded history on this plain. Its spread is not less than a hundred and fifty feet, the size of six ordinary figs, and it is a tree of life. Cape rooks, kestrels, owls, and the shy brown-chested cuckoo were in residence, and none would willingly leave the tree, because there were no other trees for miles around. One owl that moved onto a nearby rock was punished by the kestrels; at each blow from above, it shifted its feet and shuffled its loose feathers. The tree had a Maasai hearth built into its thick base, and a flat stone near at hand for sharpening spear blades. One day, I would like to sit under this tree that has drawn so much fat wood and so many fleshy leaves out of near desert and stare for a week or more into the emptiness. One understands why the monumental trees of Africa, figs and baobabs especially, take on a religious aura; they are thought to symbolize the sacred mountains, and the old ways of close kinship with the earth and rain, nature and God. The tree where man was born, according to the Nuer, still stood within man's memory in the western part of the south Sudan, and I imagine a great baobab thrust up like an old root of life in those wild grasses that blow forever to the horizons.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

•

INVARIABLE COMMENTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE

[*From an article in Industrial Japan*]

The first words that are uttered by any foreigner who visits Japan after a lapse of 20 years are always the same. The invariable comment goes something like this:

"It is a wonder how Japan has been able to build economic prosperity out of that widespread rubble of 20 years ago. It's almost unbelievable for anyone who is familiar with the conditions that existed in Japan in the immediate post-war years. Japan is the phoenix of the 20th Century."

•

He ate the porridge rapidly with a broad wooden spoon which forced his mouth wide open, wound up his pocket watch, put on his belt, greatcoat, binoculars, and then stopped to think: where ought he to go?—*From "August 1914," by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, translated by Michael Glenny, in Life.*

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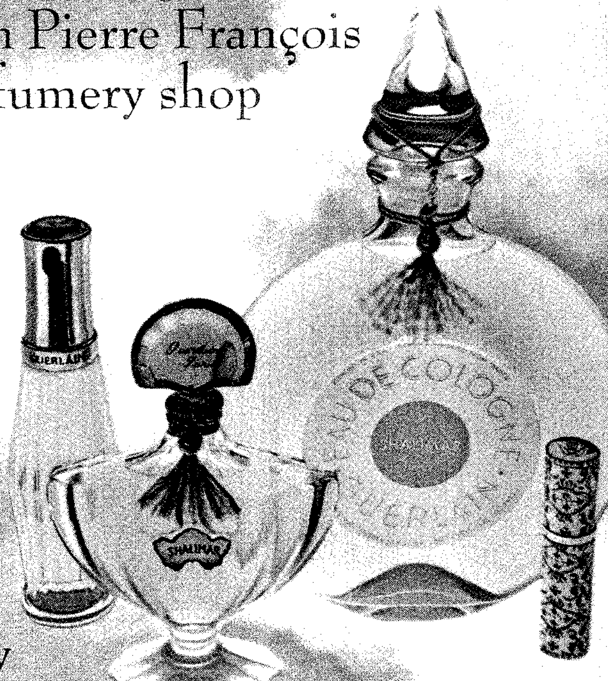
Or perhaps what makes Shalimar Shalimar is the legendary love story that was its inspiration. The love story of a Shah who was so enraptured by his mistress that he built the lovely Gardens of Shalimar as their special place of rendezvous.



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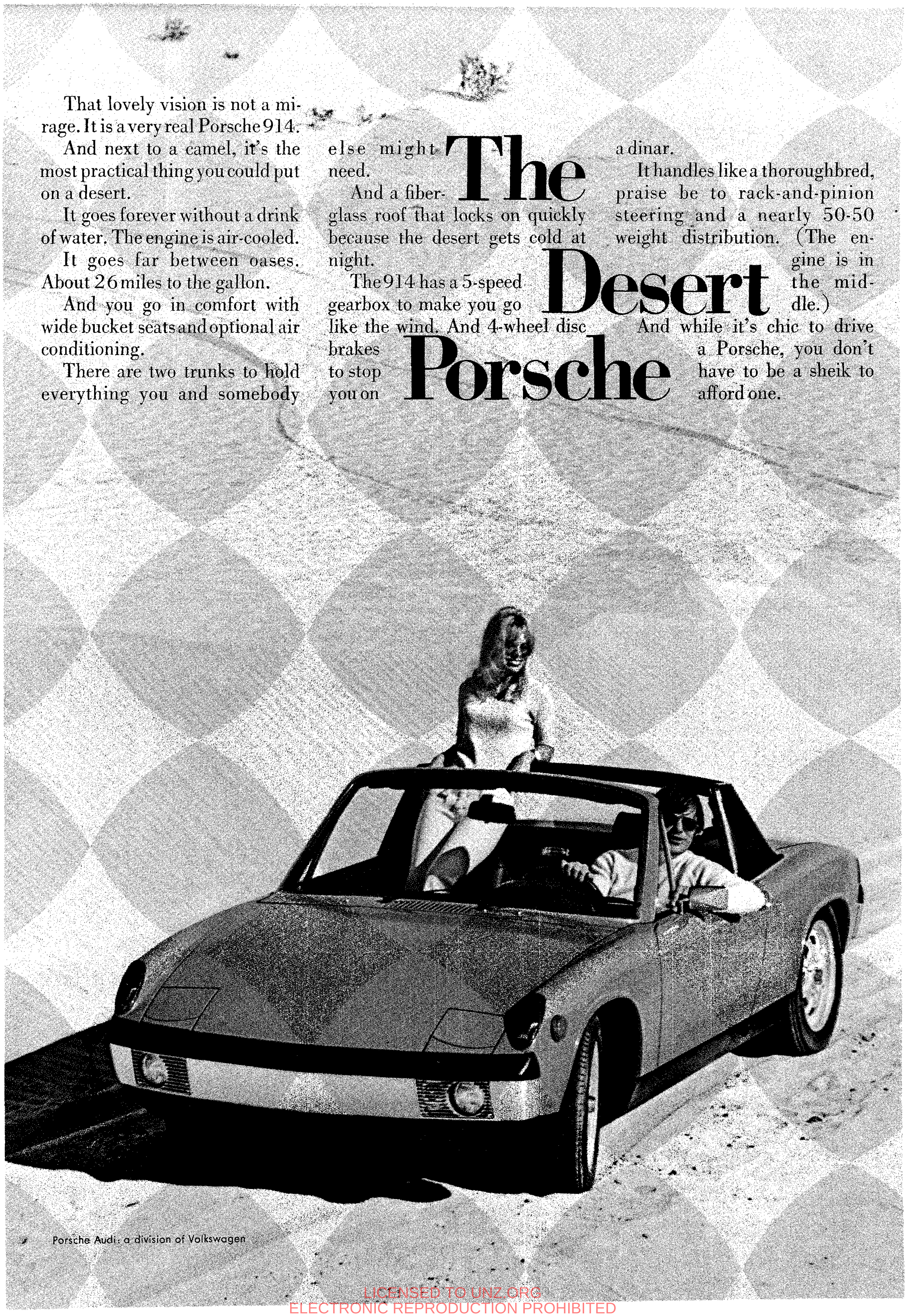

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Centripetal Butler

PUBLIC: Nice to put my feet up.

BUTLER: Must have been dangling for hours if you've been at Peter Medak's "The Ruling Class." That's what I call one of your long films.

PUBLIC: They seem to be getting longer these days. I daresay it means I'm growing older.

BUTLER: No, it means the age is growing older.

PUBLIC: Your face is familiar.

BUTLER: I'm the butler in "The Ruling Class." You can't have an English high-class film, satirical or not, without a butler. Peter Barnes tried his best, I'll be bound, but he couldn't do without me.

PUBLIC: Peter Barnes?

BUTLER: He wrote it. But he couldn't keep me out. I stole the show.

PUBLIC: I beg your pardon, but how do you know?

BUTLER: I'm the village cricket. Critic. We also got a drama critic and a telly critic and a radio critic and an employer critic (that means a critic of employers) and a dog critic (that's a critic of dogs) and then someone to take our minds off critics.

PUBLIC: You reminded me of Dr. Dolittle. The doctor that Hugh Lofting drew in the books, not the one in the film.

BUTLER: Thank you, sir.

PUBLIC: What's your real name?

BUTLER: Arthur Lowe.

PUBLIC: Never heard of you.

BUTLER: People never have. You work your guts out as a character actor, but you might as well be a halberd in Shakespeare. The main thing is I'm sensible, sir. I'm a Communist Party member. You've got to have someone sensible around when the whole film is full of God's nobility who underpay you for forty years and who hare around stark raving mad.

PUBLIC: You mean to say you haven't been decently paid by the Gurney family for *forty years?* When they're living in that whacking great awful eighteen-thirties mansion? To think of what it must cost to keep up! The lawns alone! The hot water! Lady Claire doesn't do without her hot water, I'll be bound, though I daresay the Bishop—Alastair Sim—is considerate with his washing.

BUTLER: Neat but not gaudy, the Bishop.

PUBLIC: He keeps up a spruce appearance, but I expect that's due to you. I took particular notice of the careful ironing of the Thirteenth Earl's ballet skirt in the film. A lovely job, I thought.

BUTLER: Thank you, sir. We used to keep Mondays for the silver, and Tuesdays for His Lordship's ironing, and Wednesdays for any chauffeuring required of us in the course of our duties. Wednesday was always a very heavy day at the Law Courts, and it was also His Lordship's day for the House of Lords, earning the pittance they hand out to a peer for travelling to sit through a day of codswallop, a *so-called* pittance which Their Lordships are always beefing about but which would keep a miner's family in baked beans for a week, if you ask me.

PUBLIC: When you say "us" about the ironing and the silver, you mean you?

BUTLER: In the kitchen quarters, there's just the one of us.

PUBLIC: And they forget to pay you a mingy few quid a week?

BUTLER: It's not their fault. They're just off their noodles. You take your Thirteenth Earl, for example. That's Harry Andrews, isn't it? He was one of the most cuckoo, Her Majesty's Judge or not. Speaking as a critic, I thought he acquitted himself very nicely in the picture, considering he had just the one scene in his bedroom after a long day in court, when he had to dress up in his combinations and a military jacket and a ballet skirt. It was a terrible shock to the system—*my* system—to come in with a whiskey-and-soda and find him swinging dead from the ceiling. Macabre, I call it.

PUBLIC: I didn't quite get the point of that. Was it to imply that there was anything odd about His Lordship?

BUTLER: No, not what you'd call odd. A bit lonely, I daresay. But I think the film was trying to tell us that the House of Lords isn't quite sure where it stands, so to speak. India being gone, and all that.

PUBLIC: You're speaking in your capacity as the village critic, not as the butler.

BUTLER: Yes, sir.

PUBLIC: Now, speaking as a butler—

BUTLER: And then there's his half-dotty half brother Sir Charles, who's rotted with jealousy; he was played by William Mervyn, and you couldn't fault him. And Sir Charles' blessed Lady Claire—that was Coral Browne,

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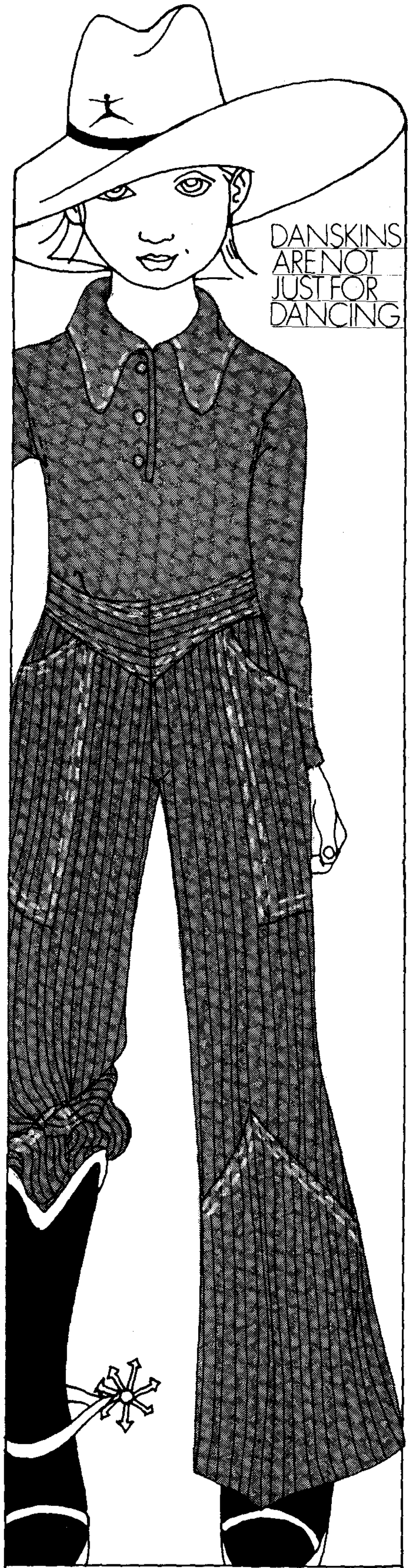
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very beautiful and acid. No one better at parts of that sort. Speaks like a pair of garden secateurs, and I wouldn't care to be a privet hedge in *her* arm's reach, I can tell you. And then there's the Bishop. Everyone in the family yelling "Oh, Bertie!" at him all the time. I always remember His Grace when he was a little boy. He seemed to be losing his way in sentences even in those days, even when he was just asking for a crumpet. "Can I have a, er, can I, can I have a crumpet, please?" Completely lost his way in the middle of six words, if you include the "please." He never seemed to know where to turn. He always put me in mind of a canary that's just had the cloth pulled off its cage. All flustered. I've got a soft spot for the Bishop. He's a man of principle. He keeps his purple things beautifully. Never a spot on them. You remember how he refused to marry his balmy nephew the Fourteenth Earl to the girl who said she was Marguerite Gautier?

PUBLIC: The Fourteenth Earl was the Peter O'Toole character. The one who was a paranoid schizophrenic.

BUTLER: Lovely reddish-blond locks, just like when he was four.

PUBLIC: Perhaps that's why the Bishop refused to conduct the ceremony, if he's the man of principle you say—if the Fourteenth Earl was a paranoid schizophrenic.

BUTLER: It wasn't because His Lordship was bonkers. It was because the marriage was to be between Advent Sunday and eight days after Epiphany, and His Grace has a rule about that.

PUBLIC: I didn't understand how a man like the Fourteenth Earl, who thought he was God and called himself J. C., could marry the Lady of the Camellias.

BUTLER: Speaking as a butler, I can't say, I'm sure. Speaking as a critic, I should cite it as an example of the film's laying it on a bit thick.

PUBLIC: I thought the whole film did that.

BUTLER: Of course, if you're a member of the family you look at things differently. I cherish a very great affection for His Lordship the loony Earl. He always saw to it that I was all right.

PUBLIC: I remember the trouble you took about his effects when he came back from the asylum. Looking after his cross, done up in sacking.

BUTLER: He needed it for his recreation. Other people has their hunting and their criticism. He liked to hang there for a few hours a day, seeing as how he was the Lord Jesus. It was only natural.

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Public: All right, I swallowed that. Peter Medak got me to swallow whales, because he organized and cast the film so well, but I couldn't take the "Varsity Drag" scene. J. C. in his white suit suddenly behaving as if he were in a Cambridge show in the twenties, and *singing*. Oh dear, the pre-synching.

Butler: He never looked more handsome. You could tell he'd gone through a lot. "Lord Jim" must have taken everything out of him, and that "Lawrence of Arabia." Years and years of looking out of the side of the frame at nothing in particular with his lovely blue eyes. Those were two of your longer films, and I thought they lacked something, speaking personally.

Public: Such a terrific actor in his juvenile days.

Butler: Well, sir, I thought he gave of his best in this film. Very nice it was, and touching, especially the piece in the garden with his bride, when he was doing the bit with the conjurer's row of different-colored handkerchiefs. There were a lot of people there in the place who were wanting to give him the boot. They were trying to commit him to the loony bin after they'd married him off to his Marguerite Gautier woman and got them to have a son and heir. But the Fourteenth Earl had his head screwed on, that one. More sense than anyone there, even if he was stuck on religion. He went down fighting. Mustn't give them cause, either the Fourteenth Earl or myself, he thought. If you ask me, the house was against us both. You never saw such a sad occasion as his nuptials. Even the balloons looked down-in-the-mouth, and hardly anyone there. Only the family, wanting his guts for garters. When I think of the wedding of the former Earl . . . Five hundred guests, there were. Drunken nobility all over the place.

Public: Well, I admired the Fourteenth Earl's stamina, but I didn't quite see the author's point about his change of heart from a religious fanatic to a backwoods peer.

Butler: Oh, sir, I should have thought it was all too obvious. The psychiatrist says he's cured, am I right? The Earl takes his seat in the Lords, am I right? Tears spring to your eyes at the tradition, am I right? And he makes his maiden speech in his velvet and ermine, and his poor dear mind has collapsed under the strain, and he's turned into a raving Tory carrying on about foreigners and law and order, and everyone thinks he's dead sane. It's what they call irony.

Public: But how many peers are

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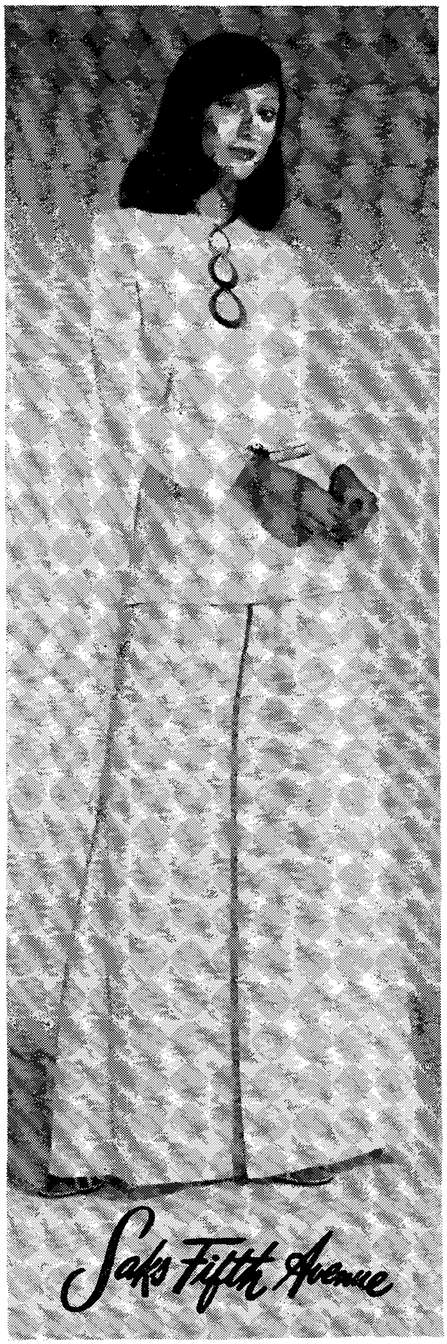

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there? What sort of a target is that?

BUTLER: Well, you got your Enoch Powell, haven't you, and you got your right-wing trades-union lot, and you got your new managerial classes, and you got your *Daily Express* readers, and you got your ladies who want to bring back the stocks. It all adds up.

PUBLIC: It doesn't add up to a very human film.

BUTLER: No, I grant you that. A bit exaggerated, I thought, though everyone took their parts nicely. It put me in mind of something written by someone who doesn't care much about England. Of course, the same gumption that made us lead the way in inventing national types like this and dramatizing them now keeps us busy picking them to pieces. But it's a bit of a comedown from Shaw and Wilde, you have to admit.

PUBLIC: Picking things to pieces appeals to the barbarous English sense of humor.

BUTLER: Irish in those cases.

PUBLIC: Don't be picky. Barbarous was the point I was making.

BUTLER: I always found it quite a gentle sense of humor.

PUBLIC: And, on the other hand, England's keen common sense and appreciation of reality—

BUTLER: Nation of shopkeepers. But, as I say, I always found the English quite gentle.

PUBLIC: The family left you without decent wages for *forty years*?

BUTLER: They wouldn't have seen me actually go short of anything. Except Lady Claire.

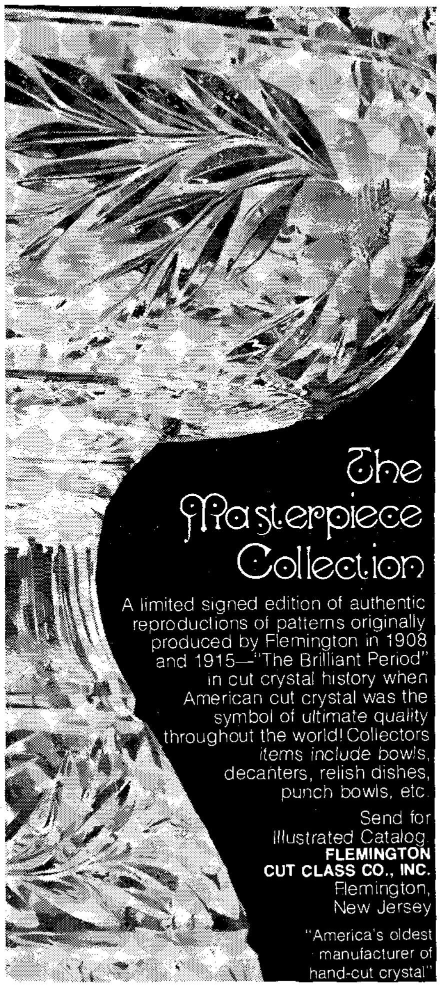
PUBLIC: Their blackguardism and irredeemable worthlessness—

BUTLER: They'd just forgotten. The film's about putting something out of your mind, like forgetting about an heir you've sent batty by pushing him off to a boarding school like a Trappist monastery when he's eleven, or forgetting about a lonely judge committing suicide by accident in a tutu in his bedroom when he's due to appear in ceremonial robes at a murder trial the next morning, or forgetting about my wages. Very chilly, the whole business, that's what the film says. The English toffs put the nice German psychiatrist played by Michael Bryant into a melancholic depression. He has to be given shock treatment.

PUBLIC: So it was all true to life, as they say.

BUTLER: Oh, yes. It only seemed overdone because Peter Barnes didn't like many of the characters in the film.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT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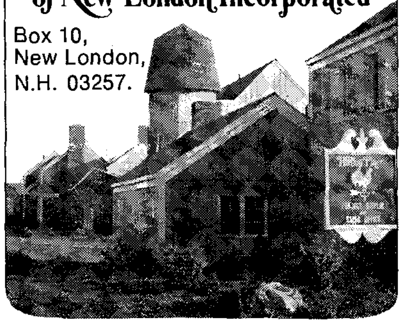

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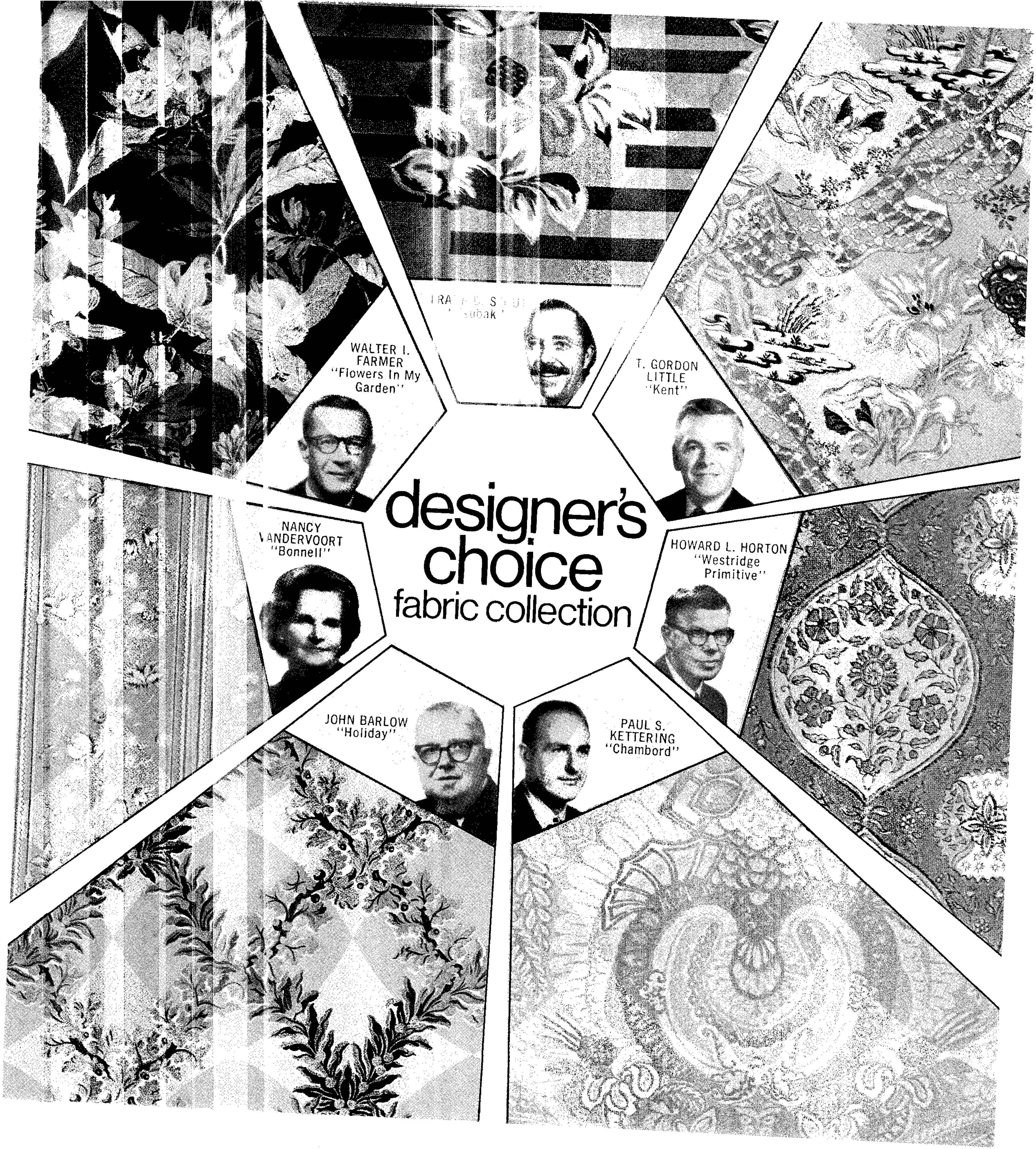
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"Do you think I'll ever grow up to be a Green Giant?" asked the Sprout.

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"Let's just say you've got a long way to go."

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Good things from the garden

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE SOUND OF THE FUTURE

8:22 A.M.: *The first sonic boom of the day, like the clap of a giant's hands.*

BORON is the sort of California desert town one can drive through without even being aware of it. The buildings are mostly small and square, scattered widely across the flat desert terrain and crouched low against the heat and the occasionally vicious wind. There are welcoming signs at the eastern and western ends of town, the center of which stretches about half a mile along both sides of a thoroughfare that for many years was Highway 58, but now, with the state road rerouted, is called Twenty Mule Team Road. In any case, motorists tend to keep on going, because passing through Boron doesn't slow them down as much as it ought to (the speed limit in the middle of town is thirty-five) and the place has an inhospitably empty look. The road is lined with signboards, gas stations, motels, trailer parks, abandoned shacks, and vacant lots, and the land itself is resolutely flat and mostly treeless. The best residential part of town, a section of one-story ranch houses scattered along a ridge called Park Knolls, is well hidden from the highway, and only a small shopping center, on the north side of the road, testifies to the presence of a fairly sizable civilized community.

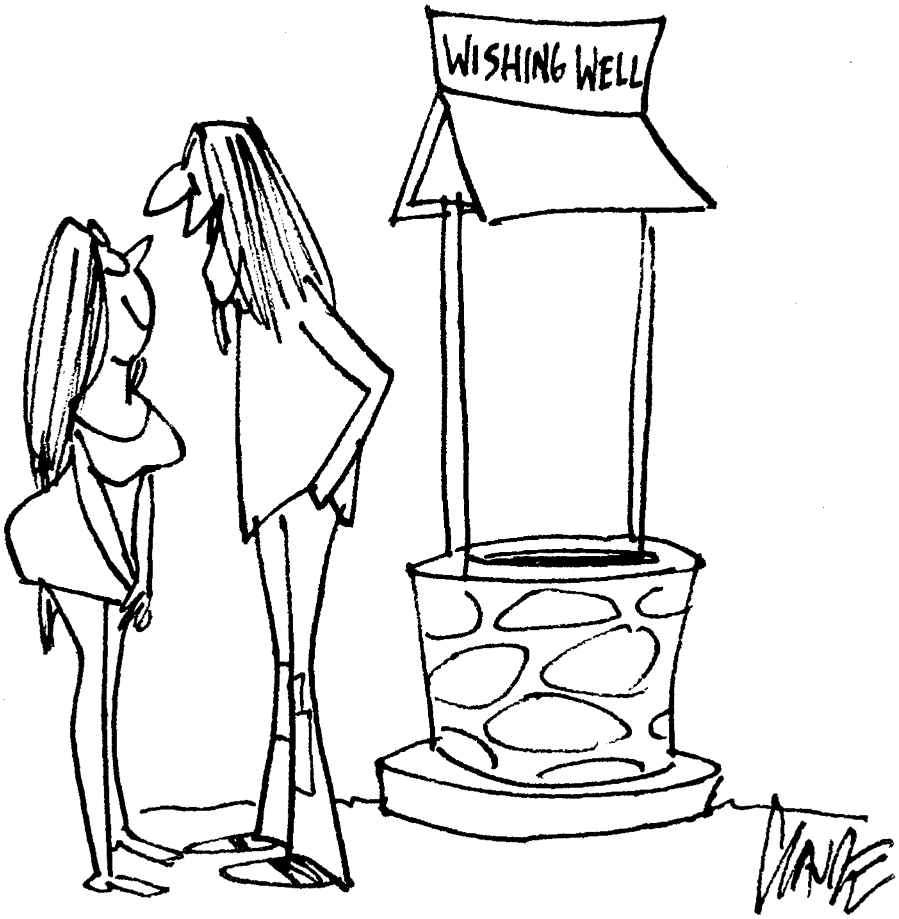
Originally a mining town started by the United States Borax & Chemical Corporation, Boron has been in existence since 1926. It is situated in the western part of the Mojave Desert, about a hundred and thirty-five miles northeast of Los Angeles; it is at an altitude of about twenty-five hundred feet; and today it claims a population of nearly forty-five hundred. Though it is still an unincorporated community, it has its own schools and hospital, a small park, an honorary mayor, and, most important, an aggressive Chamber of Commerce, which makes much of the fact that Boron is "the borax capital of the world." (Boron is the name of the element that occurs in all borates.)

9:20 A.M.: *The second sonic boom, a mighty pistol shot that rattles the bathroom shelves of my motel room.*

A HUGE open-pit mine that U.S. Borax operates a couple of miles north of town employs some nine hundred people, most of them residents of Boron, and the welfare of the community depends largely on the continued success of the mining operation. ("Twenty Mule Team" refers to the fact that gigantic wagons drawn by twenty mules were once used to transport borax.) The chemical compound known as borax, when it is refined into a pure state, is used in hundreds of products and is increasingly in demand. Experts have estimated that the mine, which currently produces about sixty per cent of the non-Communist world's borax, won't be exhausted for forty to sixty years, so the townspeople are not worrying much about the near future. Beyond this, there is now a feeling that the town has acquired an identity of its own and that it would survive even if the mine were for some reason to close down. "A lot of us are here not because of the mine but because of the clear desert air and the open life," a young grocery clerk informed me. "Of course, when things go wrong at the mine, like during a strike they had out there four years ago, the whole town's bothered by it. That's natural. But it don't scare us none. There are other things to do in this town. A lot of people work at the airbase."

10:03 *and* 10:30 A.M.: *The third and fourth sonic booms, solid blasts that cause several dogs to start barking.*

JUST a few miles southwest of the town, across the tracks of the Santa Fe Railroad, which parallel the highway, is Edwards Air Force Base, with its own residential community, of about ten thousand people. The base is enormous, sprawling over some three hundred thousand acres of the Mojave Desert and including two dry lake beds ideal for runways. The largest of these, Rogers Dry Lake, was used by the military as early as 1933, when the Army Air Corps laid out and maintained a bombing range on it. Eventually, the place became a center for bombing and gunnery training—a use that continued through the Second World War. Beginning in 1942, another part of the lake was used to test our first military jet, the XP-59A. "As tests of the XP-59A progressed, it became apparent that the location was ideal for testing aircraft," the official history of the base reads. "In addition to a climate assuring 350-day-a-year flying weather, the dry lake was a



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Edwards ultimately became the permanent home of the Air Force Flight Test Center, which tests nearly all of the Air Force's new planes. These take off from, and land on, a fifteen-thousand-foot man-made runway—one of the world's longest—and also make use of thirteen natural runways that crisscross Rogers Dry Lake, a dumbbell-shaped forty-four square miles of sun-hardened, wind-smoothed surface. It was here, on October 14, 1947, that Captain Charles E. Yeager first broke the sound barrier, in a Bell X-1 experimental rocket plane.

10:45, 10:50, *and* 10:55 A.M.: *The fifth, sixth, and seventh sonic booms, separate but distant explosions, unnoticed by anyone except me.*

CAPTAIN YEAGER's experiments in the Bell X-1 presaged the development of a whole series of complex new aircraft, including supersonic fighters; jet bombers, like the B-52; and slower, highly specialized craft, like the VTOLs—airplanes that take off and land vertically. Rocket planes, like the X-15, have soared to unbelievable heights (the official record is 59.6 miles, but one plane has climbed seven and a half miles higher than that) and flown well over four thousand miles per hour. Currently being tested are the A-9 and the A-10, two close-combat-support airplanes, and the F-15, a fighter that flies at twice the speed of sound. In addition to military planes, the Test Center makes its facilities available for a fee to private companies with government sponsorship. Such commercial aircraft as the Boeing 707 and 747, the Douglas DC-9, and the Lockheed TriStar have all been tried out at Edwards.

All this testing produces a lot of noise. Planes taking off and landing do a good deal of shrieking and roaring. When they fly too low, the whistle of their engines can become deafening to anyone directly beneath them. At Edwards, the shrieking, roaring, and whistling have been going on all day long. It wasn't until the early nineteen-fifties, however, that the noise at Edwards began to affect the quality of life in Boron; this happened when the Air Force's jets began routinely breaking the sound barrier, thus causing the sonic booms that have since become a familiar feature of American life. The Test Center's supersonic flights take place in one continuous restricted air corridor stretching from the Colorado

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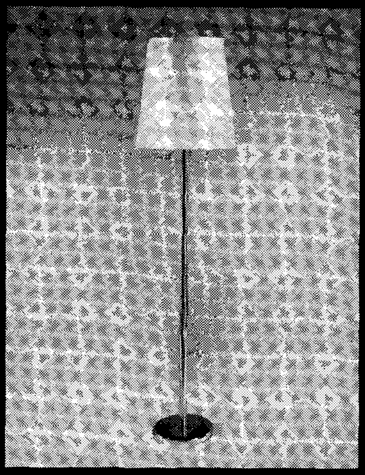

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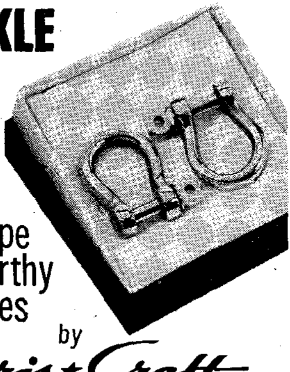

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River in the east to Mount Pinos, in the Tehachapi Mountains, to the west. The corridor begins at thirty thousand feet and soars upward to an unlimited height. It is two hundred and thirteen miles long and about eleven and a half miles wide. Its center passes directly over the town of Boron.

12 NOON: *Three short blasts from the U.S. Borax mine, causing a cloud of red dust to soar into the air.*

UNTIL the coming of the sonic boom, the only explosions that residents of Boron had had to put up with on a day-to-day basis occurred at the mine. These could be anticipated, however, since they were set off usually at the same times—at noon and at 8 P.M. (Infrequently, there is also blasting at 3 P.M.) The mine blasts sound different, too. They are sometimes strong enough to shake the ground, but because they occur within the confines of the huge pit they have a dull, slightly muffled sound, like the booming of artillery. Nobody in Boron pays the slightest attention to them.

Not even the most durable Boron resident, however, can completely ignore every sonic boom. For one thing, it's impossible to predict when a sonic boom will occur and with what intensity. Local experts have taken to glancing upward from time to time, and they claim they can tell from the quality of the jet trail whether a boom will occur, and when. Everyone agrees that the very worst booms take place on slightly overcast days. Grady Moore, a shovel operator at the mine, says, "When we have little bits of clouds around here, that's when you really hear them. They go bah-BOOM-wah-wah-wah!" That kind of sound, people readily admit, will set dogs howling, start children crying, and make even old-timers jump.

12:07 P.M.: *The eighth sonic boom, catching me outdoors and making me flinch.*

ALTHOUGH the Air Force has never actually requested permission from the residents of Boron—and of adjoining communities, such as Barstow and Mojave, that are near enough to get their own share of daily explosions—to make a practice of breaking the sound barrier right over their heads, it *has* gone to a good deal of trouble to explain exactly what causes a sonic boom and why everyone should learn to put up with it. Its public-information officers periodically fan out through

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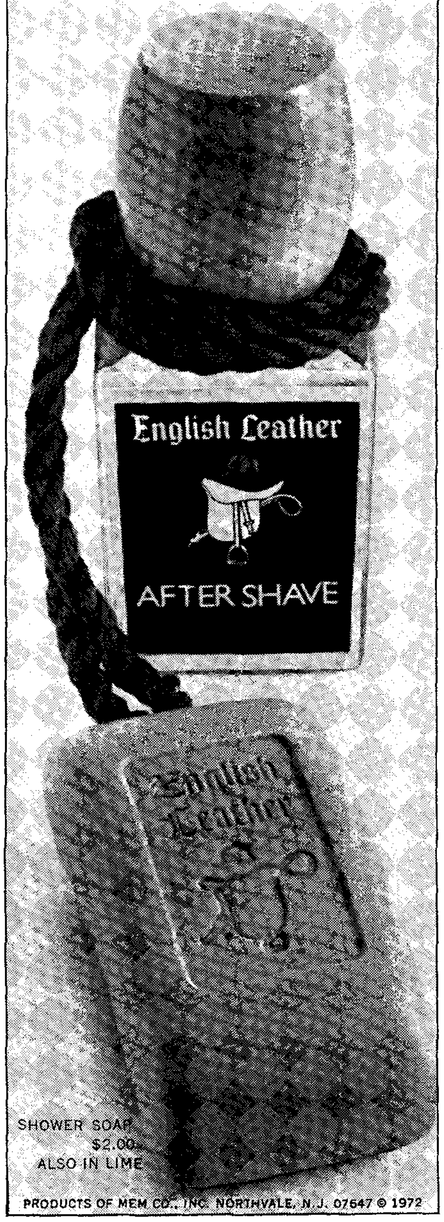

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the countryside to address meetings of Chambers of Commerce and other influential civic organizations. The sonic boom, these officers explain, is caused basically by pressure waves that the aircraft's passing sweeps backward—much as the prow of a speedboat sets up waves in the water—and that travel toward the ground at the speed of sound. No cure has yet been found, these officers tell their listeners, but the Air Force is doing everything in its power to minimize the effects of the booms by having its planes fly both at high altitudes and on paths as far removed from population centers as possible. Of course, sometimes low-level tests and flights over cities are required, the officers say, and in such cases everyone must simply be patient. As for Boron, it just happens to be tough luck that the town is situated directly beneath the supersonic corridor.

The Air Force's main argument on behalf of its testing program is that the public must be educated to understand that the sonic boom is "a necessary by-product of the mission of defending our nation." Our boys aloft, the argument goes, may have to fly anywhere in the world at a moment's notice to safeguard freedom, and the task of the Air Force is to see that they receive adequate equipment and training to do so. The lives of many Americans, it claims, may someday depend on how well the boys can do their job. If these training flights happen to take them over population centers, then people will simply have to accept that fact. When a Lockheed spy plane, the SR-71, caused a number of sonic booms over Chicago in the summer of 1967, a policeman answering complaints from the citizens put the Air Force's case most eloquently. "I tell them it is doubtful they will ever stop," he said. "It's the sound of the future. They may as well learn to live with it."

The public, alas, hasn't always responded so positively. In 1961 and 1962, when St. Louis was assaulted by the sounds of numerous B-58 Hustler bombers dumping hypothetical H-bombs on it, more than five thousand people were unpatriotic enough to complain. When another B-58 was dispatched on a round-trip coast-to-coast flight at an average speed of twelve hundred and fifteen miles per hour, its course could have been charted from the tidal wave of complaints that pursued it. During the first half of 1964, in the course of a government program to test public reactions to sonic booms, Oklahoma City was hammered with

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30	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
31	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
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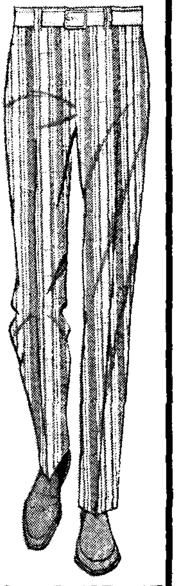

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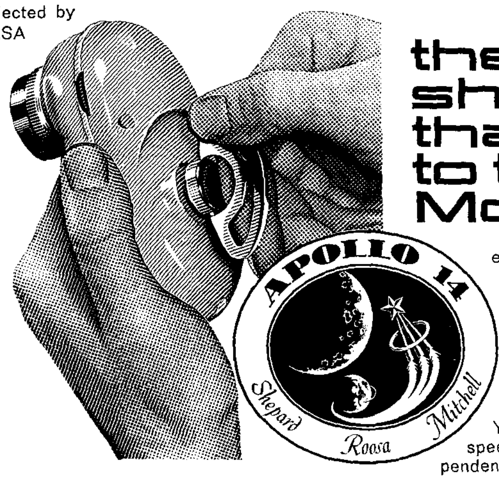
an average of eight such booms a day, and there were fifteen thousand complaints. Everywhere the Air Force has conducted supersonic flights it has aroused dismaying public opposition. One California town, Santa Barbara, has even passed a law against sonic booms, and promises to take legal action every time a pilot refuses to slow down to a safe subsonic speed while flying overhead. The American public—or a segment of it, anyway—has apparently so far refused to resign itself to the sound of the future.

12:53 P.M.: *The ninth sonic boom, rattling the silverware and making me spill my luncheon coffee.*

BORON is, for the Air Force, a gratifying exception. Despite the fact that, on an average, some four hundred flights a day take off from Edwards, and it is not unusual for the town to be rocked by twenty to thirty sonic booms between dawn and dusk, almost no one objects. On the contrary, the town makes a virtue of its affliction. "Air progress and history are made daily in the Boron area," proclaims a brochure put out by the Chamber of Commerce. Boron, it continues, ought to be called the "Boom Capital of the World."

Such enthusiasm, of course, has strong economic roots. Many of the town's residents are employed at the base or do business there, and it has been estimated that Edwards spends at least twenty-five million dollars a year in the immediate area. Everything that happens in Boron seems to be almost as closely bound up with the fortunes of the Test Center as with those of U.S. Borax. The local weekly paper, the *Enterprise*, for instance, is widely distributed at the base and carries a considerable amount of advertising of interest to servicemen and their families and civilian employees resident in the surrounding area. But the real story behind Boron's adjustment, the Air Force feels, is a triumph of both circumstance and public relations. After all, it points out, the town has been living with the sonic boom for two decades now. During all that time, the Air Force has been scrupulous about explaining locally why the sonic boom, which it likes to call "the sound of freedom," is here to stay. People can learn to adjust to nearly anything, it maintains; they shut out highway noises of all kinds, and have even been known to grow used to living next to boiler factories. In fact, the Air Force insists, people will live with anything they can



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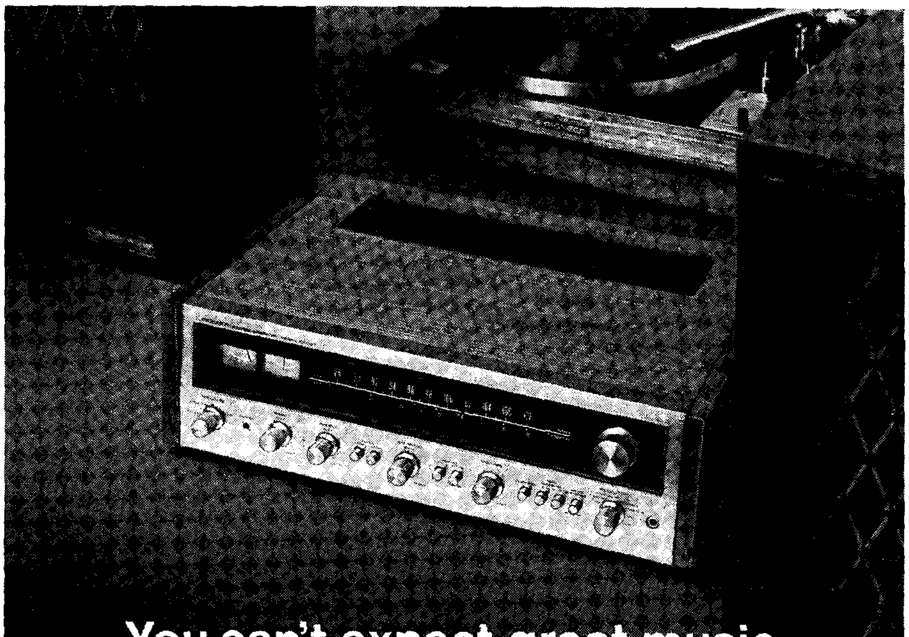

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2:21 P.M.: *From a low ridge of hills south of the town, a great burst of orange flame, noise, and black smoke rises skyward, shaking the ground for about thirty seconds.*

BORON has also learned to live with the Air Force Rocket Propulsion Laboratory, better known locally as the Edwards Rocket Site. A cluster of enormous steel towers and other buildings, the Rocket Site squats ominously on a barren elevation known as Luehman Ridge. There, in 1953, the Air Force began testing its rocket engines and propulsion systems. Contractors for NASA also use the site to test and develop engines, including the ones that have propelled our astronauts toward the moon. Unlike the flight operations, tests at the Rocket Site have often been conducted at night, and they are an awesome spectacle. "The mountains just seem to be on fire," a lady I met at Hubbard's department store informed me. "It can last up to several minutes, and it just kind of makes your teeth rattle. But you get used to it, like anything else." Tests at the site have lately become less frequent, but residents can remember a time not so long ago when they occurred every hour and continued well into the night.

2:40, 2:45, *and* 2:57 P.M.: *The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth sonic booms of the day. Each catches me in conversation and each stops me dead.*

EVERYBODY in Boron is amused by the reactions of strangers in town to the explosions from the sky. When visitors jump and ask, "What was *that*?," the experienced native, assuming an expression of saucer-eyed innocence, will answer, "What was what?" Everyone has a favorite story to tell. A waitress remembers the time a particularly resonant boom caught a tourist couple eating lunch at the Townhouse Restaurant. "The man went right to his knees and he told his wife to get under the table," she recalls. A local barber named Larry Hamilton told me, "You have to be real careful when one of them booms goes off and you have a stranger in the chair. One day, my partner was giving a newcomer in town a flattop when—boom!—he went down just as

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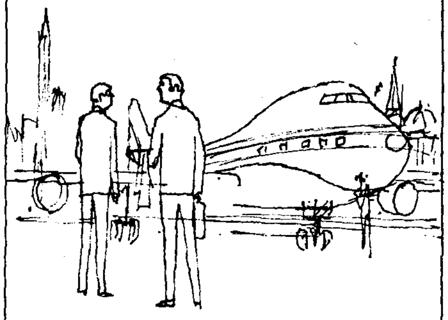

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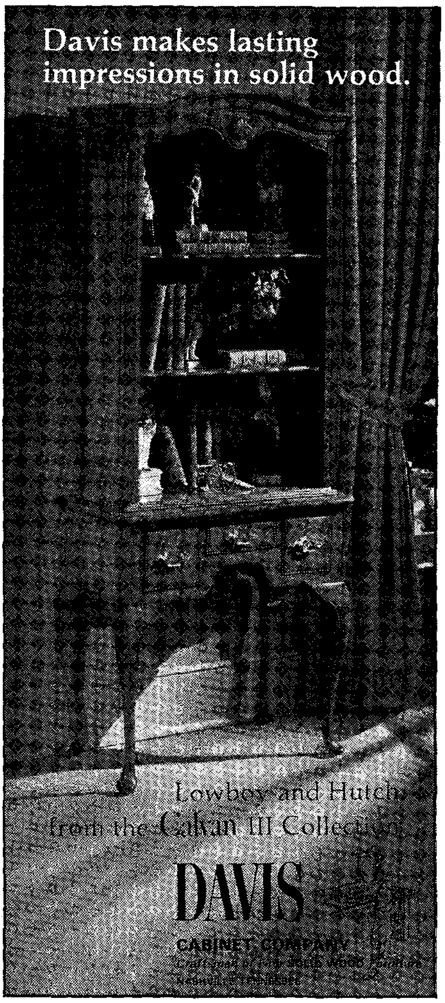
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the stranger came up. Got a nice little round hole in the top of his head. Ain't been back since."

It takes a certain amount of time for people to adjust to life in Boron, but not as much as one might imagine. Terry Lange, who served as hospital administrator in Boron, told me it took three months before he stopped shaking. "I'd heard sonic booms before, but never anything like this," he said. "After a while, though, it had to be a real loud one for me to hear it." One of the mine officials told me that on a busy day he might take notice of no more than three or four spectacular ones. "The small ones you don't hear," he says. "The intermediate ones you ignore. The good ones you jump."

Children, dogs, and visiting relatives have a harder time. Babies awakened out of a sound sleep will cry, but not for very long. Older children who are new in town have been known to refuse to play outdoors without an adult present, but they, too, eventually adapt themselves. Dogs, even native ones, often begin barking wildly, but they stop after a while. Only the relatives really suffer. "My aunt was here from Texas over the summer," Hazel Thompson, the proprietor of Hazel's Old Dish Shop, recalls. "She never did get used to it." Merrill Foutz, who until recently ran the local bank, told me that his wife's parents finally adjusted to the booms but could never get used to the rocket tests. "Of course, it's one way to keep guests from overstaying their welcome," he added.

People in Boron don't feel that the sonic booms have altered their lives in any significant way. "Oh, sure, the booms make noise, and the rockets shake the ground," says Frances Burger, who, with her husband, runs the Del-Mar Motel. "So we're either rocking or shaking. But we don't pay attention anymore." She does observe that the bottles on her spice shelf shuffle themselves about periodically. Jerri Ballinger, who runs a hardware store with her husband, claims that the noise doesn't bother her, even at night. The only thing she objects to is low-level flights directly over the town, but she wouldn't think of protesting. "Gee, I don't want to get into trouble," she said.

Her attitude is about as negative as that of a Boron citizen ever gets. Some reactions border on the enthusiastic. "It's nice to hear them booms once in a while. It breaks the monotony," Tex Fry, a contractor who has had business with Edwards, informed

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me. "It's the sound of progress," he added. "It's progress, the economy, and national defense," Bill Penn, the publisher of the *Enterprise*, told me. Sam Cassia, the honorary mayor, boasts that the booms knock the doors of his men's clothing store open from time to time, and he explained to me that outsiders often don't realize that "we're in heaven here." He said, "If we didn't hear no booms, we'd feel out of place. This town would be like a cemetery."

The average attitude is a bit more restrained, especially in regard to minor property damage caused by some of the booms. "I can take the bangs, but don't let them kid you—they damage your home," says Grady Moore. "I know they crack the plaster." Winifred Miller, of Miller's Antiques, says, "The booms keep the glassware scootin' on my shelves. Every now and then, they stop my German antique clock. One time, a plate fell off a wall and smashed everything it hit, but I guess we just have to put up with it. I just say it's progress, which I guess it is, isn't it?" Every six months, the plate-glass windows at the bank must be tightened, but Mr. Foutz insists that the booms are more desirable than Los Angeles smog. "As a whole, the townspeople really have no complaints at all," he says.

3:50 P.M.: *The thirteenth, and loudest, sonic boom, shaking the walls of Paxton's Café and causing much laughter.*

UNFORTUNATELY, some people do complain. "We have a few nuts around here who moan about things," is the way Bill Penn puts it. "There's one lady who claims her heart stops if she's facing east when the boom hits." About twenty-five claims for property damage in the area were made against the Air Force last year, though only a handful of them originated in Boron itself. Mostly, people take stock of the damage and make their own repairs. A characteristic attitude is that of Lucille Strandberg, who says that the situation is "like an ache somewhere that you learn to live with."

To even a casual observer, the damage is readily visible. All the buildings I entered, even the newest ones, had cracks in the plaster, some of them large enough to stick a finger into. Everyone can tell stories of windows blown out and of broken crockery. Nevertheless, few people even consider filing claims, primarily because it's so complicated. The Air Force has a detailed questionnaire that requires both a history of the affected building and

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data on the claimant. Few people feel like going through the procedure merely to receive a few hundred dollars in damages. Mrs. Dorothy Austin, who took the trouble to make a claim for damage to her house, and, after ten months of haggling, received an offer of a settlement considerably below her claim, maintains that most of her friends urged her to keep quiet, especially if she ever wanted to sell her house. " 'We don't want discrimination against our town,' they told me," she says. "They told me I should fix up the house and sell it quick. But where would we go? My husband's a steam engineer at the mine and has a good post here in town. So we just sit home and watch the plaster fall. We're a test here in Boron. If they put it over on us, they'll put it over everywhere."

Mrs. Austin is regarded by many of the people I talked with as slightly touched on the subject, despite the fact that her house has suffered the worst buffeting of any that I saw during my stay. Loula Mae Nichols, a close friend of hers, says that the Air Force "has got to do what it's got to do." Bill Penn says that people are naturally reluctant to bite the hand that feeds them. "Your stucco houses are going to crack anyway," says Mrs. Thompson. "And they got to do this testing somewhere. It's for national security." Mrs. Nichols says she wouldn't know about that, but she adds, "I'd hate for people to get the Air Force mad. They'd really give it to us then."

4:20 P.M.: *The fourteenth and last sonic boom of the day, sounding like the rumble of distant thunder. I hardly notice it.* —WILLIAM MURRAY

•

VOL. XXIV—THE GROTESQUE
Philip Thomson

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Emphasizing that there has been no prejudging of the various academic units of the University, Dr. Gelbaum commented that decisions will be made "only after we allow the facts to obscure the issues."

"I am wedded to the notion of high standards," he added.—*Harlan Abbey in the Buffalo Courier Express.*

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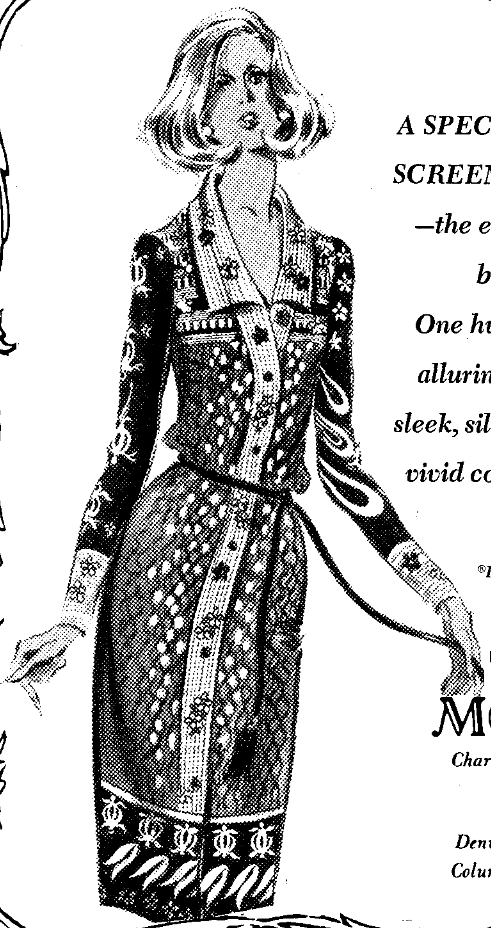

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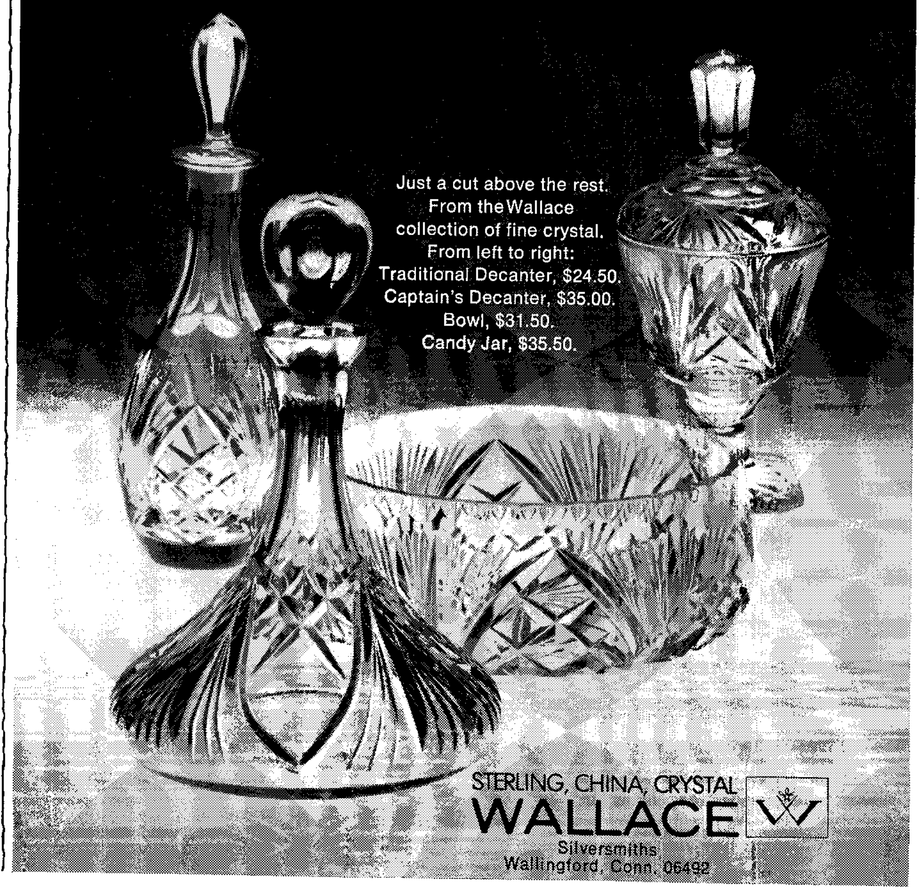

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THIS is a very good season to be moderately rich. Expensive fabrics and finishes are beginning to seem fashionable and enviable again. Luxury is ceasing to be the exclusive fief of starchy ambassadresses and try-anything night-club entertainers, and it is joining up with the plebeian practicalities of sportswear. This union is gaining new admirers of quality among the younger group who, in the natural course of things, are getting richer all the time. For designers of expensive clothes, this could have been a glorious fall. Unfortunately, many of the American couturiers have been too preoccupied with self-justification and for too long mesmerized by the prospect of an impending financial precipice to take soundings of the mood of this new and fashionable audience. What is worse, many couturiers have acquired the habit, in hard times, of cutting corners on the quality of their work. Still, there are exceptions. Halston continues firmly on course, secure in his mastery of the premise that a scrap of silk shirt, a streak of cashmere trouser, an ivory bauble, and anything made of suède can command much the same prices as ruffled brocade, diamonds, and furs. Bill Blass has cottoned on to the contemporary spirit, sporadically, in his various collections. And in two quite distinct ways two designers—Chester Weinberg and John Anthony—have found how to use that spirit to perfection.

Chester Weinberg's fall clothes (selections of which may be found at Saks, Bonwit's, Bergdorf's, Bloomingdale's, and Lord & Taylor) find inspiration in the new pale shades, and so can rely on the luxury implicit in the choice of such colors as pale pink, eggshell, and peach for a city winter. The most seductive effects—in both his couture collection and its less expensive sibling, Chester Now—are achieved by the combination of degrees of beige, cream, and ivory in one outfit and by materials of different textures. There is, for example, a generously wrapped knee-length bathrobe coat of an oatmeal-colored, gently whiskered mohair blend, made to be shrugged effortlessly over a fisherman's turtlenecked white sweater and a pair of straight-legged trousers in off-white wool jersey. Likewise for day, there are similar packages, involving dairy colors: perhaps a silk blouse, a fluffy mohair cardigan, and a pair of flawless cricket flannels. And for evening there are creamy satin pajamas, the exiguousness of whose top half may be masked occasionally by an accompanying wisp of unfastening cardigan in cream cut velvet. Or there is a shirt-collared gown of oyster crêpe, whose pleated skirt falls densely to the ground, like ripe fruit, and whose sleevelessness may be covered by a V-neck jacket of beige knit, drawn in around the waist along a narrow rolled sash that ties in a bow at the front. This gathered waist, on sweater-jackets that sometimes have a peplum below and are sometimes cropped short, is a recurrent idea in Weinberg's collection, and one that works well. It gives a woman's figure a helping hand without overwhelming it, and it is a touch that seems just right for the couture of today, which is somewhere between underdesigning (reproducing simple styles for which all women have demonstrated their affection, and which they can readily find in any store) and overdesigning (indulging fancifully in styles that women have never dreamed of simply because they have no earthly use for them).

To the latter school I would assign Geoffrey Beene's busy ruffles, his aproned cocktail dresses, his circle-skirted jumpers with vestigial tops that curve in saucy X-shapes between the wearer's breasts. Brooks' Infanta skirts and feathered evening gowns that look like shades for gas lamps belong there, too. And Sant'Angelo's dresses that can be wrapped around the arms or head in fourteen ways, and his pants to twist like vines around the legs, could definitely be described as excessive, were indulgent respect not due his great originality and his passion for the idea of beauty in women. But the sin of *under*-effort is far more common among designers this year. There is something absurd about the way Oscar de la Renta proffers as couture the kind of brushed tartan lumberjack coats, mufflers, and woolly hats and gloves that could have been found in any junior department last winter for a fraction of the cost. And while I remain as much in awe of Halston as the next, and as grateful for his introduction of a new informality to the couture, I can't help feeling that his clothes, too, sometimes look under-

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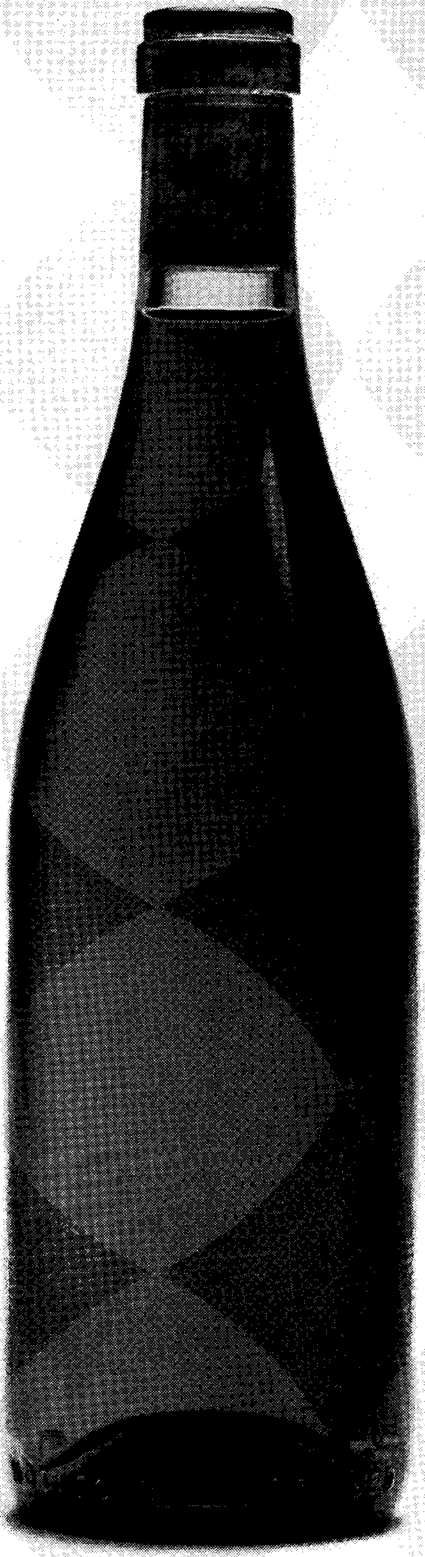

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designed. His latest trademark—a cashmere sweater stretched and "carelessly" knotted around shoulders already clad in all the cashmere they need for warmth—is pretentious to the point of insolence.

I LIKE Weinberg's drawstring-waist jackets—his particular variation on the blazers, cardigans, and smock tops that are to be seen everywhere—in daytime outfits, too. One wearable trio brings together a drawstring jacket and a sleeveless shell that has a high, funnel neck like a turned-up turtle—both in a pale-aquamarine wool-and-angora knit, and thus an improved version of the classic twin set—with a knee-length, bias-cut skirt in a brown-beige-and-pale-blue Glen plaid. Knee-length, A-line skirts appear in a number of simple suits with unlined cardigan jackets in heathery knits; some of the suits include wool lawn blouses with droopy ascots looped around their mild V necks. (I find these informal suits of Weinberg's far newer-looking than a pair he designed in ice-cream strawberry and pistachio gabardine; in spite of their self-consciously dropped shoulders and their neo-dolman sleeves, these smack of the early nineteen-sixties.) But there are plenty of straight-legged trousers in evidence, too, in Weinberg's collection. His loyalty to trousers is a realistic reflection of the loyalty of many women, whose boredom with trousers will almost certainly remain theoretical—for this winter, at least. Trousers are often a part of the collection in suède that Weinberg has designed for the firm of Samuel Robert. Suède has been in the doldrums for the past few years, but its downy sportiveness is proving exactly right for this year's taste in clothes. This designer gives the substance a shot in the arm in the form of a sleek suit in midnight blue, with jeans-cut trousers and an elastic-waisted battle jacket, or by way of a sand suède smock with trousers in brown-and-beige tweed. I think that suède must be used with this kind of informality: the material is ill-suited to the mannered delicacy of an apricot shell and matching cardigan, and the outfit that includes this pair ends up looking mealymouthed. Generally, though, Weinberg handles fabric flawlessly, and commits scarcely any of the textural gaffes that have snared many of his Seventh Avenue rivals in the course of the present mania for contrasts. His evening sequins are laudably restrained, and when he makes unexpected joinings of substances—as in the crêpe-and-sweater or satin-and-sweat-

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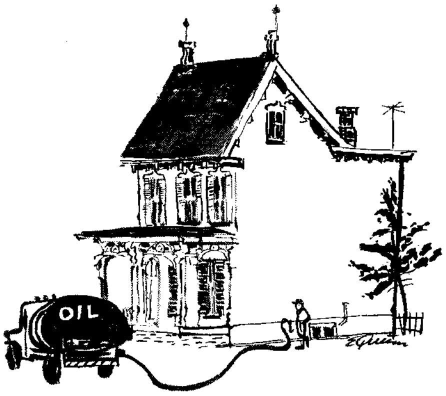
er evening ensembles—there is none of the violent contradiction that mars, say, Bill Blass's cuffed and collared schoolboy sweater tops joined to belling, stiffened satin skirts. Weinberg gives careful thought to mood and movement, so a woman doesn't creak in one half and slither in the other, and if her personality is divided she gains more of a mermaid's grace than the clumsiness of a centaur.

IN contrast to all Chester Weinberg's soft, unconstructed, pale, and feminine clothes, those of John Anthony, a newly independent figure in the couture, are firmly tailored, in deep hues—burgundy, hunter green, navy, and black—and frequently of rather masculine cut. They are, moreover, often very formal. (Though, being of a masculine variety, this formality is ironic and unstuffy.) But the difference between the styles of these two designers, and the absolute fashionableness of each, are a further illustration of the meaninglessness of definitions and summaries when it comes to current fashion. John Anthony's coats are superb: thick, substantial, and full of dignity. (Most of this designer's collection, including his hats, is to be seen at Bonwit's.) There is an admirable steamer coat in plum melton, wrapped and sashed, with a great, sheltering curve of collar, seven inches from edge to V neck; the skirt of the coat is midi-length, and it has six gores, for majesty of stride. (Below-calf is the length of the Anthony coats that look best with trousers. Other coats, like his skirts and dresses, fall just below the knee.) A side-wrapped fur-trimmed coat has the newly slim chemise shape, and a black coat hangs from a smock yoke and has endless, rolled-back tuxedo lapels. Some of the coats are trimmed with fox or raccoon, and, although none of them are bulky, they all have armholes deep enough to fit over any of Anthony's extraordinary suits. Several of them are wholeheartedly mannish, consisting of impeccable, high-waisted,



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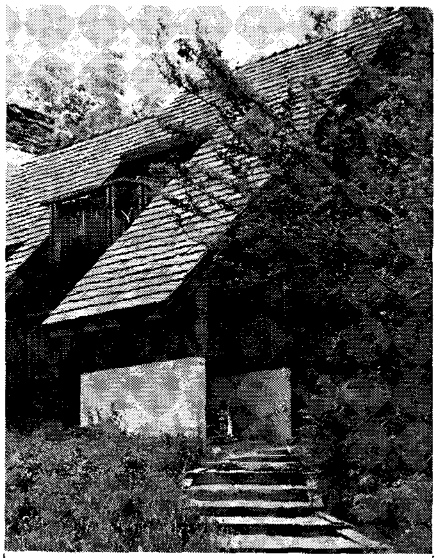
and discreetly pleated trousers, fitted jackets, and shirts and ties and sometimes vests as well. One chalk-striped double-breasted suit is to be worn with a white shirt and a silk necktie whose colors may be discreetly autumnal but whose knot is as broad as most women's hands. There is a suit in brown-and-beige tweed with a single button at the waist, and one in navy worsted with a vest and a ruby shirt. All the suits make the right kind of concession to the feminine figure without sacrificing any of the strength of the original model. Anthony, with the care of a Savile Row tailor, lavishes on his fortunate customers the subtleties of variously notched lapels and the perfection of four-button cuffs mathematically made. His suits with skirts are even more elegant than those with trousers, and they are the first "straight" suits in years that I have found really tempting. The top half of these suits usually has the decisive shoulders, the detailed tailoring, and the delightful air of fierce independence that attach to the trouser suits, but to these is added the grace of a wraparound skirt with a high, narrow-belted waistband. Once in a while, the belt, of leather, runs around the outside of the jacket. One suit—described as a theatre suit but not limited to nocturnal excursions—is of black melton and has a cardigan with an edge-to-edge opening trimmed with raccoon. (Occasionally, Anthony's styles get quite extravagant.) These suits were seen, in Anthony's showing, with semi-sheer charcoal stockings, black oxfords, and quick, birdlike heads in shaped, cuffed cloche hats that were sometimes veiled. The clue to the modernity of these suits, I suspect, lies in both their masculine tailoring and—although any mention of retrospection is generally taboo this year—their alliance with the nineteen-forties rather than the nineteen-sixties. But the influence is discernible, all right, in the length of the skirts, the wide lapels, the narrow waists, and the peplums.

Some of this designer's simple afternoon dresses—more reminiscent of the nineteen-thirties, these—have enormous style. There is a fine example in burgundy nun's veiling, with a bias-cut skirt and blouson waist and sleeves. But his evening styles are very uneven. A dress involving cigaline and boudoir frills does nothing to dispel the rumor that brown is dull in artificial light and that ruffles belong near hayricks. He seems out of his element among combined fabrics, and one example he came up with—a grandfatherly wool cardigan and an ascot on top, and a



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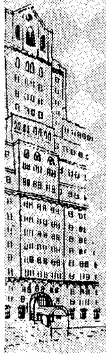

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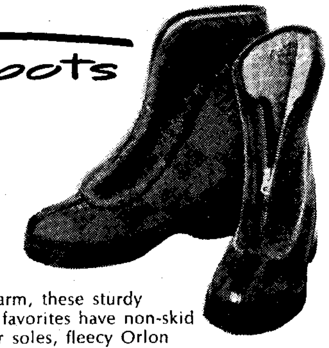

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high-slit diaphanous skirt of black chiffon below—is terribly disturbing, like a schoolgirl in fishnet tights or someone in drag. (Wherever bareness, even a hint of it, is in question, a designer must be doubly careful of his taste. I find the combination of gray flannel and naked backs—a familiar sight in the collections—particularly jarring.) Far more authoritative than his gowns, I think, are the evening versions of the masterly Anthony trouser suit, particularly one of a rich velvet of the color of port before a candle flame. The snugly molded bellhop jacket and the lean, straight trousers frame a long-sleeved chiffon blouse in a blushing beige. The blouse has a double thickness of fabric in the bodice and a single layer in the sleeves and the peplum, which exists only to tuck inside the trousers and precisely anchor the blouson effect of the part that shows. There is a droopy self bow at the throat, and any necessary fastenings are effected by chiffon-covered snaps. Details like these, in the service of such luxurious style, are what the couture ought to be about.—KENNEDY FRASER

•

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> Did you ever get up in the morning and while still stumbling around in the kitchen with one eye half open, gasp that first sip of coffee and burn the living daylights out of your tongue? Wow, does that hurt . . .
>
> The way I prevent this (which incidentally I've been doing for years and all of my friends have been telling me to write about) is AFTER stirring that cup of coffee—drop in an ice cube and let it float on TOP.
>
> Do NOT stir again.
>
> The ice will cool that first big gulp and by the time you have a few swallows the sepo SHRD ETAO EA ECRSH

—*Heloise Cruse in the Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

There you go, forgetting the cube again!

•

Robert Whalen, state Republican Party chairman, said there was a possibility Agnew would spend the night in the Manchester area Thursday rather than flying back to Washington right after the dinner. However, Robert Cohen, publicity coordinator for the visit, said Monday he had not been advised yet whether Agnew would stay overnight.

Chimney swifts fly with their mouths open in order to catch insects.—*Concord (N.H.) Monitor.*

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LETTER FROM MUNICH

SEPTEMBER 8

INTO the unreal Olympic world, where inches and ounces and seconds are what traditionally matter most, the real world cruelly intruded at five o'clock three mornings ago. The first inkling most of the four thousand journalists here had of the dreadful events that should have terminated these now cheerless Olympics came just before 9 A.M. on Tuesday, at which hour we had been invited to attend a press conference with the American swimmer Mark Spitz, who, having won an unprecedented seventh gold medal the night before, had been crowned by the German press *"der König von München."* Like just about everything else around here, though, his gilt had been tarnished. He had carried a pair of brand-name athletic shoes to the presentation ceremony for the third medal, and had felt constrained—probably under pressure from the United States Olympic Committee and under at least indirect pressure from Avery Brundage, the crusty American octogenarian who is retiring this year after twenty years as president of the International Olympic Committee—to make a public apology to his teammates. On my way to the conference, I glanced at the first editions of the local morning papers. They featured a queen not just of Munich but of all West Germany—the sixteen-year-old high jumper Ulrike Meyfarth, who had never cleared six feet until the previous afternoon, when she went three and a half inches above that and won a hysterically applauded gold medal of her own. Her glory was brief, for we learned during our wait for Spitz to show up that the Olympic Village had been murderously invaded. While we were reeling from that shock, Spitz arrived and gave sober, clipped answers to a few meaningless questions. He remained seated throughout the session, and a factotum explained, "Mark Spitz does not want to come to the microphone, because of the Israeli incident." (He is Jewish, and nobody knew who, if anyone, might be the next target.) As a result, the swimmer's responses were all but inaudible to us. It didn't much matter, because most of the questions, dredged from the near-bottom of the sportswriters' cliché barrel, were absurd and obviously irrelevant. Indeed, all the things that had been on our minds for a week had suddenly ceased to seem very consequential—even the prodigies of the regal Spitz himself.

Until now, these Twentieth Olympics had had the potential of being a truly glorious show. The first week of competition had ended, and the crowds had been astronomical—over half a million spectators on Sunday, September 3rd, alone, and perhaps just as many more ticketless people strolling around the grounds and having to satisfy themselves with such offerings as the offbeat, noisy midway called the Spielstrasse (now closed), where, among other things, a Japanese sculptor at a stand entitled "Pollution Game" had decked three Olympic winners' pedestals with dummy heads, arms, and legs, and where various street-theatre groups were, often irreverently, re-creating past Olympiads, and a Berlin group was depicting the 2000 A.D. Olympics. There was no reference, though, to Hitler's 1936 Games, and, however many reincarnations the Olympics go through, this 1972 debacle, too, would be best forgotten.

September 5th was to have been a day off from track and field in any case, so the meticulous organizers could conduct a rehearsal of the closing ceremony, which was originally set for September 10th. It has now been postponed one day, since Brundage's committee declared a day of mourning, but debased even that by directing that competitions under way continue to their conclusion. After the Spitz conference, there was precious little hard news for hours. The Olympic Village was sealed off to the press—except for a few reporters who sneaked in—so I walked around it, outside the fence the Arabs had scaled. Nearby, seemingly oblivious of what one security man at a locked gate blandly called "the special situation this morning," some field-hockey players were whacking away at each other's shins in routine fashion. In the vicinity also were swarms of soldiers and policemen, with armored cars and walkie-talkies and submachine guns, all looking puzzled and helpless. Inside the athletes' compound, not two hundred yards from the hostages, a carefree game of touch football was under way. At the main entrance to the Village, where a large crowd was milling around aimlessly, I fell into conversation with a black American from California, who turned out to be the father of John Smith, the four-hundred-metre runner. The senior Smith was wondering how he could get in touch with his son, whom he hadn't had a glimpse of since arriving in Munich not long before. There was so little confirmed information available that the frustrated reporters wandering around (they are largely sportswriters, of course, not war correspondents) began interviewing and photographing each other. I, for instance, was asked by both Polish and Kenyan radio reporters what I thought of the morning's developments.

AT that time, we knew of only one certain and one probable death in the Village, but that would have been enough to make touch football joyless for most people. Meanwhile, the terrorists, who in their first ultimatum had said they would shoot an Israeli hostage every two hours from noon onward unless their demands for the release of Arab prisoners in Israel were met, kept extending their deadline. While negotiations with them were proceeding, the reporters at the press center learned of the twenty-four-hour halt in normal athletic activities and learned that the next morning there would be a memorial ceremony in honor of the dead. Shortly before 5 P.M., when it was widely believed that the Palestinians might renew their violence, I went to another spot on the perimeter of the closed Village—a point some two hundred feet from 31 Connollystrasse, the Israeli team's quarters. The general public, thousands strong, was being pushed back from this area by police and soldiers, but the press was allowed free access to the outside of the Village fence. There must have been nearly five hundred cameramen on the scene, some on

Photographed in the Highlands outside Dufftown, Scotland.

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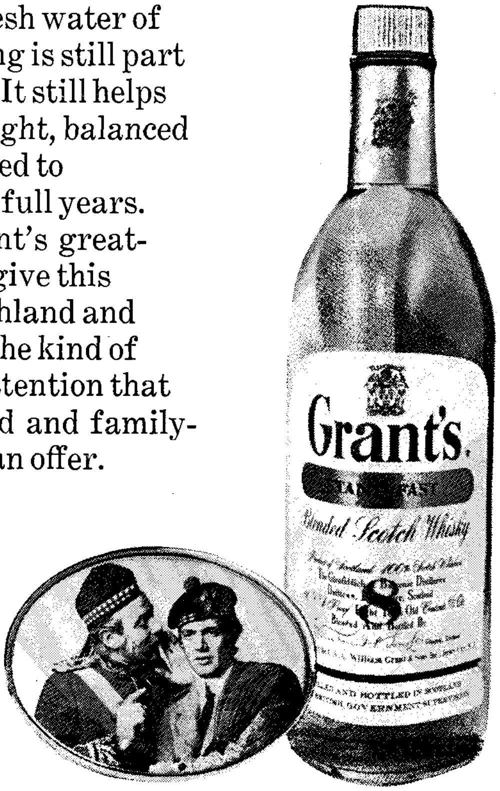

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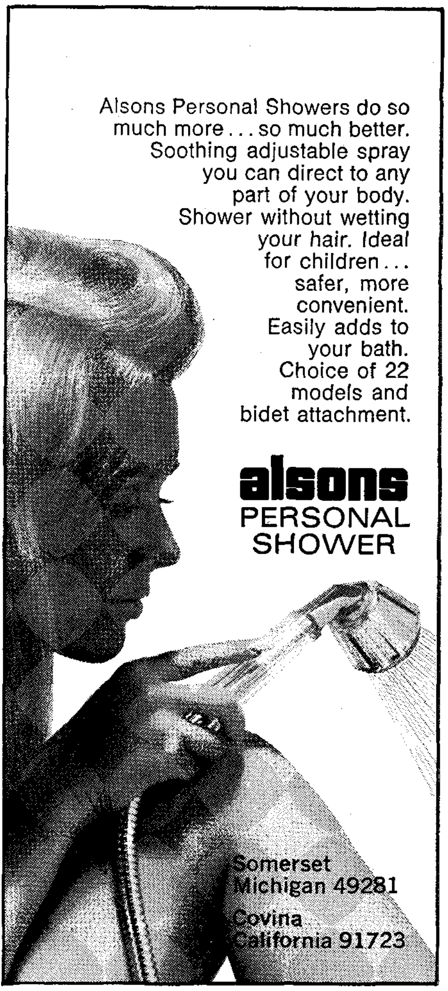
ladders and some in trees, still more on the rooftop of a building behind us. Among them I spotted a watchful film crew wearing the colors of Wolper Pictures Ltd. David Wolper, who had been charged with putting together the official film of the Twentieth Olympiad, had recruited a clutch of celebrated directors from all over the world to make ten-to-twelve-minute vignettes covering various aspects of the Games—Kon Ichikawa, for example, choosing the final of the men's hundred-metre dash, Mai Zetterling choosing weight lifters, Arthur Penn choosing the pole vault, and Claude Lelouch choosing the general category of "losers." Now, looking at this camera crew, I reflected that none of these gifted people could have anticipated either the more bizarre events of the past week or the crushing offscreen drama now in progress. Who would have dreamed that Ichikawa's final would be run without two Americans who failed to show up for a qualifying heat because their coach couldn't tell the time? Or that the pole-vaulter whom Penn concentrated on, the American Bob Seagren, would be rudely dethroned by the East German Wolfgang Nordwig, who hadn't been at all coöperative about the movie project? As for Lelouch and his losers, how could that director have foreseen the bleak truth that faces us here now? On Tuesday we all became losers.

From where I stood, outside the fence, I couldn't see the ground floor of the Israeli building, which had in recent hours been blocked from view by large blue shields—perhaps bulletproof ones. A few people were visible in the doorway of 33 Connollystrasse (the quarters of Dahomey and Zambia), on our side of the shields, among them the mayor of the Olympic Village, Walter Troeger, who in that very morning's community paper had lectured his constituents—in an item written before the Arab incursion—on the impropriety of inviting unauthorized visitors into the theoretically well-secured enclave. At 4:47 P.M., thirteen minutes short of the terrorists' current time limit, ten men in variously colored sweatsuits appeared and ran around to the rear of the beleaguered Israeli building. They looked like athletes, but they were all carrying submachine guns. After a moment, two of them could be seen scrambling over the roof and the balconies of the Dahomey-Zambia building and then ducking into the rear of the crucial No. 31. It seemed reasonable to infer that if the Arabs began shooting hostages there would be quick retaliation. But nothing happened at five. I hung around the scene for a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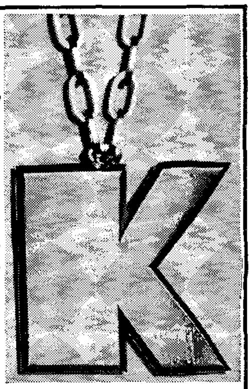
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couple of hours longer, until sunset, and then, since nobody there seemed to know anything, and still nothing more had happened, I decided to return to the press center. Along the way, I saw another ten men, sweatsuited and unarmed, jogging around a practice track, while, not far beyond them, a cluster of Germans with tickets to a volleyball game in their hands were arguing with a door tender, who was trying to explain to them that the game would not be played as scheduled and that it really wasn't his fault. Back at the press center, I noticed that during the tense afternoon someone had posted a notice on a bulletin board informing me that although I had lost out on a drawing for a boxing ticket, I did have one for the basketball semifinals.

Willi Daume, the head of the German Olympic Committee, stopped by the center shortly after nine to tell us a little, but not much, about the delicate negotiations. "The Olympic movement should not surrender to terrorists," he said. He couldn't answer any questions, because he had to rush off to an emergency meeting of the International Olympic Committee. The Soviet Union issued a statement condemning acts of terrorism.

I returned to the Olympic Village vantage point a few minutes after ten, just in time to see three helicopters whirl into the black sky on their ill-fated hop to the Fürstenfeldbruck military airfield. At ten-forty-eight, back at the press center, Hans Klein, whose unenviable task it had been all along to handle the world's press, told us, ashen-faced, that there had been shooting at Fürstenfeldbruck. For the next two hours, Klein periodically reported what he knew, or thought he knew—that all the Arabs were dead; that all the hostages had escaped; and, at twelve-twenty-five, that the earlier news had been too optimistic. Then he revealed that one policeman and three terrorists were dead, one helicopter was aflame, the fate of the hostages was unknown, and—it was now twelve-fifty, and a speaker for the Bavarian State Government was on television—there were people lying beneath one helicopter or another, identity unclear. Everything unclear. I went to bed, and learned the stark news by radio at seven the next morning. Just who killed whom and why remains unclear sixty hours later, but yesterday afternoon two officials of the German government and the head of the Munich police tried to straighten things out by holding a press conference, at which they conceded that German sharpshooters at the airfield had opened fire first, on the order of the

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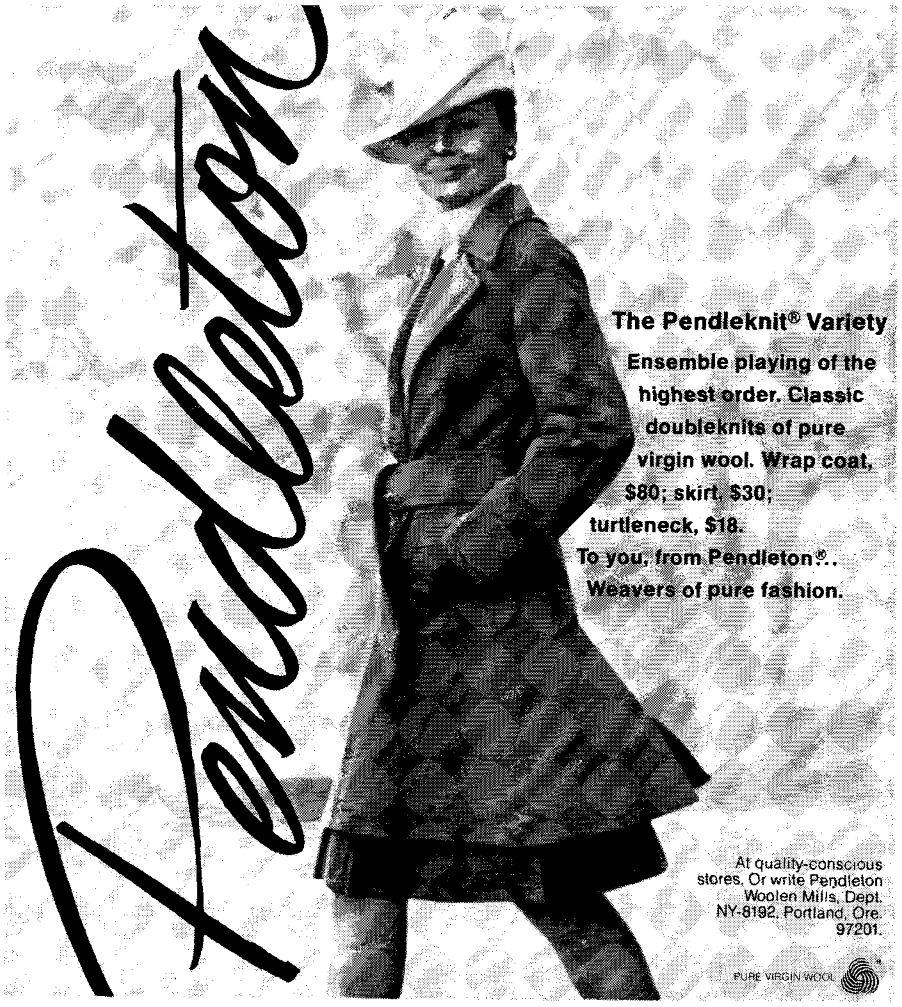

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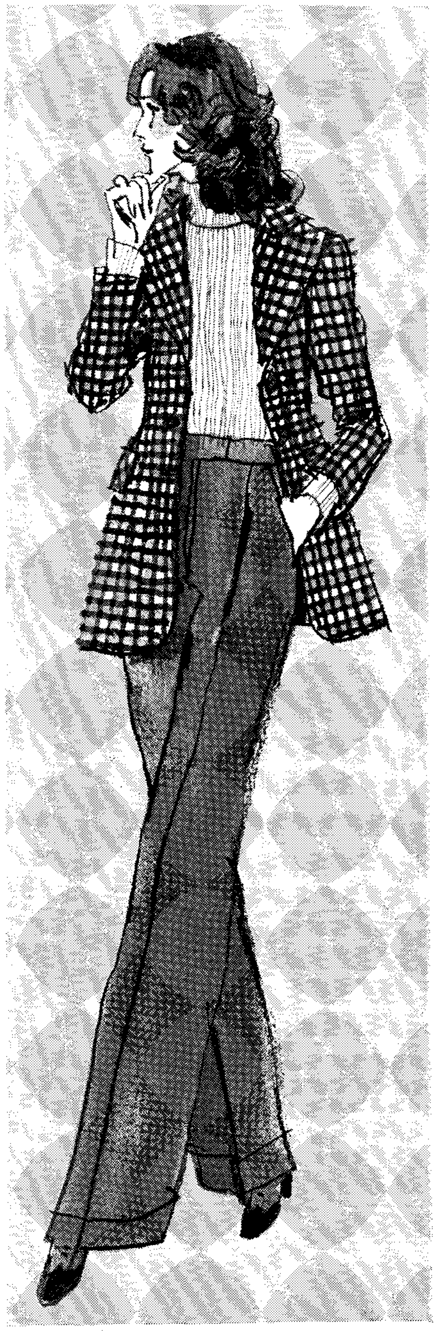

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Munich police, and that the German authorities would never have considered letting the terrorists take their hostages off to an unknown destination and seemingly certain death. Whoever was at fault in the botched rescue effort, it will not help much to be able to assign the blame, if any, for the death of eleven more Jews in Germany.

With a memorial service originally planned for only one or two dead, a lot of people here believed that cancellation of the Games would be the most suitable response to the death of twelve—or, including the terrorists, seventeen—men. But one could understand, even if one did not sympathize with, the arguments to the contrary: The Olympics must not yield to fanatics; good is bigger than evil; and, on a more practical level, the West Germans had all this money invested in the Games, and all these tourists had bought tickets, and, whereas rowing and swimming and gymnastics were over, the poor archers and Greco-Roman wrestlers had not yet begun, and why discriminate against them? And then there was Mr. Brundage's holy devotion to his cause. I have no idea what the majority feeling is, but a German who had watched a man-in-the-street television-interview program yesterday told me that most of the Germans questioned thought that the Games should have been called off out of respect for the Israelis, and that most of the Americans who were questioned thought that they should go on, because otherwise all their carefully-made travel plans would have to be changed.

I ARRIVED at the big stadium early for Wednesday's 10 A.M. memorial service, after passing en route a number of basketball players working out on a practice court. The Duke of Edinburgh had arrived early, too, I learned. About two thousand chairs had been set up in the field for athletes, though there were four times that number of athletes within walking distance of the spot. The flags, of course, were at half staff—they remained that way for a mere twenty-four hours—but the Olympic torch had not been dimmed, and the big question on many minds was: With the flame already extinguished figuratively, would Brundage and his I.O.C. douse it literally and end the competitions? The only sign of sport in the stadium was one steeplechase hurdle, at the water hazard over which the sensational Kenyan runner Kipchoge Keino had blithely glided to win a gold medal on Monday, which seemed aeons ago. The Munich Philharmonic Orchestra was on hand to open the proceedings with

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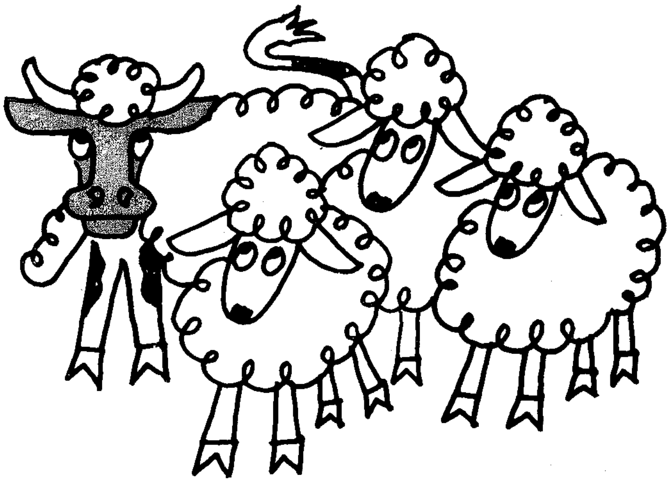
the Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. At nine-thirty-five, the athletes began to appear—wearing their team blazers but without flags or other national symbols—some marching in formation, some drifting in casually. Soon all the seats reserved for them were filled; what was left of the Israeli team sat up forward, directly in front of the speakers' stand. The Israelis were easy to spot, because of their white yarmulkes, but it was hard to identify many of the others. The electronic scoreboards were blank; their computers had not been programmed for this kind of happening. (So inflexible are these swift machines, we learned yesterday, that the names of the Israeli athletes who were killed will nonetheless appear on future starting lists of competitors—with "Not Present" after them. Klein's office has explained, "We ask you to accept this as a technical necessity, and not as a lack of reverence." When you can't remove dead men from a lineup, there must be something wrong with the system.) In the absence of announcements or flags, many of the athletes could not be assigned national origins, and at this moment of woe that was a tiny blessing; the competitors had fleetingly lost their territorial and ideological separateness. It became known afterward that, understandably, none of the Arab athletes were present—nor, puzzlingly, were any of the Russians. Of the nearly five hundred members of the United States team, probably no more than a quarter turned out. The banned Rhodesians were there, though, black and white together; it was their only chance to appear in uniform on the stadium turf. While I was trying to see who was who, I heard a sports columnist behind me say to a confrere, "I don't care what happens, I'm still going to be on the Monday plane. I got football next weekend."

Willi Daume made a speech, and he was followed by two Israelis, then by President Gustav Heinemann of West Germany. Finally, at eleven-eighteen, came the eulogist everyone had been waiting for: Avery Brundage—Mr. Olympics for the past two decades. Some of his remarks were curiously inappropriate. He alluded to his old enemy commercialism, which seemed all the more irrelevant considering that every ticket to these supposedly uncontaminated Games bears on its back advertising for Mercedes-Benz—the make of car, as it happens, that Brundage and his fellow-officials ride around in—and to the business of the African nations' heavy-handed anti-Rhodesian activities before the Games. "Naked political blackmail," Brundage



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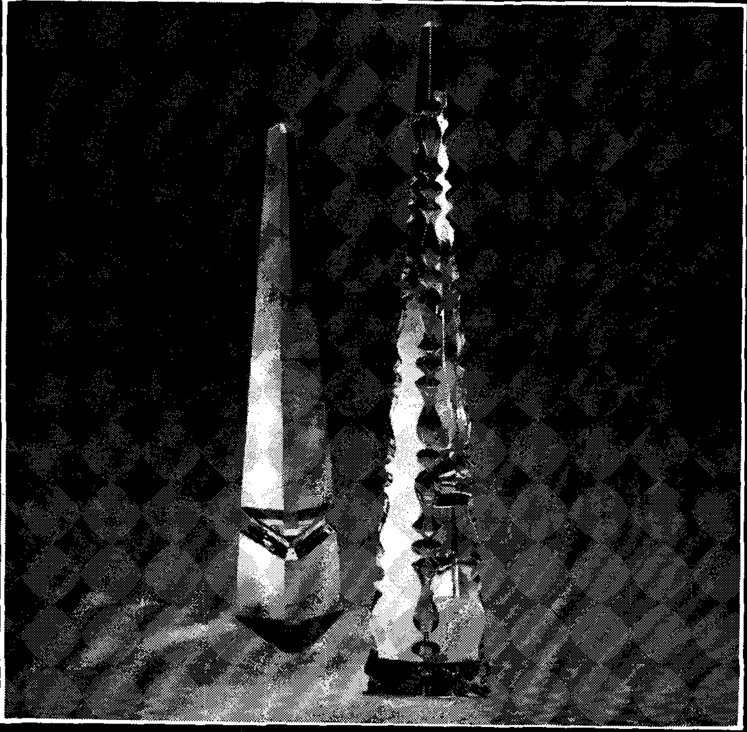

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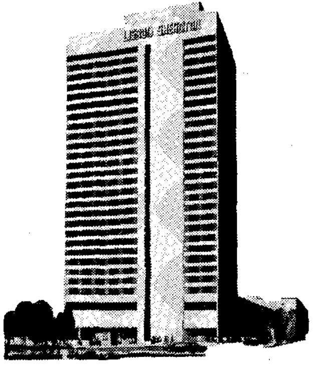

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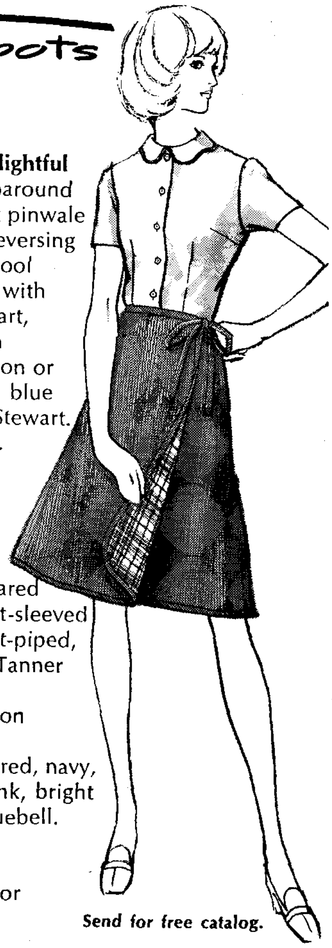
called it, and one wondered why he had to rekindle that now cooled flame. (A few hours later, Mr. Brundage felt constrained to issue a rare apology of his own, regretting any "misinterpretation" of his remarks, but not the remarks themselves. "There was not the slightest intention of linking the Rhodesia question, which was purely a matter of sport, with an act of terrorism universally condemned," he said. Still, he had alluded to both in one sentence, so it was not surprising that some people had assumed he meant to link them.) Eventually, he got around to what everyone was waiting for, and said, to ringing applause from most of the eighty thousand people there, that the Games would continue. So continue they will, but whatever medals are won from now on will, in the minds of many of us, bear—along with the names of the winners, and through no fault of theirs—an invisible defect. Anyway, the Games will conclude, we have already been informed, with a standing ovation to the indomitable president of the I.O.C., while the scoreboard flashes "Thank You, Mr. Brundage," and a band plays "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The memorial ceremony ended at eleven-twenty-six, and people began to leave, to the strains of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture. The Israeli contingent stayed put after almost all the other athletes had gone; then its members rose, turned around, and, for a moment, faced their half-staffed flag. At eleven-forty-two, they filed out of the stadium for the last time. Some of the young Israeli women were in tears, and German security men were trying to shield them from photographers. One of the thwarted cameramen called one of the Germans a Fascist. To a photographer, there is no such thing as a moment of private grief.

The Olympic Village had been reopened to the press by now, and I headed that way. It was quiet at the main entrance; the amplified music that usually blares out had been stilled. The first athlete I recognized was John Smith, the four-hundred-metre man, and I asked him if his father had caught up with him. Not yet, he said; I assume that they got together. Yesterday, I learned, Smith pulled up lame in the four-hundred-metre event, in which he had been the favorite. This may have been just as well for him, in a way; his fellow black Americans Vince Matthews and Wayne Collett, who came in first and second, were subsequently banned from all future Olympics because of their casual behavior—which

The Talbots



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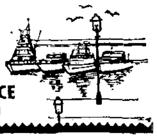

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the I.O.C. called "insulting" and which consisted of their conspicuously failing to stand at attention when "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played—during the award ceremony.

I walked on to 31 Connollystrasse. There were names on the door of Room 3—Berger, Friedman, Halfin, Slavin. All dead. Room 4 had been—to no avail—the team's first-aid room. Next to Room 5 was tacked an invitation, in four languages, from the Central Council of Jews in Germany to a Rosh Hashanah ceremony at a Holiday Inn downtown. The door to Room 5 was ajar, and a man with red-rimmed eyes stood there silently handing out to passersby a roster of the Israeli team, whose members, alive and dead, would be departing for home the following day. At that moment, along Connollystrasse came Village Mayor Troeger and an Israeli man I didn't recognize. They placed two wreaths on the ground in front of the building—red gladioli and yellow chrysanthemums from West Germany, red carnations and white lilies from Israel.

By midafternoon Wednesday, the Games were in full swing again, and to such an incredible degree had outward normality been restored that a hostess at the press center was reprimanded by her superior for not wearing knee socks. Before the dreadful events of Tuesday, I had considered myself lucky to have tickets to what was considered a super-event—the super-heavyweight finals in weightlifting, starring the three-hundred-and-thirty-six-pound Soviet giant Vasily Alexeyev, who can lift five hundred and eighteen pounds past his paunch and over his head. Four of the eleven dead Israelis had been involved in this activity, and until yesterday noon I had doubted whether I wanted to use the ticket. Now, however, curiosity got the better of me, and I watched the monstrous heavyweights waddle in to the recorded strains of the Tijuana Brass. After that strident introductory note, a German official asked us all to observe a minute's silence in tribute to the four missing Israelis. Perhaps because time is so important here, during the allotted minute an interpreter began giving us French and English translations of the official's remarks; suddenly, and mercifully, though, his voice broke. After an hour, I had had enough of the straining and grunting and grimacing, so I left before the giant Alexeyev emerged once more triumphant. But it was something of a relief to watch men threatening physical harm only to themselves.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

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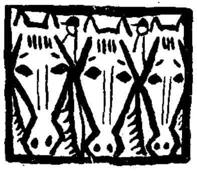
Atta Girl!



THERE'S no finer sight than the females of the species in action—when they're good. And they were good in the Beldame at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon. In fact, it was the most notable field for a Beldame I can remember, and I've seen them all—from the very first one, at the old Aqueduct track in 1939, when Pete Bostwick's little gray Nellie Bly brought off a 100–1 chance. The nine runners this year had won twenty-nine of the leading stakes this season. And from the beginning of the mile and a furlong until Susan's Girl went under the wire a length ahead of Summer Guest, with Chou Croute third a length behind, it was as exciting as any comparable race I've ever watched.

From a fair start for all, Chou Croute was the first to show in front, but Blessing Angelica whipped past her into a long lead, as she had done when she won the Delaware Handicap and the Diana Stakes last month. Though the chart has her in front by only four lengths, at one point it was nearer six. Closest behind her at the far turn were Susan's Girl, Typecast, and Chou Croute, heads apart. A glance back showed Numbered Account moving up fast and Summer Guest not in the picture. As they swung into the stretch, Blessing Angelica ran out of gas and Chou Croute looked the winner, but only for seconds, because Susan's Girl was going strong along the rails. Meanwhile, Summer Guest was having a spot of bad luck. She had left the gate slowly and was last for half a mile, and when she did get going Turcotte, who rode her, had to take to the outside to avoid a tiring runner, and lost a lot of ground. At the end, she was going fastest of all—so fast that half a furlong out I thought she'd catch Susan's Girl. She missed by only a few strides.

As for the other disappointments: I have a notion that Numbered Account doesn't like to go more than a mile. By the way, her tail looks as long as Whirlaway's did. Ben Jones used to say that he kept Whirlaway's tail as lengthy as possible as a protection against horses running up on his champion's heels. Typecast looked as fit as

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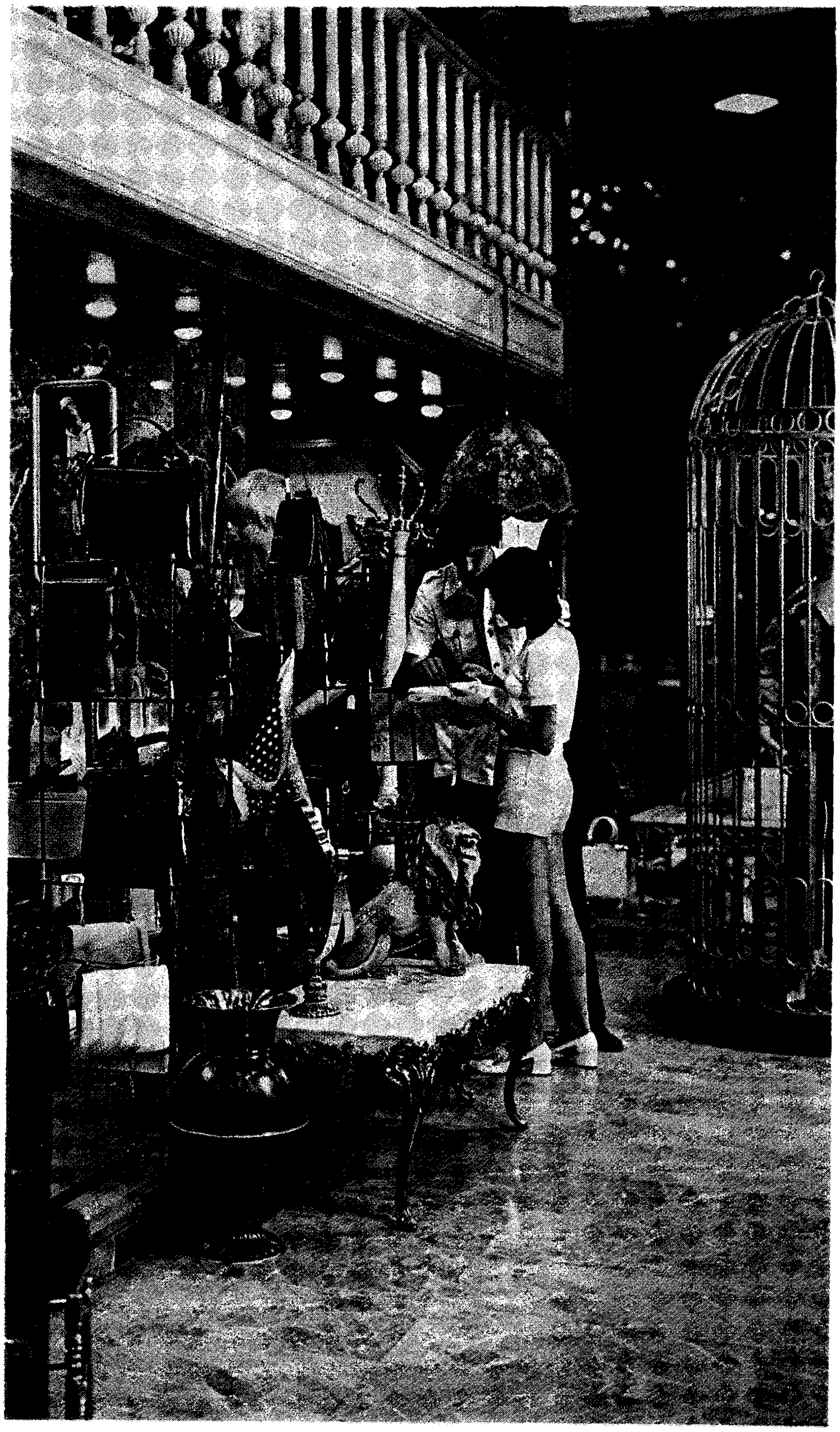

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she did when I saw her at Hollywood Park early in the summer, but she ran the way so many horses do right after they come from California. Lauries Dancer, the invader from Canada, didn't run to her looks, either. Fred Hooper's Susan's Girl is now top of the list, of course. It was the ninth stakes victory this year for the charming and beautifully balanced three-year-old daughter of Quadrangle, who had picked up $284,997 in prize money at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Churchill Downs, Aqueduct, Liberty Bell, and Belmont Park. (Altogether, her earnings total $503,161.) Curiously, she wasn't pointed specially for the Beldame, as most of the others were; she won the Gazelle Handicap the previous Saturday in such fine style that John Russell, who trains her, thought he'd take a chance.

Speaking of luck—as we were—Belmont Park's was out the window last Saturday. Thanks to the threatening weather early in the morning, with sprinkles of rain here and there, a crowd of only 33,798 came out to see the Beldame. But people like to bet on the better horses, so the tote handled $4,158,637.

LOUD is one of those horses who don't win many times in the course of a year. He leaves the starting gate so slowly that he has to make up a great deal of ground in the stretch, and more often than not it's close but no cigar. When he does win, though, it's something to remember, as it was in the Governor Stakes, at a mile and a furlong, on Labor Day at Belmont. He was off eleventh of the twelve starters and was about sixth on the outside of the field as it swung into the stretch, but he got up in the last strides to head Autobiography and Hitchcock before they passed the winning post. After that, William Haggin Perry, his owner, and Jim Maloney, his trainer, had to endure minutes of apprehension while the stewards considered the charge that he had crowded Hitchcock in the run through the stretch. Finally it was announced that Loud was guiltless and his number wouldn't come down—a happy ending to his string of sixteen defeats. The Belmont Park management was happy, too, for a crowd of 51,769 clicked through the turnstiles and bet almost five million dollars—$4,974,506—on the nine races.

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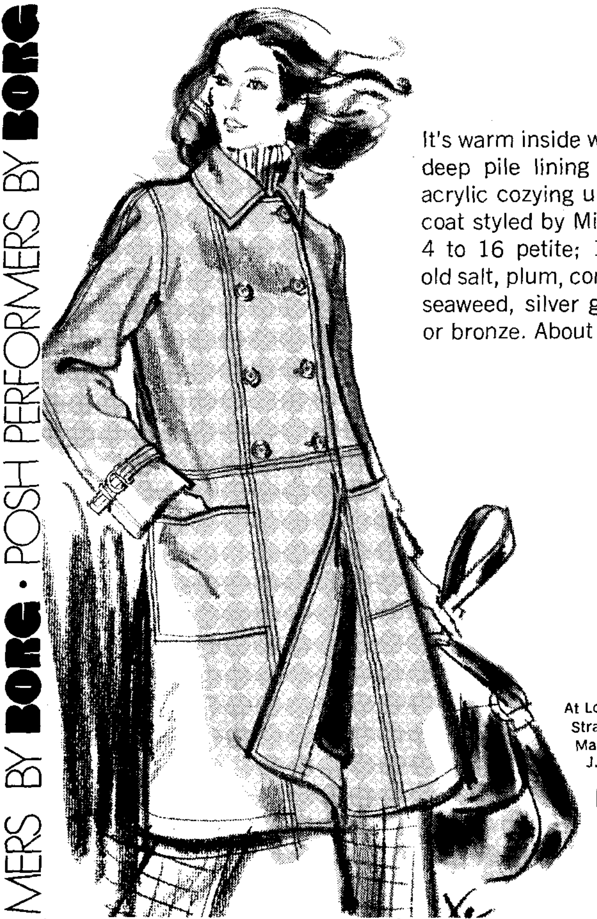

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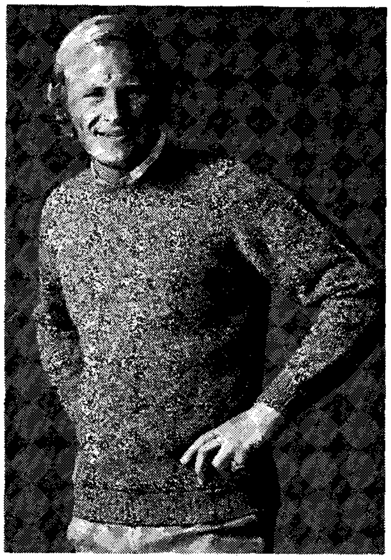

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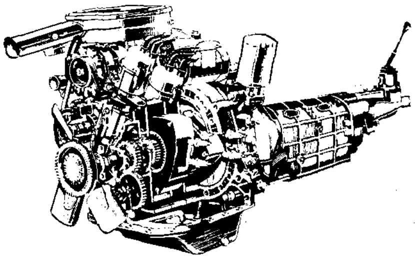

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comes up at Belmont Park this weekend. Colonel Martingale opines that the Meadow Stable's Secretariat should have no difficulty in duplicating the victory of his stablemate Riva Ridge a year ago. I don't suppose there will be many runners opposing Secretariat, though second, third, and fourth moneys are more than first money in a lot of stakes. By the way, Gallant Knave, winner of the World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City last Saturday, is one of the eligibles.

ANOTHER American-bred winner abroad! Last Saturday, at Doncaster, Ogden Phipps's Boucher won the St. Leger Stakes, the oldest and the last of England's classics. It was another score for Vincent O'Brien and Lester Piggott, the country's leading trainer and jockey, respectively, who had brought off the victory of John Galbraith's Roberto in the Derby Stakes in June. Only seven three-year-olds started in the gallop of one mile six furlongs and a hundred and thirty-two yards, and Piggott kept his mount off the pace until the turn into the straight, where he made his bid. Boucher went on to win by half a length from Our Mirage, and Ginevra, a filly, was third. O'Brien said after the race that Boucher's next start would be in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris on October 8th.

Roberto, with Baeza up, didn't do so well in his prep for the Arc, at Longchamp the next day, finishing a length behind Hard to Beat, the winner of the French Derby, who was ridden by Piggott. Apparently, Roberto went well in the race—the Prix Niel, at a mile and three furlongs—as far as the turn into the stretch, where the footing was sticky and he began to flounder. Afterward, O'Brien said that Roberto's chances for starting in the Arc would depend on the condition of the track. It will be remembered that he finished down the course in the Irish Sweeps Derby in heavy going.

THIS department is pleased to report good news about Paul Mellon's Mill Reef. Early last week, he had an operation on his fractured foreleg, which lasted four hours, and he came through it very well. Now he has the leg in a cast that enables him to stand and move about. Last weekend, Mr. Mellon had a telex from his trainer, Ian Balding, telling him that Mill Reef was in good spirits, and was eating well. In fact, it seems that what he wanted most was to swipe the tea, toast, and marmalade off his nurse's tray.

—AUDAX MINOR

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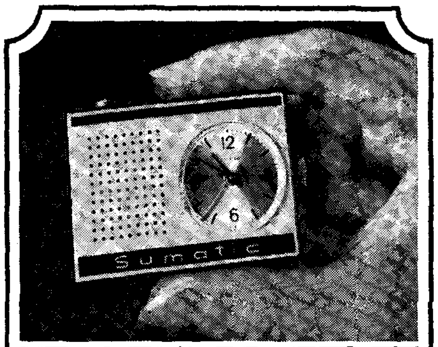

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I have got a very decent artistic signature of my name. The signature is a wonderful creation of art and science. Art and science have been blended together since these long decades after decades to produce this harmonious compound. As such the signature stands unique and singular, not in any particular region, not in Asia or Europe but throughout the whole length and breadth of the globe as regards its unprecedented style, aristocracy, beauty, dignity and unforeseen natural flow. My signature is a world record beyond the reach of imagination with millions and outside the range of conception with so many trillions. This I boldly assert and emphatically establish that it is absolutely unparallel without a similar second to stand near-by. It is worth preserving generation after generation. In my custody, there is a collection of more than three hundred signatures of glowing and out-standing personages from different corners of the world but they all assume a dismal figure when they stand face to face in contrast with that of mine and they all dive a headlong plunge down down to fathomless infinity. In the past it has ever roused awe and wonder of distinctive figures. Hence this assertion is proclaimed.

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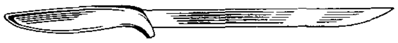

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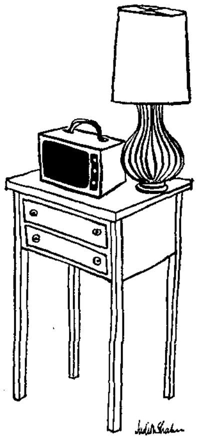
THE AIR

Who's Here? What Time Is It?



WHATEVER expectations television may have raised at the outset, it is now clear that television is not a medium at all. It is an appliance, with peculiar relationships not only to owners and watchers but to other appliances and devices in, and outside, the house. It is, for example, the enemy of all forms of transportation—in particular, the car. You simply cannot drive while you are watching. Radios, on the other hand, have a strong rapport with cars. In a world of extremes, television would be at odds with much of what it now advertises. Not detergents, air conditioners, food, or deodorants; but tires, gasoline, airlines, even cosmetics. Television competes with most other appliances only for a few minutes of your time, and for the fuse; but there is a shadow world in which product and sheer idleness collide: if the commercial succeeds, and you go out to buy something, it means that a program has failed somehow. You are buying, *not watching*. In a world of extremes, you could buy a product direct, using some device on the set as you would use a credit card. Certain products bought that way would be in immediate conflict with the set itself: theatre tickets, sleeping pills, books. In a world of extremes, television would be the enemy of all these. But it is not at all inconceivable that in some far from extreme world we should use our television sets to vote, just press an endorsing button and vote. The link between television and political action becomes daily more intimate. And to have politics thrown onto the screen like oddly selected clothes into a windowed washer-dryer is not good enough.

Whatever television coverage has done to political Conventions in the past, this year it has probably terminated them in the form we knew. There was a time—until 1968, perhaps—when continuous Convention coverage had a certain fascination. All those delegates milling about with balloons and interminable speeches, roll calls by state, tallies, making decisions in what appeared to be (still, in its odd way, is) one of the major processes of a free society. But now we've seen it, several times. This year, one party seemed to try to summon, in its speech and its style and its struggles, the America of the early sixties; the other, in its music and its apparent lack of struggle, the America of the late fifties. The two decades saw, and were frightened and repelled by, each other. In the end, everyone was dangerously bored. Both Conventions were not just subjected to television's scrutiny; they were almost entirely created, and exposed to death, by it—the scripted one and the unscripted one. There will have to be more Conventions. Television will have to be at them. But it is unthinkable that we will have this crazy, important political process staged in quite this way again.

It was not just the lack of suspense: a sports fan who knows that his team is overwhelmingly ahead will watch with great attention anyway. Nor was it length: a fan hopes for long games, playoffs, extra innings, marathons. Or pace: the chess games at Reykjavík, with their long intervals between moves—and even though they were played by proxy here—were thought by many viewers of Channel 13 to be of so much more immediate interest than politics that when Senator McGovern's pivotal economic speech to the New York Society of Security Analysts lasted beyond 1 P.M. the station's switchboard was jammed with calls demanding instant resumption of the proxy Spassky-Fischer games. It is probably one of the strengths of this country that not so many people are passionately interested in politics. But if the living room is to be brought to the Convention floor, or the other way around, something more than a set of *infinitely protracted, briefly frightening, briefly reassuring, utterly unenlightening foregone conclusions* must be played out.

THE Democratic Convention was to such a high degree a Convention of the press that reporters meeting in the lobbies of Miami Beach hotels and asking "Who's here?" were inquiring not about delegates or politicians but about other members of the press. (At the Republican Convention, the density of Secret Service agents was particularly high.) The literary people present, as distinct from the professional reporters, knew with the least precision, and

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felt the least obligation to know precisely, what was going on at any time. For them, the reporter's basic question—what the story is here, and what the point—was resolved autobiographically: story and point were whatever happened to impinge on the author's sensibility. The form is valid, in its way, but it is not true, in the sense in which news that becomes history is true. The position diametrically opposite to the personal was expressed by Walter Cronkite when he was interviewed by reporters from Top Value Television, an ad-hoc collective of twenty-eight young free-lance cable-television reporters from groups called Raindance, Ant Farm, and Videofreex, who, to their own surprise, received press accreditation to the Democratic Convention; they then rented a house and, with inexpensive videotape equipment, did some of the best reporting, including the mirror-within-mirror, intramedia sort, from both Conventions. "All this introspection," Walter Cronkite said of television reporting, "is not good for a journalist."

Television was true to the story and the point of both Conventions only to the extent of showing, at full length, that the democratic process, in what are, and probably ought to be, its most dramatic moments, is, of necessity, a bore, a strain, partly a charade, and a mess. Whom, for example, did the Democratic delegates, some really elected in little primaries, some appointed, some brought in by a quota system that might in another context be an undemocratic farce—whom did they represent? Whom have delegates at any Convention ever really represented? Who are they? The answer is probably that they have always been a gathering of politically interested people, a mixture so large and various that through it the public will, to the extent that there is a public will, is expressed to some degree. An inadequate degree, it would seem this year, when we were so uninformatively saturated with words, faces, and blurred issues that the public will was, after continuous Convention coverage, actually less informed, less educated, and less clear than before television came along.

Channel 13's idea of showing mainly what went on on the podium, as what the delegates themselves saw, was a nice but bad idea. Delegates, except at relatively crucial moments, pay less attention to the podium than the network cameras do. Delegates pay most attention to who they are and what is expected of them. They like to vote as they are instructed to vote, and they like

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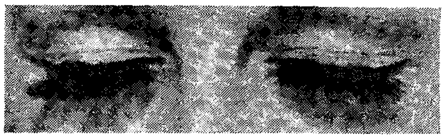
to cheer when they are supposed to cheer. For the rest, the problems vary. The Kentucky Democratic delegation, for example, depressed by the accommodations in Miami Beach, commuted to the Convention each day from Fort Lauderdale. What they saw was a lot of the Florida highway system. Others saw familiar faces, like those of Charles Evers and Aaron Henry, from the days when Mississippi was still news. And entirely unfamiliar faces. There was a sense that new and unknown delegates, as representative in their dedication as anyone ever is of anybody else, would be present at Conventions after this.

But the best-known faces, the most reassuring in their familiarity, were those of the network reporters, who, with their cumbersome equipment and their special problems, were the princelings of the event. In that strange combination of awe and downright hatred of the press which surfaces now—not just in the Administration but in the public, too—the newspaper and magazine reporters were regarded as reviewers, who might, through bad notices, close the show. The television reporters had become very much the stars in the cast. When there was the simplest thing to explain, they tended to blow it. The parliamentary question of the California challenge was explicated as though it were Goedel's theorem, to be communicated, with sympathetic expressions of puzzlement, to subnormal grade-school children. (Top Value Television did much better here, too, in simply eavesdropping—if a reporter with videotape equipment can be said to eavesdrop—on an explanation by a McGovern aide to several delegations. He explained the California challenge, the South Carolina challenge, the relation between them. And then, in explaining the Alabama challenge, which was of no strategic importance to McGovern supporters, he summed up, casually, inadvertently, one of the characteristic dilemmas of the times. "On this one, you can vote your conscience," he said, "or with your union.") The treatment of spokespersons for women's liberation was, on all networks, an uneasy travesty. Just before an interview with Gloria Steinem about the South Carolina challenge, one reporter found himself drawing some sort of analogy between the women's movement and a few out-of-step legs on a centipede. N.B.C. congratulated Catherine Mackin for being the first full-time woman floor reporter at the Conventions. She accepted the congratulations on just the right note: coolly.



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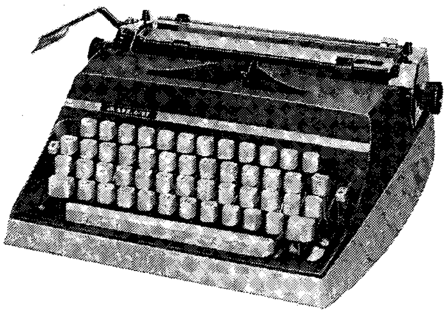

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MEXLETTER

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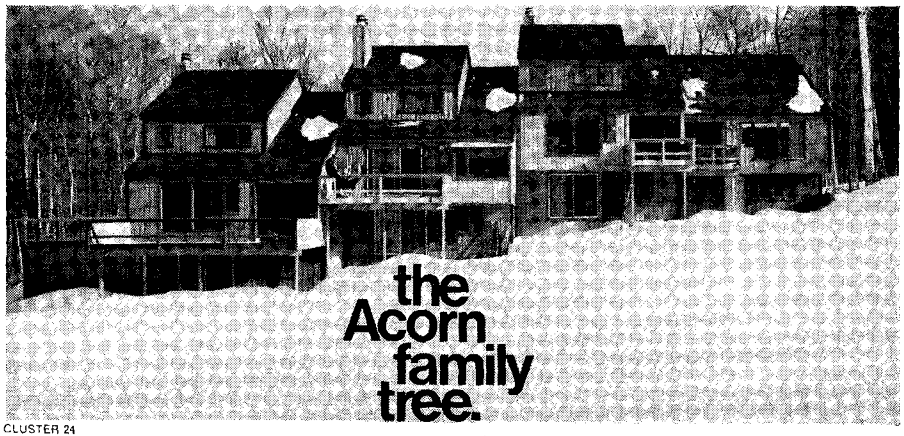
Centipedes aside, the imagery at the Conventions suggested that—and this, too, may be one of our society's great, unlikely strengths—very few Americans seem to be inhabiting the same country. Except for "Four More Years," "Now More Than Ever" was the most popular Nixon slogan of them all. "Now More Than Ever," on buttons, chanted, sung, as though every college graduate in America would not inevitably complete the line not with the "Nixon Now" of the slogan but with "seems it rich to die." Although the Republicans had, in some respects, the stronger women's-rights plank of the two parties, the overt Republican gesture to women's lib, a Women of Achievement brunch, featured not only the brunch's printed menu but its recipes, "low in cholesterol," to be used by the Women of Achievement in cooking for their families. The walk on the beach which ended Nixon's movie biography took a calculated risk of being compared to Kennedy beach-walking films. But the row of medals and ribbons that every delegate and reporter to the Republican Convention got (longer rows for higher degrees of Republican distinction) inevitably reminded everyone of the rows of medals—Sharpshooter, Marksman, and so on—that boys at summer camp used to get from the National Rifle Association. In trying to remember what the last—highest—in such a series of medals had been, or could be, more than one person morbidly thought Assassin. With the view of George Wallace lurching palely forward in his wheelchair toward the podium, and with the possibility that the safest campaign speeches from now on may be the ones made for television screens, television, in a world of extremes, began to seem not just a voting and vending machine but a box with leaders in it and an armed but passively watching electorate outside.

To the extent that television has a memory, the Conventions were full of odd coincidences, easy ironies, memory loops. The key figure, for example, that Rockefeller has been: it was Rockefeller who, having failed to inform his chief supporter for the Presidency in 1968, Spiro Agnew, that he did not choose to run, turned Agnew to Nixon and, ultimately, to the Vice-Presidency. A respected, conciliatory, liberal Maryland governor had been gradually moved, first by criticism from black leaders of his remarks to them after disturbances in Baltimore, then by Rockefeller's move, and later by attacks from the press, who used to call him "Spiro



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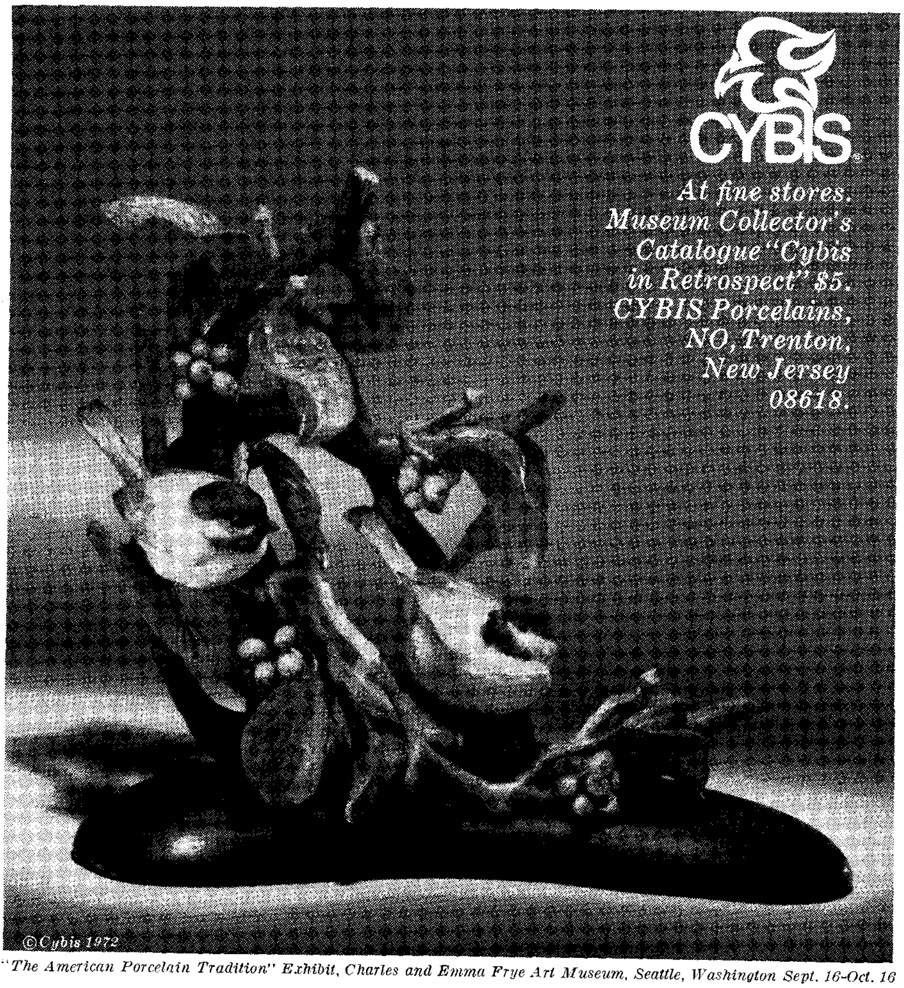
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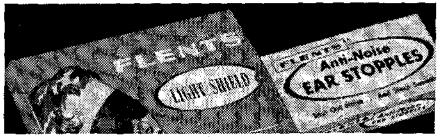

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who?" and a "buffoon"—he thereupon attacked the press—to positions rhetorically much more to the right. At the Convention, he seemed to be returning to his conciliatory self. It was also Rockefeller who brought in Kissinger, with all that that implies for foreign policy. (Some members of the press indicated that they'd feel easier if there were a Kissinger of domestic policy as well.) There was Abbie Hoffman, trying to be photographed with that idol of what remains of the radical young: John Wayne. There was Ronald Reagan, now holding the office that Nixon lost to Pat Brown, and having won that office largely through the role he had played in the Goldwater campaign of 1964. On the other hand, there was Senator Tunney, a Kennedy friend, now holding the office he won from George Murphy, a screen actor of the right. There was the oddity that only Channel 13, covering the podium, caught the remarks of that Middle American hero the quarterback Bart Starr. There was the Missouri Republican delegation casting the votes that put Nixon over the top—in a speech that included tributes to Harry Truman and Thomas Eagleton. There was the wife of the Democratic mayor of Milwaukee, who, having always been a model Democratic mayor's wife, virtually cracked up, calling the press to announce that she was not Martha Mitchell but that, what with one thing and another—the fact that the networks cut away from her husband's ten-minute Convention speech, the fact that the committee for the beautification of Milwaukee had never given her a plaque, other things—she had become a Democrat for Nixon. At the Republican Convention, this lady gave a thirty-second seconding speech, which the networks caught, but without filling the background in. Television coverage included several uninformative slurs that passed as commentary: one network correspondent reporting, with an edge of contempt in his voice, that among the Republican V.I.P.s was a "plasterer;" another likening the Nixonettes and the Young Voters for the President who packed the galleries sometimes to cheer on cue to the "sewer workers" Mayor Daley used to bring in to cheer. These were liberal-élitist slips and slurs about the ordinary working people. Plasterers, in politics, are not unlikely V.I.P.s. There was Ribicoff again, another strange figure in Conventions of the past: the Ribicoff to whom President Kennedy promised any Cabinet position he would like, and gave H.E.W.; the Ribicoff of 1968, who elicited from Mayor Daley and his delegation those

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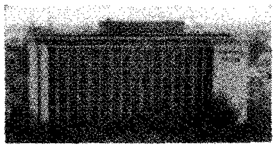

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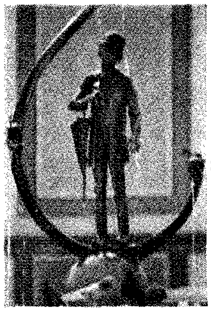

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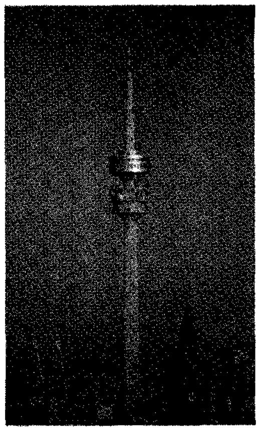

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epithets which so outraged another Illinois citizen, William Singer, that he ran for and became alderman and a leader of the delegation that unseated the Daley slate this year; the Ribicoff who, we were asked to believe, had been offered the Vice-Presidential nomination this year and was said to have declined it. And there was another leader of the Illinois delegation, the Reverend Jesse L. Jackson, who, when the Illinois question was resolved, shouted in triumph "What time is it?," expecting the answering chant "Nation time!" but getting a factual "Four-forty-five A.M."

AT the ugly second session of the Republican Convention, Ronald Reagan and Barry Goldwater (Goldwater in an uncharacteristic tone of spite and bitterness) seemed to appeal to an odd anger in what had not really been such angry delegates. They had had four years; in all likelihood they would have four more. It was unclear what all that sudden anger was about. Reporters, except for those who have made punditry their source of income, do not like to prognosticate. No one wants to risk saying, "I have seen the future and it works." No one quite wants to risk the opposite position, "I have seen the future and I'm scared," either. The television people, with their forecasts of tallies and their buildup of a nonexistent 1976 candidacy for Senator Charles Percy (who seemed to have few supporters, if any, among delegates or elsewhere), limited their predictions to speculations of the most trivial sort. But, besides recording what will become history, journalism has to risk some plausible conclusion about what it all means, repeats, and foretells. Television, perhaps necessarily mining just the surface of issues and persons, clarified nothing of what is before the voter or what will be. Maybe Conventions have always had this sense of the muddy and futile. Now that television has so thoroughly and drearily exposed it, Conventions will just have to change. Something deeper than images and phrases that mean one thing to people of a given life style and the opposite to people of another life style altogether will have to be presented, and presented in a deeper and more honest way. All of us do, after all, inhabit the same country. We are almost all, one way or another, Middle Americans. Few people, having watched these Conventions, have learned anything, changed their minds in any way, felt happier, or cared more about the processes of our society. The Conventions, as they were televised, just pushed

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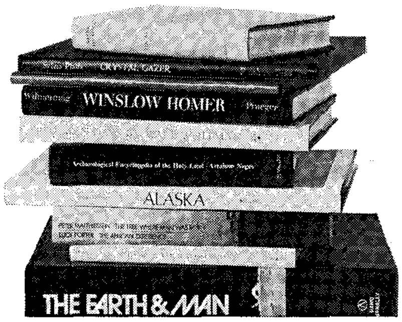

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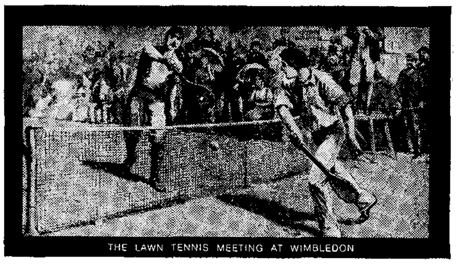
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—JOHN LEONARD, *N.Y. Times*

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us all a bit more helplessly apart from any common interest. Now that, by virtue of our sets, we all have floor passes, that is going to have to change. As created this year for television, the shows were awful—presenting to each party an unenlightening window into the other, and an unsatisfactory image of itself. Maybe that was what some of the joylessness and anger was about.

—RENATA ADLER

•

NIGHT CITY

(FROM A PLANE)

No foot could endure it,
shoes are too thin.
Broken glass, broken bottles,
heaps of them burn.

Over those fires
no one could walk:
those flaring acids
and variegated bloods.

The city burns tears.
A gathered lake
of aquamarine
begins to smoke.

The city burns guilt.
—For guilt-disposal
the central heat
must be this intense.

Diaphanous lymph,
bright turgid blood,
spatter outward
in clots of gold

to where run, molten,
in the dark environs
green and luminous
silicate rivers.

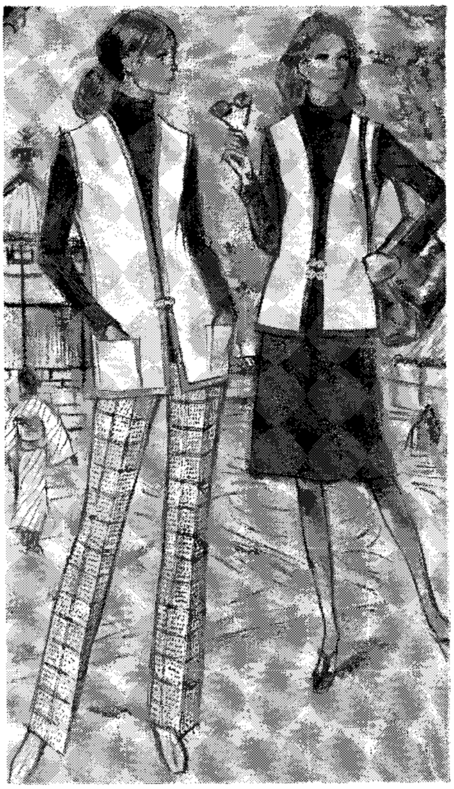
A pool of bitumen
one tycoon
wept by himself,
a blackened moon.

Another cried
a skyscraper up.
Look! Incandescent,
its wires drip.

The conflagration
fights for air
in a dread vacuum.
The sky is dead.

(Still, there are creatures,
careful ones, overhead.
They set down their feet, they walk
green, red; green, red.)

—ELIZABETH BISHOP



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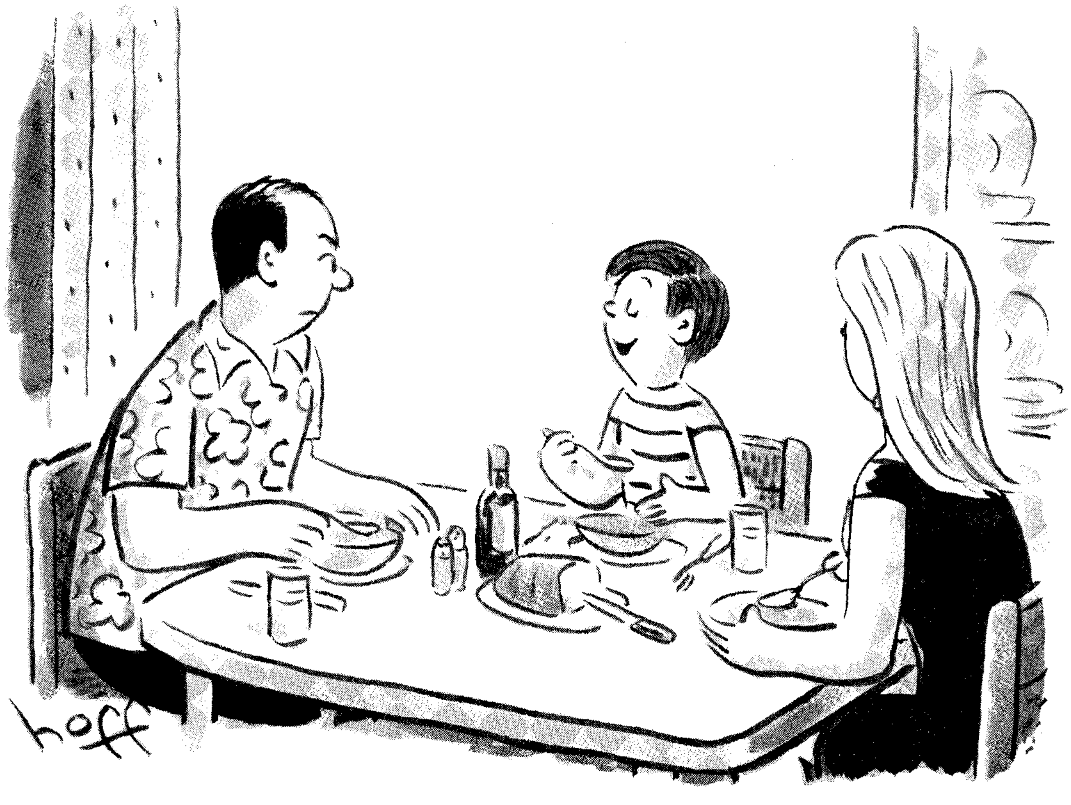
BOOKS

"A Light of Sentiment"

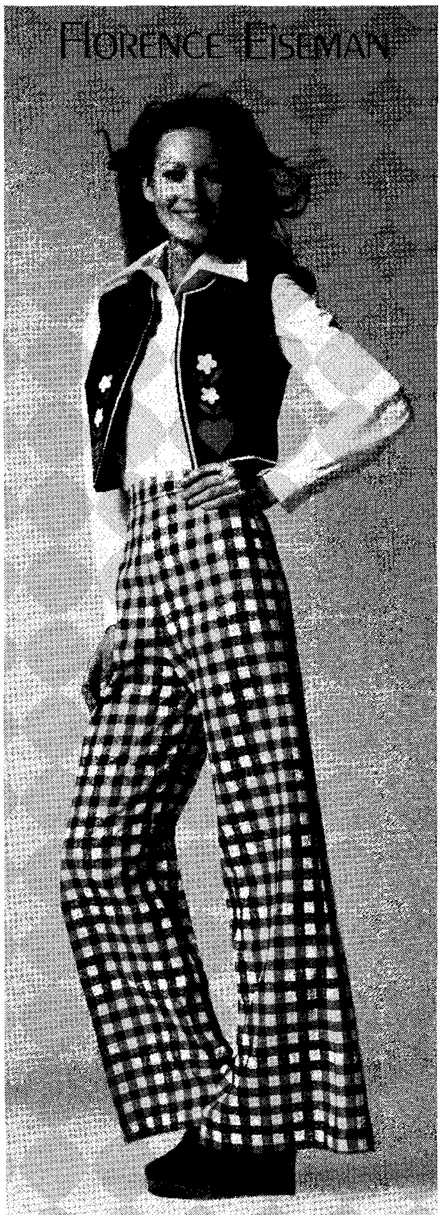
MOST coffee-table books are five-pound boxes of coffee-table candy: handsomely lithographed outside and in, filled with bland, nontoxic confections forgotten as soon as they are consumed, doomed to early oblivion in the attic. Comes an exception. "A Sense of Place: The Artist and the American Land," by the painter Alan Gussow (Friends of the Earth/Saturday Review Press; twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents), is a big, expensive, handsome book that for once is really *about* something. Mr. Gussow has set out to create a history of the American landscape over the past hundred and fifty years in terms of the artists who painted it; instead of telling us what they saw, thought, and drew, he acts as an inspired editor, letting each painter speak for himself in pictures, and, when it is possible, in words. Though no such history can ever be fully comprehensive (as a catalogue of the American landscape or of American landscape paintings), Mr. Gussow has said something quite new about man's delicate, complex relationship with the forms of the New World—a relationship that, like the peregrine falcon, may soon be extinguished by a surplus of civilization.

The earlier painters represented in the excellent reproductions of this book—Thomas Cole, George Catlin, Alfred Jacob Miller, John James Audubon, Frederick Church, Albert Bierstadt—were the first Americans to begin to come to terms with America as a place. Before them, two centuries of American painters eschewed the land and cleaved to European traditions of portraiture; only the stimuli of nationhood and the westward movement of the early nineteenth century were sufficient to make American artists look about them. Even then, they were in a curiously naked and traditionless position. A European painter could approach the Alps, the hill towns, or the Rhine fortified with a dual knowledge of the history of a place—*his* place—and the techniques and traditions of the men who had painted that place for centuries before him. An American painter, despite the assurance of Cole (quoted by Mr. Gussow) that America "is his own land; its beauty, its magnificence, its sublimity—are all his," must have approached the Catskills, the Kentucky barrens, and the Rockies with the real trepidation of the pioneer. No Western man had come before him; the history and tradition of each place were hidden in the oral history of an alien and primitive people; the techniques of European art might prove inadequate or irrelevant to this fresh, wild subject matter. What happened, of course, was that the painters supplied an act of conation that made them equal to their subject; in—at least at the beginning—reporting simply their wonder at the scale and strangeness of the land, like so many republican Mandevilles, they developed at last a sense of closeness and kinship to it, for the first time in our history. Beginning as painterly conquerors of the wilds, they became—as mythographers—participants and accomplices in the landscape. In a sense, they had, as men and talents, been invented by their subject matter and had in turn invented it; Jorge Guillén, who is cited in Richard Wilbur's introduction to this book, wrote, "The landscape imagines me." The tiny men on the banks of the Hudson in the paintings of Cole and his school, the minute Indians on Catlin's prairies and at the base of Bierstadt's beetling Rockies are present not simply for scale but to suggest a symbiosis between man and mountain, the possibility of mutual comprehension between place and person.

As the frontier fulfilled itself against the Pacific, wonders—or, at any rate, the merchandisability of wonders—ceased, and the late-Victorian generation of American painters, with honorable exceptions, fell back into the shadows of European influence or followed in a minor and diminuendo way in the footsteps of the Bierstadts. The wave of exploration flowed back to the Atlantic, where it locked itself hermetically into an East-facing community of Continentophiles. These were the years of a dowdy and decidedly unroyal Academy in America, an Academy in which favor-curriers and society portraitists throve by the fiat of their peers. Then, ironically, a European revolution in painting, reaching these shores in the much-vilified Armory Show of 1913, set a new wave of American artists free. They went out, some of them—Burchfield and Marin and Hopper come first to mind—to treat of America as only Americans



"Am I old enough to repeat a joke I heard today?"



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"Oui! Oui! Oui!"
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could, but with a new transatlantic sophistication of technique. They brought the world to Maine and Maine to the world. They embodied the myths created by the pioneer painters and played them off against the analytical tools invented by new schools in France and Germany. Their work was specific enough to be unmistakably American, universal enough to be understood in Europe. The generation that followed them—the youngest painters represented in this book—fused all these countervailing traditions and the new American tradition of Abstract Expressionism into a cool new discipline for facing landscape. To become a figurative or realistic painter, above all a landscape artist, in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, took a lion kind of courage; some of the most powerfully moving pictures in "A Sense of Place" are recent works by men like Lennart Anderson, Paul Resika, and Sheridan Lord. Mr. Gussow says that their paintings are "not retreats" or returns to a "rustic simplicity wholly inappropriate to our times" but "acts of salvage in a desperate time." I believe the first claim but not the second. To paint nature now is not a retreat but an advance in a man's sense of balance; to do it not out of personal identity with a landscape that transcends all the nickel-and-diming defeats of our urbanology but for political, polemic ends suggests a subjectivity unworthy of the true, driven artist. But no matter; the paintings of these men and women will have the effect, whatever their causation, of recalling us to our roots in earth. And to our death in it, unsalved by any amount of mechanism.

The variations on a theme in this book are great; so are the constants: universality in specificity, finding and validating oneself in an admired place, expressing that place through the like-minded medium of self. The paintings chosen—and this is a considerable tribute to its editor—express, for all their catholicity of tone and style, a uniquely consistent and convincing point of view.

There are a few quibbles. "It's" is often rendered "its" in interviews with painters; John Steuart Curry becomes "Stewart;" there are other minor evidences of sloppy editing that are inexcusable in an expensive book. And I could wish that the landscapes were not almost exclusively country ones: what of the Sloans and Marshes and city Hoppers and Sheelers who saw New York, in the eclectic days before computerization, as an ebullient part of the American land? Mr. Wilbur, in his introduction, quotes Patrick Ka-

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vanagh on "the undying difference in the corner of a field." One could counter-quote Kavanagh on the burnt-out beauty of a city: "A year ago I fell in love with the functional ward/Of a chest hospital: square cubicles in a row/Plain concrete, wash basins—an art lover's woe/Not counting how the fellow in the next bed snored. . . . This is what love does to things: the Rialto Bridge,/The main gate that was bent by a heavy lorry,/The seat at the back of a shed that was a suntrap./Naming these things is the love-act and its pledge."

But perhaps that is the *second* volume of "A Sense of Place." Pending its issue, I am moved and inspired—almost all the statements of these artists talking about their work, from 1825 to 1970, are down-to-earth and therefore inspiring—by an offhand comment of Paul Resika, the forty-four-year-old painter of Cape Cod, who says, "The Cape has a long twilight and so does the whole temperate world. We have a light of sentiment."

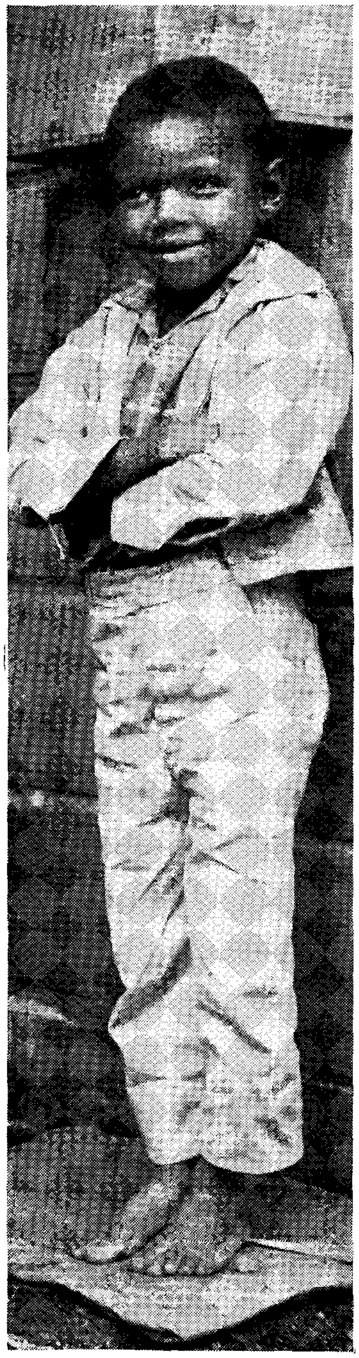
—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MUMBO JUMBO, by Ishmael Reed (Doubleday). A partly intelligible pastiche, much of it about an "anti-plague" called Jes Grew, which spreads through the United States in the early part of this century and causes people to dance and sing and behave more loosely than before. Opposing Jes Grew are the purse-lipped forces of the Wallflower Order, who include President Warren G. Harding and some policeman types. There is something about a plot to recover the non-white art expropriated by whites for their museums, but in general the book is a freewheeling ramble through all of history, in which the author tries to gather up whatever first- and second- and fifth-hand facts might, by however much gall is necessary, be made to support his belief that certain people are livelier than others. When he tries, he can write interesting prose, and his stylistic tricks, such as omitting quotation marks, largely achieve their intended effects. But his erratic facetiousness seems a cover for uncertainty, and his heavy use of white wrongdoings places his book not very far from those "pitiful autobiographies" by black writers that he mocks and despises.

THE DESTINY WALTZ, by Gerda Charles (Scribners). Those who



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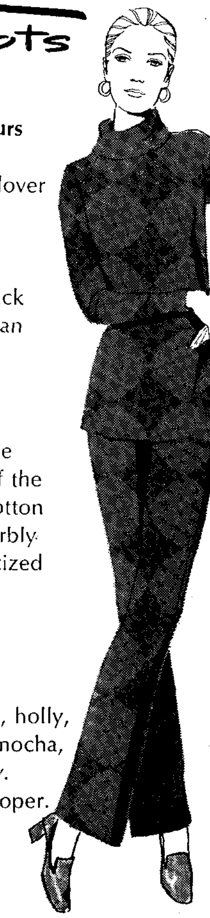

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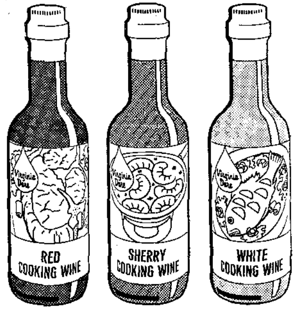

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look to novels for moral instruction may find more than they bargained for in this long and didactic work. The framework of the book is the attempt on the part of a British television company to make a documentary film based on the life of a dead East End poet, an impractical soul who was unknown in his lifetime but is now recognized as a genius. The substance of the book, however, consists of the thoughts and statements of two sensitive people—a spinster named Michele and a retired bandleader named Jimmy—who are drawn into the project and whose function seems to be to perceive and expose the successive deceptions practiced by members of the television company. Actually, the book places itself beyond criticism, since its most conspicuous faults—dullness, self-righteousness, self-pity—receive bristling defenses in several of Jimmy's speeches.

GENERAL

FACETS OF COMEDY, by Walter Sorell (Grosset & Dunlap). Get *back*, everybody! Clear the room! Man here (Barnard scholar Walter Sorell)—*brave* man—has volunteered to take comedy apart before our very eyes, show us how it ticks. Does it, too—chapter on farce and burlesque, chapter on satire, chapter on Molière, chapter on Pirandello, chapter on the absurd, etc.; charts (arrows pointing from "Joy" to "Criticism" and back again, arrow pointing from "Guffaw" to "Smile"); discoveries ("Animals do not laugh") and explanations ("Flashes of humor are almost inescapable when a sense of outrage at human folly is propelled by torrential speeches and when a flair for romanticism and for a world of poetic dreams clashes with the realities of . . .") and exegesis ("The cult of nudity on stage in the late sixties took its cue from the thought of D. H. Lawrence and Frank Wedekind on sex rather than from Arthur Schnitzler"). Mr. Sorell is very fond of playwrights, especially laff-a-minute Europeans (Brecht, Ionesco, Dürrenmatt, Pinter), but seems to think less of locals and clowns (no mention of Twain, Benchley, Maggie & Jiggs, Lardner, Fred Allen, Perelman; one mention of the Marx Brothers: "Groucho Marx's cigar [is a] visualized metaphor"). Thus undistracted, he works like a blacksmith ("To get into the right mood or to find the necessary attitude to see oneself in the context of a reality which

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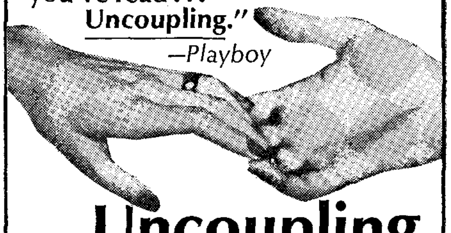

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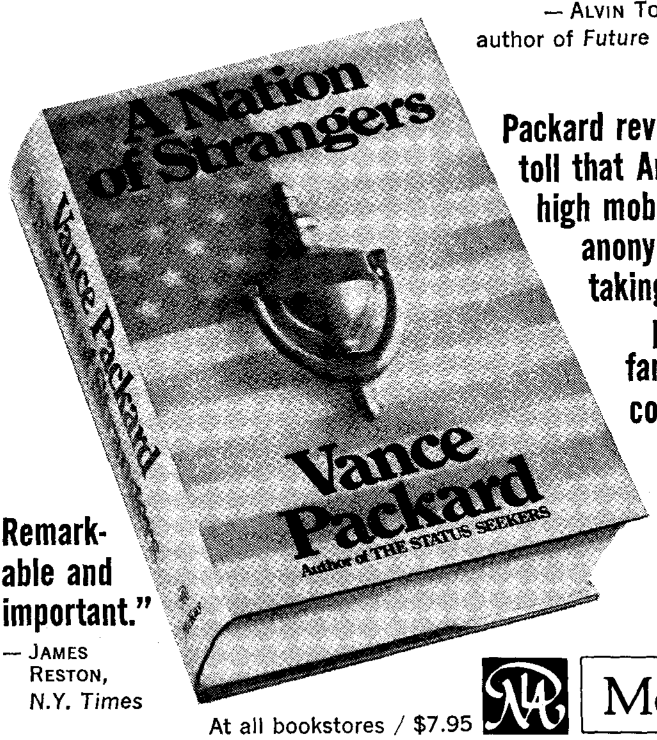
is really the real thing, one must learn to detach oneself from the *thing* of which one is a part"), and soon has comedy not only defused but lying in pieces all over the floor. Animals do not laugh, but the persistence of scholarly, humorless books about humor is (as Friedrich Dürrenmatt did not say) enough to make a dog weep.

THE YOUNG LENIN, by Leon Trotsky, translated from the Russian by Max Eastman; edited and annotated by Maurice Friedberg (Doubleday). This is the start (perhaps as much as a third) of a full-dress biography that Trotsky was unable to complete—a book whose publication was postponed because, as we learn from the preface, the manuscript mysteriously disappeared from Eastman's house around 1934 or 1935, and somewhat more mysteriously reappeared at Harvard's Houghton Library twenty-odd years later. Trotsky, in his way, is as interesting as Lenin, and the book reflects what must have been the author's as well as the subject's intense scorn for Russia under the czars—a truly stunning loathing of the country and the society in which both revolutionaries were raised. Trotsky takes pains to dispel hagiographic legends that had been accreting around Lenin as early as the nineteen-twenties, among them that the young man—Vladimir Ulyanov, as he then was—became a revolutionary under the influence, first, of his father, a school inspector who died in 1886, and, even more important, of his older brother Alexander, who was hanged in 1887 for his part in a plot to assassinate the czar. (Lenin was born in 1870.) Trotsky emphasizes that Lenin's father was deeply religious, and hence unsympathetic to the revolutionary movements of his time, and that Alexander was exceptionally reserved, unlikely to confide his plots to or discuss his ideas with his young brother. Trotsky shows us instead Lenin finding his own way to Marxism; after being thrown out of college on a trivial pretext (mainly, it would seem, because of his brother's deed), the youngster filled his empty time reading. The Russian government punished him not only for a crime he had not committed but for ideas he did not yet hold, or even know about, and the punishment itself led him to discover those ideas.

THE SANTA CLAUS BANK ROBBERY, by A. C. Greene (Knopf). This



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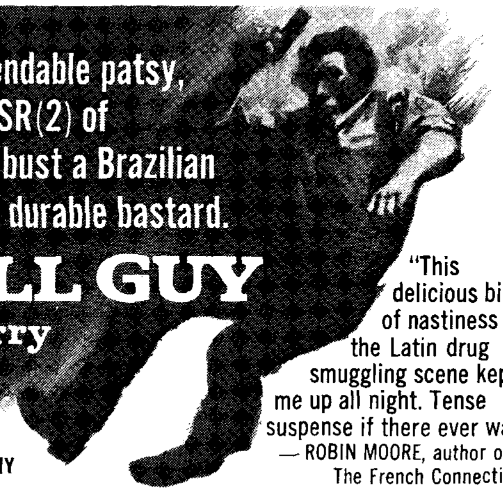

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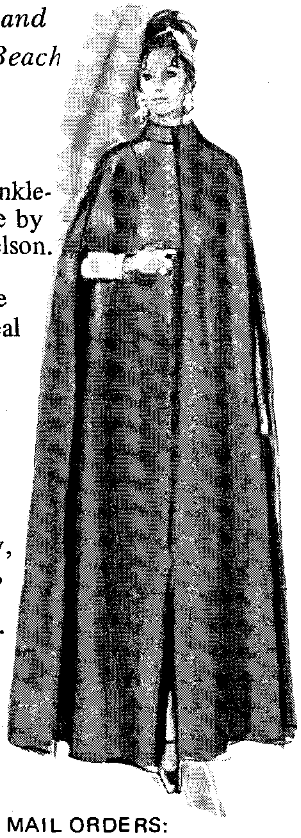

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book is a reconstruction—and an excellent one—of the bloody but burlesque robbery of the First National Bank of Cisco, in West Texas, on December 23, 1927. It is also, however, much more than that. Mr. Greene introduces us to the robbers (four no-good country boys, one of whom, a native of Cisco, disguised himself in a Santa Claus costume), carries them through the catastrophic robbery (which they bungled so badly that the whole town was immediately aroused), shows them in flight in a getaway car that promptly ran out of gas, shows them absentmindedly abandoning the loot and fleeing on foot, shows them captured, shows them on trial, and concludes with the lynching of Santa Claus in an alley behind the Connellee Theatre in Eastland. This last is a stunning scene, a horrifying scene, with an onlooking couple making love, with three taunting whores, with the rope breaking, with an old man shocked that the victim is naked and exposed. But what truly distinguishes the book is Mr. Greene's feeling for that distant, almost nineteenth-century time (with the future only glimpsed, in Lindbergh's recent transatlantic flight) and his absolute sense of that vanishing hell-fire, Church-of-Christ, still faintly frontier place.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A DOG'S RANSOM, by Patricia Highsmith (Knopf). *The high praise that* Miss Highsmith's many fine crime novels have received would seem to have encouraged her to try here for something beyond that genre—something more literary, more "serious." She goes about this in the way so many others have done before. She discards mystery, she eliminates detection, she almost (but not quite) sacrifices suspense. Her story centers on a young New York City patrolman whose work brings him in contact with a sick-minded cripple who specializes in scary anonymous letters, and the action involves the events preceding and following the murder of the cripple. The result is long-winded, solemn, humorless—a novel in which nothing works.

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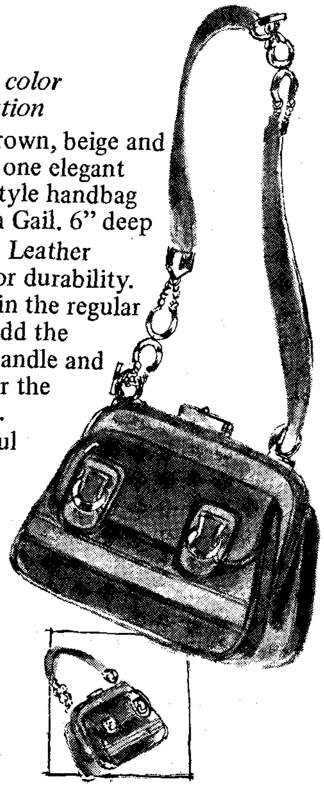

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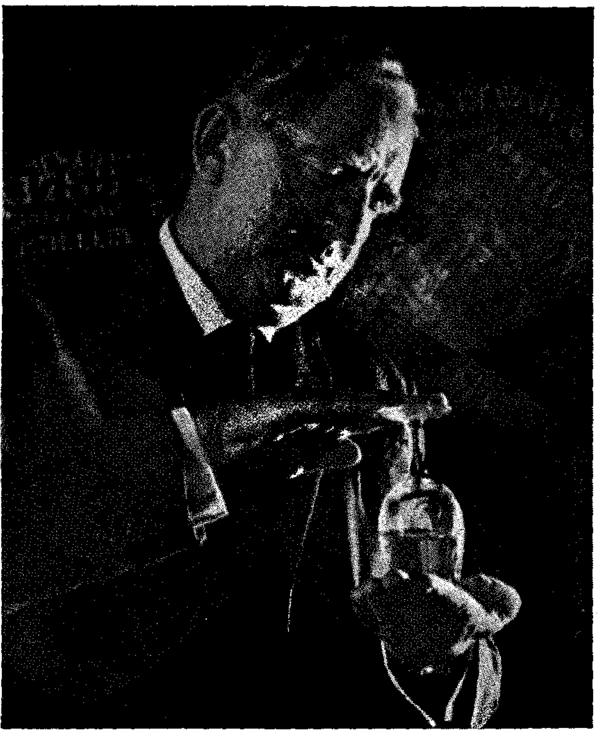

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